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THOMAS GRANT

FIRST BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK









*Yours sincerely & Affectionately  
+ Reverently*

From a Photograph taken a few days before his death



# THOMAS GRANT

FIRST BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK

BY

GRACE RAMSAY

AUTHOR OF

'A WOMAN'S TRIALS' 'IZA'S STORY' 'BELLS OF THE SANCTUARY' ETC.

With Two Portraits

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1874

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## P R E F A C E.

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A FEW WORDS of preface may seem appropriate in offering the following memoir to the public,—especially to my Protestant readers. Many of them will perhaps never have heard of THOMAS GRANT, and they may wonder that anyone should assume it to be worth their while to read the history of a life so outwardly insignificant and which made so little noise in its time. Yet if they do read it I think they will acknowledge that the time thus spent has not been lost. We live in days when party spirit runs high, but when the thirst after truth, the longing for fuller light and fuller love, is also very strong ; there are multitudes of souls amongst us who are willing to drink of any fountain that seems to promise a draught of the Living Waters, and by whom the lesson of a life of love and faithfulness and sacrifice—no matter what the views and theories of him who lived it—is reverently and joyfully welcomed. Such a life, built on the supernatural and sinking the individual in the sole aim of the good of his fellow-man and the glory of God, is a consoling and forcible contrast to the desolating influence of self-asserting atheism which



in other lives has misdirected the highest talent and blighted the most sympathetic nature.

To my fellow-Catholics, especially to those who knew the Bishop of Southwark, I need offer no apology. They will welcome this memoir, with all its deficiencies, as the faithful though feeble portrait of a beloved friend.

With one thing I know they will be disappointed, that is, the absence of any insight into that hidden life of the soul, which, judging even from the dim perspective we gain of it through the active external life, must have been so beautiful ; but 'this quest was not for me.'

I dare hope, nevertheless, in spite of this great blank, that the spirit which perfumes the fragments I have put together may draw some hearts closer to God, and impel others perhaps to 'go and do likewise.'

My thanks to the communities who have zealously helped me in my arduous task will be best expressed by silence. I cannot, however, forbear from here expressing my heartfelt gratitude to the venerable Bishop of Birmingham, to whose wisdom and kindness I have been deeply indebted in the course of these labours.

G. R.

WOOLHAMPTON :

*December 21 (Feast of St. Thomas) 1873.*

# THOMAS GRANT,

BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

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## CHAPTER I.

1816-1836.

THOMAS GRANT was born in France, at Ligny-les-Aires, on November 5, 1816.

Bernard Grant, his father, was the eldest of thirteen brothers, who all lived and grew up to man's estate at a place called Ackerson's Mill, near Newry, in the north of Ireland. They were driven from their home by a band of incendiaries in one of the fanatical riots so common in those days, and especially in those parts, between the Catholics and Protestants. Bernard was about fourteen at the time, and the recollection of the scene, the frightened screams of the animals in the farm-yard, the blazing hay-ricks, and his father rushing frantically from the burning homestead, while one wretched fanatic pursued him with a lighted torch, and actually set fire to the shirt on his back, made an ineffaceable impression on his young mind. The fiery epic no doubt gave its colour to a life whose earliest memories were fed by legends of home-spun martyrs, driven in like manner from the soil they tilled, and from the roof that sheltered them ; giants of more heroic

stature in his boyish eyes, than the grandest saints of the early Roman martyrology. It is of such memories that fierce hate and passionate all-conquering love are born—rebels that brood upon future triumphs of revenge, and saints that yearn in sorrow after a diviner sort of vengeance. The ruined family migrated from the north to Drogheda, where Bernard was put to learn the trade of a weaver. But his galled and active spirit could not brook the monotony of this occupation ; he threw it up after a time, and entered the militia. The military service proved much more congenial to him, and at the age of eighteen he enlisted in the 71st Highlanders. His mother, Rachel Maguire, was aunt to the celebrated Father Tom Maguire, who still lives in local tradition as a theologian of note, but enjoys a wider notoriety for the stout resistance he opposed to a set of people called ‘Soupers’ who, during the famine of 1847-8, went about proselytizing amongst the starving peasantry in Ireland. Father Tom was a fine specimen of the old Irish priest, learned, simple, valiant, and devout ; even in those semi-martyr days he was spoken of as ‘a chip of the old block.’ He was a patriot in the best sense of the word, thinking a vast deal more of the souls than of the bodies of his countrymen, laughing at their dreams of rebellion, but waging implacable warfare, regular and guerilla, against the enemies of their faith. Let the attack come as it might, in open persecution, or in sleek disguise of conciliatory measures, there was Father Tom in the breach ready to meet and to repel it. He was said to resemble strongly his aunt Rachel, grandmother of Thomas Grant, the future Bishop of Southwark. Like Father Tom, she was a Catholic of the right old stock, endowed with a robust, primitive faith, a thoroughgoing allegiance to the

Church, and a child-like devotion to the Mother of God. These attributes she transmitted with all the strength of her mother's will to her son Bernard, Thomas's father. When he was little more than twenty, Bernard married Ann MacGowan, a native like himself of the north of Ireland, but who had left it with her two brothers when quite a child, and come to live in Glasgow. Here they all three received a liberal education. In course of time the young men became teachers in Dr. Scott's schools, and gained his lasting gratitude by their zeal and intelligence while thus employed. They were all three remarkable for their piety, and their strict observance of the duties of religion. Ann was very young when she married the young soldier of the 71st, and, except in the matter of religious instruction, her education was considerably in advance of his; when the Catechism was in question, he was fully up to the mark. His knowledge in this respect stood him in good service with his comrades, whom he was in the habit of instructing in the truths of the faith when any of them needed and desired it. He also taught many of them to say the Rosary, a devotion which in those days was almost unknown in England, although to the most illiterate peasant in his own native land it was familiar as the Pater and Ave that make up its divine melody.

Such was the stock from which the future Bishop was to spring; no diluted sod of modern liberalism, but an acre of 'good soil,' watered for many generations with the grace of Sacraments, enriched with the fertilizing dews of Mary's blessing, and planted with all the fair and sweet-scented flowers of Catholic tradition.

The 71st Highlanders were present at Waterloo,



and entered France with the allied armies for the occupation as stipulated after that glorious and disastrous battle. Sergeant Grant had at this time one son, John; but strongly imbued with the prejudices against 'foreign parts' common in those ante-railway days, he was of opinion that 'there was no schooling to be got for John' while the regiment was on the move, so the little fellow, then about five years old, was left to the care of an uncle in or near London. The fact of his elder brother's absence when Thomas made his appearance, may account in some measure for the enthusiastic delight with which he was welcomed, and for the unrivalled position which he took, and held fast for ever after, in the affection of both his parents. He appears, moreover, to have been a most endearing little creature, endowed from his very cradle with a power of making his way into everybody's heart who came in contact with him. He was an extraordinarily small child, and continued to all intents and purposes a baby long after other children of his age had entered on the independent ways of the boy proper. The men of the regiment made a great pet of him, as soldiers are wont to do, and amused themselves teaching him the art of war, how to shoulder his pop-gun, and fire it off at some imaginary criminal amongst themselves. The regiment was frequently on the move, but Thomas was never left behind, no matter how inconvenient the emergency or how short the notice—where the 71st went, he went. He was passionately fond of the men, and was for ever playing all manner of innocent little tricks on them, wherein he was generally aided and abetted by the victims themselves; and if Sergeant Grant occasionally remonstrated on 'Tommy's going too far, and getting fond of mischief,' the men would



defend him, and declare Tommy was not to be meddled with.

One of his great amusements was beating the drum, and this they indulged to his heart's content, letting him thunder away at it till he was tired ; to please him, they called him a drummer, and he used to trot along by the side of that functionary, when they were on the march, and fancy no doubt he held some official relationship to him. It was probably this circumstance that led him in after life as a Bishop to speak of himself to soldiers and their children as having been himself once a 'drummer boy,' thus claiming a closer kindred with them than the ordinary bond of fellowship. Some remarks of this sort led to the current belief amongst them, and amongst his orphans generally, that the Bishop had been in early life a soldier. Yet, strange as it may seem, in spite of the charm of these juvenile associations, and the encouragement which doubtless he received from 'his men,' the child never for a moment dreamed of embracing a soldier's life. From the time he was able to answer that question so often addressed to children by their elders, 'What will you be when you grow up, Tommy?' the reply invariably was, 'I should like to be a Bishop.' Whether the confident belief in his own future which the repetition of his determination implied, impressed anyone else with a like belief, it is impossible to say, but it so happened that when Thomas was not yet eight years old, the 71st being stationed at Cork, an old lady bequeathed to him in her will a handsome gold cross that had formerly belonged to St. Thomas of Canterbury, with the remark that it was for 'little Tommy when he became a Bishop.' A little later, the regiment was at Malta ; the general of the division entering the

regimental school one day when the pupils were being put through their paces in the three R's, asked a question which none of them were able to answer. Thomas was standing beside the sergeant's knee, and, by way of a joke, the General called out to him, 'Can you tell me, my little man?' To his surprise, the child gave the correct reply at once. 'Bravo!' cried the officer, 'you will be a general some day.' 'Oh, no, sir,' said Thomas gravely, 'I mean to be a Bishop.' When the 71st was stationed at Hull, prior to its departure to North America, Mr. Actrop, of Burton-on-Humber, was residing there, and often invited the sergeant's two sons, William and Thomas, to play at his house with some little boys of their age, and on these occasions Thomas' great pleasure was to play at being priest, preaching little sermons, and making his companions go through church ceremonies. In 1824, the regiment sailed for Canada, the eldest boy John, and William, then about three years old, accompanying their parents with our little friend Thomas.

The cold of the climate proved very trying to Mrs. Grant, and her health began at once to suffer from it. To this was added mental anxiety and prolonged physical fatigue caused by nursing John after an accident, which ended in white swelling, and ultimately proved fatal. Grief for his death dealt the last blow at his mother's health. She never rallied from the loss of her eldest boy, who was a remarkably amiable lad; he was spoken of in the family as a 'splendid scholar,' and bid fair, had he lived, to realize all her proud hopes in him. She fell into a rapid decline; a faint hope was cherished by her husband that the sea voyage and native air might, for a time at least, arrest the progress of the disease, and she was put on board to return to England. She

died, however, on the way home, to the inexpressible grief of her husband, whose sorrow was aggravated by the necessity of consigning the body to the ocean. Thomas was ten years old when this loss, which makes a child in any rank poorer for the rest of his life, befel him. He had loved his mother with an enthusiastic love, and her image remained enshrined for ever in his memory, the object of a sort of saint-worship. He often in after-life spoke of her extreme tenderness for him, and the way in which her mother's instinct used to anticipate his every wish, 'guessing,' he used to say, 'what I liked and what I wanted before I knew it myself.' He was present when the body was lowered into the waves, and could never recall without emotion the scene on deck, with the sailors, kindly and helpful, standing, or moving about, and little William, who stood by watching it all with a child's half-terrified half-unconscious eyes, crying out to them, when they were throwing sand into the coffin to make it sink, 'not to throw any on mamma's face, lest it would wake her or hurt her.' Much of the Bishop's subsequent exceeding compassion for travellers by sea, and his quick sympathy with them in the dangers and horrors of the deep, may no doubt be traced to the deep impression made on his sensitive mind by this solemn and mournfully picturesque scene of his childhood.

Sergeant Grant was a very young widower when the task of being both father and mother to his two little boys devolved upon him. How faithfully he fulfilled this double trust, the result will prove. His sons themselves always retained the most affectionate remembrance of his care of them at the period of his bereavement, and ever after. The same testimony is

borne by all who had an opportunity of seeing them together. He attended to every detail of their personal wants as carefully and as deftly as a mother. After his wife's death, the sergeant's regiment was quartered in Chester. On arriving here, his first step was, as usual, to go and pay his respects to the priest, and present his boys to him—an act of dutiful allegiance which in this instance was not long kept waiting for its reward. We are told, and how often does experience prove it, that the destiny of a man hangs sometimes upon a trifle—a breath of wind that blows our little sail to the right or to the left, determines the after-course of our bark for good or ill. This visit of the young Catholic father to the priest at Chester in all probability decided the destiny of his son. Had he been a worldly-minded man, and held more to profane learning and worldly advantages for his boys, and made their pursuit his habitual aim, the chances are that Thomas would have followed his father's career, or fallen into the hands of a patron who would have pushed him on in some other.

But it so happened that the patronage which Sergeant Grant prized and sought before all others was the blessing and advice of the priest; and the prerogative he at present aspired to for Tommy was that of serving Mass. The little fellow himself was most anxious to be allowed to do so; being still firm in his intention of becoming a Bishop, we may infer that he looked upon the position and functions of an acolyte as a preliminary step to that final issue. Dr. Briggs was from the first struck with him, and at once promised that he should have his heart's desire; not only that, but he took the trouble of teaching the child the Latin responses, and showing him all he had to do. He was



surprised to find him so well instructed in his Catechism, and was at great pains to complete what Mr. Grant had so satisfactorily begun. Thomas used to say with characteristic feeling and playfulness, that he had been well grounded in theology, because he had had his first lessons in it from his father. The faith of such a father was in truth no bad school for the future theologian to begin to graduate in. He was once heard to say that he never in the whole course of his life had a misgiving on any point of faith—an assertion that might be surprising, but ceases to be so when we know where that faith had its cradle, and how it was nurtured.

The soldier-father and his two little boys soon became familiar objects in the church at Chester, and many grew interested in them. The devout behaviour of the sergeant, and the modest air of the children, together with their extreme neatness and cleanliness, attracted observation. 'We used to remark the two little boys,' says one of the congregation, now a religious, 'and without knowing who they were, we used to admire their exquisite neatness and cleanliness; our admiration and our surprise were increased when we heard that they had no mother, and that their father was sergeant in a regiment quartered in the town, and that he did everything for the children himself. They wore white frills, such as little boys had in those days, and they were always so crisp and fresh, and their hair so neat, and their clothes so beautifully brushed, that people used constantly to remark them, and say, 'those children look as if they came out of a band-box.' Tommy, as he was familiarly called, was still a slender and remarkably small child, looking a good deal less than his years, with a gentle expression of face that



drew hearts to him. 'You could hardly pass the little fellow without looking back at him,' says the witness above quoted; 'it was the most engaging child's face I ever saw.' He was a thoughtful child, serious above his years, though he always retained his love of tricks, and was reputed to be a witty little fellow, who made people laugh with his droll sayings. That his little tricks and frolics had always been of the most inoffensive sort, is sufficiently proved by the fact that the only case of naughtiness set down against him in the family chronicles, is his having once amused himself by cutting up into ribbons a piece of cambric his mother had bought to make shirt frills for the sergeant. That he was a singularly wise little boy is equally clear from the fact that at this early age he used to warn his father very seriously against getting into debt. The young widower seems to have lived on elder-brother terms with his two sons, and to take them into his confidence in the matter of household expenses, &c.; on these occasions Thomas would shake his head sometimes and say, 'Now, father, mind you don't spend any money to-morrow; you've spent a great lot to-day, and if you spend more to-morrow you'll have none left for the day after.' Sometimes he would remind the sergeant, when the latter was counting the contents of his slender purse, 'Remember, father, you've only got 3s. 1d. a-day, and if you buy much it'll soon be gone!' These warnings of his precocious son were the more amusing and gratifying to the worthy sergeant that they were quite superfluous. He was a very thrifty man, and, as we have said, most unworldly. When friends talked to him of his boys' prospects, and asked what he meant to make of them, his answer was, 'I hope to make them stout Christians, and to see them

grow up strong in the faith, and doing their duty to the Church.' Beyond this he formed no schemes. He held to the devout practice of prayers in common. It was seldom that he allowed anything to interfere with his offering up his simple worship morning and evening with his two boys. Thomas retained all through life a lively sense of the advantage this habit had been to himself and his brother, and was wont to count it amongst the chief blessings that had been granted to his childhood. He was always zealous in inculcating the practice in the heads of families, and used to adduce his own experience in support of his assertion, that prayer in common made a sweet and indissoluble bond between the members of one family, and was an efficacious means of drawing down the Divine blessing upon it. As a proof of this, he once related to the orphans at Norwood how the faith had been preserved for three centuries in a family in Japan simply and solely by means of the recital of daily prayers in common; the truths of religion had thus been handed down from father to son, and were found fresh and vivid in the hearts of the present generation by the disciples of St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of Japan, who had first planted them in the hearts of their ancestors three centuries back.

Thomas had not been many months performing his duties as acolyte, when Dr. Briggs, who had become already tenderly attached to the child, called him up one day, and said, 'Tommy, would you really like to be a priest, my lad?' 'Oh, yes, sir? I should, *very much?*' was the quick rejoinder, and the boy's face flushed up with pleasure.

'Then a priest you shall be!' replied Dr. Briggs emphatically. 'Tell your father to come here and have

a talk with me about it.' The sergeant was not slow to obey the summons, and the result was that he agreed to pay 12*l.* a-year towards Thomas' maintainance, the utmost his small means could afford. Dr. Briggs expressed himself satisfied with this contribution, and undertook to supply the rest himself. It was difficult to say which of the three parties concerned in the arrangement was most delighted. Thomas at once took up his abode with his patron, and very shortly after this event the 71st was ordered away from Chester. Considering the brother-like terms of intimacy and equality on which the sergeant and his sons lived, it is highly improbable that Thomas should not have been aware that his father contributed the above-named sum to his support, a sum which was increased later on when the lad went to St. Cuthbert's College, but it is certain that he always systematically ignored the circumstance in speaking of his early life and training; he invariably spoke of Dr. Briggs as having educated him 'out of charity,' as being his benefactor, his father to whom he owed the privilege of being a priest, who had done everything for him. This complete reticence on his own father's modest share in his education was very likely an act of humility which he deliberately practised, without any conscious violation of truth. Undoubtedly he was so far justified in attributing the accomplishment of his vocation to Dr. Briggs, that but for his generosity and kindness the 12*l.* of the sergeant would have been altogether powerless in carrying it out.

Thomas had a companion in serving Mass, a little boy named James Hostage, a singularly pious child also, and between these two a deep and lasting friendship sprung up. Thomas was the only resident with

his kind patron. He was a very studious lad, and remarkably quick at learning. Everything came easy to him, owing in great part to his gift of memory. But it was not all study and no play. He was as full of tricks as ever, and Dr. Briggs' servant, a staid and sedate young man, was very often the victim of them, which did not, however, prevent him being the best of friends. Some forty years afterwards, when this witness of his juvenile pranks was a grey-headed Cistercian brother, he spoke with doating fondness of the little boy who had been his companion in the old days, as 'the most winning little fellow, who was everybody's favourite.' Thomas had a passion for hearing stories, and Dr. Briggs had an inexhaustible store of them; his preference was for weird stories about fairies or ghosts; no matter how mirthful his mood might be, the bribe of a story would catch him at once and quiet him. Like most children who have a lively imagination, he had a horror of being left in the dark, a weakness which occasionally served his usual victim, the servant, as a means of retaliation when he wanted to pay off some small score to the young trickster. But the most prominent feature in the boy's character at this date was his ardent piety. Many said that his very look inspired devotion, and that his face was an image of the purity of his mind and heart. The delicate, bright-faced little acolyte, absorbed in his functions on the altar-steps, making the responses in his clear, infantine treble, and ringing his bell so solemnly, with such an air of profound recollection, was a sight that soon grew dear to every member of the small congregation. It required no prophetic eye to discern in this first ripple of the stream what was likely to be its future course and ultimate destination; but a circumstance which occurred



shortly before Thomas left Dr. Briggs impressed the latter very strongly, and confirmed the hopes he had already formed of his *protégé*. Thomas himself thus relates the incident to his young friend, James Hostage, who long years after questioned him about it. ‘One morning Miss —— of B —— came to breakfast with Dr. Briggs, and after breakfast he called me in, and said, “Thomas, do you know what this lady has been telling me?” When she came in, she said, “What a very odd Mass you had this morning!” “Odd, was it?” I said. “Yes; it was served by a Bishop and a priest!” “You were the Bishop, Tommy, and James was the priest.” I was about twelve years old when this happened.’

In both cases the prophecy was accomplished. James Hostage became a priest, and died soon after his ordination. His brother acolyte was one day to be the Bishop of Southwark. Dr. Briggs always spoke of the person who had this prevision as ‘a most holy soul.’

Other members of the congregation noticed Thomas with interest. Amongst them Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who resided at Brimbo, near Chester, were very kind to him. Thomas never forgot the smallest kindness done to him, and it is characteristic that five and twenty years afterwards, when he was a Bishop, he wrote to the orphans at Norwood desiring them to pray for ‘Mrs. Thompson, a lady who was most dangerously ill, and who had been kind to him, and made him a present when he was a little boy working at his lessons far away from his family.’ When Mr. Thompson, twelve years after his wife’s death, followed her to the grave (1860), leaving the beautiful church of St. Mary’s, Wrexham, where he is interred, as an enduring monument of his faith and liberal alms-deeds, Dr. Grant

begged prayers for his soul in every direction, as for one 'who had been kind to him in his childhood.'

Thomas made his first Communion while under Dr. Briggs' care. A letter addressed to the little daughter of his friend Mr. Arnold forty years later, fixes the date of the solemn event at Christmas Eve, 1827. As this is the only mention we find anywhere made of it, the letter may be appropriately introduced here :—

'December 24, 1867.

'My Dear Child in Christ,—Just forty years ago, on this great festival, it pleased our dear and Immaculate Mother to obtain for me the happiness of making my first Communion, and your sister tells me you are to have the same blessing to-morrow.

'As we are always unworthy of our dear Lord's presence, our only resource is to ask Him to feel that instead of coming to us, He is entering the stainless and loving Heart of His Mother. Entreat Her and St. Joseph to prepare the home in which He condescends to ask us for a shelter. Keep Him always with you. Ask Him to guard the Church, to bless His Holiness, to take care of your parents, to reward those who have instructed you. May the fragrance of the Lily just planted in your heart last for ever.'

In January 1829, Thomas left Chester to enter St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, as a subject of Dr. Briggs, the latter paying for him out of some Lancashire district funds. He had spent over three years with Dr. Briggs, and from the day he left him until the year of the latter's death, he made a point of writing to him once a year, on the anniversary of his entrance to St. Cuthbert's, to thank him for his kindness to him while under his roof,



and for his goodness in enabling him to become a priest. This practice he religiously continued when his patron had become Bishop of Beverley and he himself Bishop of Southwark.

Though now thirteen years of age, Thomas was still so small and slender as to be taken for a mere child. A child he still was in innocence and simplicity and simple-hearted joyousness. They said of him in his family that he 'never had any guile in him,' and at this period, when that element emerges in the first ferment of boyhood, he appears to have been entirely devoid of it. The docility, industry, and precocious piety which, with his frolicsome little ways, had so endeared him to Dr. Briggs, soon won for him the kindly feeling of his new masters and companions. He was placed, on entering, under the immediate care of Monsignor Eyre, who became strongly attached to him, an attachment which his little charge warmly reciprocated, and thus began a friendship which was to endure for life. Monsignor Eyre was chiefly struck by the extraordinary humility of the boy-student. This virtue, which was one day to flower out with such exuberant beauty in his soul, had already advanced beyond the opening bud which it generally is at so tender an age, and in this precocious growth Monsignor Eyre was not slow to read the promise of holiness which the riper years of the man fulfilled. 'I have known him nearly all his life, and from his earliest youth humility was his characteristic virtue.' Such was the testimony borne by Monsignor Eyre when he who was the object of it had passed beyond the reach of human praise.

Soon after Thomas had entered St. Cuthbert's, an event took place which is not always an auspicious one for a motherless child—Sergeant Grant married again.

His second wife, however, vindicated the unpopular character of a step-mother by her spontaneous and unvarying kindness to her two step-sons. She was a widow, with one little girl called Winifred, who was about two years younger than Thomas. The latter welcomed this new and unknown sister after his own fashion. He bought out of his scanty allowance of pocket money a pretty, simple pair of gold ear-rings, and sent them to her with the following note: 'I am told that when a worldly young man wants to gain the ear of a young girl, he offers her a pair of ear-rings, so I offer you these because I wish to gain your heart, and I hope that your ear will always be open to my voice as to that of a brother.'

Mrs. Grant was a high-spirited and well-informed woman, and possessed what, under the circumstances, was considered a handsome fortune. Sergeant Grant was in many ways superior to the position he occupied in the service, and had long been promised a commission; but from one cause or another this promise had not been fulfilled. Mrs. Grant's first act was to buy one for him. The advent in course of time of a little brother, called Bernard after his father and the great Cistercian saint, was hailed with delight by Thomas. It was probably the recollection of his own childlike joy on the occasion which in after life made him so distressed when he saw a feeling of jealousy taking possession of a child under similar circumstances. When he was with Cardinal Acton in Rome he once noticed an instance of this in a family where he frequently visited, a little girl being quite sullen and miserable when a baby brother appeared upon the scene and drew away the usual amount of caresses and attention from herself, as it is the selfish habit of babies to

do. Dr. Grant, who had an instinct for understanding children, and could never come in contact with one without directing his attention to it, saw at once what was amiss, and was at infinite pains to exorcise the jealous demon from the child's heart; he spoke very strongly to the mother and nurse upon the imprudence and the unkindness of not preventing such a state of things by preparing the child, as its elders can so easily do, to welcome the little stranger with affection and pleasure; he declared that the contrary feeling, once it had got hold of a child's mind, was often difficult to eradicate, and laid the seeds of much evil and unhappiness for after life. 'I have known disastrous consequences ensue from this sort of jealousy,' he affirmed. No diplomacy was happily needed to secure a gracious welcome for his own little brother, whose birth was hailed as a most unlooked for piece of good fortune.

Thomas went through his studies at Ushaw with a success that may without exaggeration be termed brilliant. He had been thoroughly well grounded by Dr. Briggs, and from the first did him credit. The college diary shows that he was at the head of his class during the entire course of his Humanities. He had a remarkable facility for writing Latin, a circumstance which often stood in good stead to his class-fellows, as also did his ready and well-stored memory. 'When any of us wanted some difficulty solved, or wished to have some knowledge of something that required research,' says one of his fellow students and friends, now a Bishop, 'we generally had recourse to him, and he was always ready.' The same witness writes, 'he was timid, often serious, but very fond of a joke; a most warm and obliging friend, and would be at any trouble to serve or help you.' Thomas was no great proficient

in games, not evidently from the want of the necessary spirit to stimulate his efforts in that line, but because he lacked the overflowing physical strength which makes those kind of sports almost a necessity of life to boys of his age. The main current of his energies flowed into his books. When, however, a practical joke or a bit of college frolic was proposed, he was always to the fore, and most dexterous in aiding and abetting it. Many a chum of the Ushaw days will remember how ready he was for a raid on the apple-trees for instance, or some such deed of desperate daring which the soul of the student loves: how nimble in gathering the spoils, and how honourable in sharing them; above all they will recollect the courage and ready wit with which he would stand in the breach and bear the consequences, if, as it sometimes happened, trouble followed in the wake of conquest.

He was naturally bashful and sensitive, a circumstance which often furnished his companions with an opportunity for teasing him, and anyone who came to his rescue on these occasions secured a lasting claim to his gratitude. 'When he was promoted from a lower class into ours,' writes one of his school-fellows, now a venerable ecclesiastic, 'it was a great trial to him to face for the first time some thirty buoyant youths in the class-room and play-room, and the one who first kindly welcomed him and brought him forward was never after forgotten; this person told me so himself a few years before his death; anything the Bishop could do or obtain for him in Rome or elsewhere, he was always on the look out for, even unsolicited, as a return for that slight and unthought of act of kindness to him as a boy.'

Devotion to Our Blessed Lady was at this period



already a strong feature in his piety. He had long been in the habit of reciting daily the little office of the Immaculate Conception, and he strove to gain others to the same devout practice. 'I still possess,' says Monsignor Searle, 'the little copy in English and Latin he gave me at Ushaw, making me promise to recite it every day, and I have often thanked him for it, in later days.'

The life of a student, though proverbially so exciting in itself, is tame and monotonous enough to others; to the world outside his own, the routine of daily life, with its round of duties and exercises, presents but a dull, flat surface to those not engaged in the emulous strife and the eager pursuit of a common aim, which makes the monotony so animated and so interesting. Our readers will therefore rest content with this brief and pale outline of Thomas Grant's career at Ushaw.

In 1836, he being then in his second year of Philosophy, Dr. Briggs decided on sending him to the English College in Rome. His health had not proved equal to the strain his industry put upon it, and during the last year of his stay at St. Cuthbert's he suffered severely from his eyes, and from a chronic pain in the chest which caused some alarm to his adopted father and to his own family. It was therefore thought advisable for him to take six months' complete rest before proceeding to Rome, and commencing a still more arduous course of study.

William had joined his brother at Ushaw two years before the latter left. Winifred was at school in Edinburgh, and thither the two young men proceeded to fetch her and bring her home with them; home being at this time Kilkenny, whither the 82nd (into which

their father had exchanged, and now held the position of quarter-master, with the title by courtesy of captain), had just been ordered. The brothers and sister met at Edinburgh for the first time, and after visiting about amongst some friends and relations of Mrs. Grant's and making a little tour to the most beautiful parts of the neighbouring country, they set out for Kilkenny, where Mrs. Grant had already preceded them with Bernard.

It was Thomas's first meeting with his step-mother, and she won his heart at once by her affectionate greeting, coming to embrace him with one arm outstretched, while the other clasped the precious baby. It was a bright and pleasant time, this long holiday, that stands out an isolated chapter of home life in the young student's career. Much of his time was spent in 'minding' Bernard, or in other words dancing him and playing with him, and otherwise doing the young gentleman's behests. Beside this his chief amusement was Botany, a pleasure that he tried, not very successfully, to make William and Winifred share with him. 'He would often pull a flower as we walked up the river side,' says the one remaining companion of those days, 'and talk to us of the goodness of God in making it so beautiful, and wonder how it was that flowers did not convert sinners by their beauty.' He was fond too of writing poetry. 'Many a time,' adds the same witness, 'we made him throw away the flowers to write verses for us. 'Come now, Thomas,' we would say, 'never mind the flowers, but make us a bit of poetry;' and he would pull out his pencil and pocket-book and begin to compose on the spot.' No fragment of those early effusions has been preserved, and nothing is remembered of them except that they were 'mostly about flowers and the



Blessed Virgin.' It was no mere sentiment the poet's love for Mary, who was alike the queen of his young heart and the inspiration of his muse. Even at this early date he had begun to serve her with a brave and suffering love. The pain in his chest already alluded to was at times so intense as to make him suddenly clench his hands and tremble all over ; he would then turn to a picture of the Madonna that hung in his room, and cry out with fervour : ' Oh my mother ! my mother ! ' thus offering her the first-fruits of his great future harvest of pain. It was fancied that these sufferings indicated some pulmonary delicacy ; but the Bishop often said in later years that he believed they were symptoms of the cruel disease that destroyed him, and which thus early made its presence felt.

But neither pain nor poetry sufficed to banish tricks and mischievous ones too, from the life of the merry young group. Thomas was blessed with such a wonderfully sweet and placid temper, that it occurred to his companions to try whether it was within their united powers to ruffle it. They did their best. They made apple-pie beds for him, and laid traps to trip him up, and put jugs of water on his door top, and exhausted the time-honoured repertory of school-boy devices to put him in a passion, but to no purpose. The discovery of each trick was sure to be hailed with a shout of laughter from the victim, who would proceed at once to change his dripping clothes, or remake his bed, as if he enjoyed the fun more than his tormentors. So they gave it up in despair and declared that ' you might as well try to vex an angel as Thomas.'

Captain Grant was very proud of his sons. They were both growing up according to his honest ambition ' stout Christians,' and learned ones into the bargain ;

and in every other respect he had reason, he said, 'to bless God that he was a father.' In Thomas his highest hopes were in a fair way to be crowned beyond his expectations. He often declared that to kneel before the altar where his own son was saying mass would be almost too great a happiness, and the proudest day he would ever know on earth. Mrs. Grant's kindness to the delicate young student during these six months was that of the most affectionate mother. He never could bear to hear her spoken of as his 'step-mother;' he resented the name as an insult to her, and to his own feelings towards her, which were those of a son.

But the sweet idyll of home life was drawing to an end, quickly as it is the nature of happy things to do. Thomas's health was seemingly quite restored, so there was no plea for prolonging it, and a day was fixed for his departure. He took a farewell walk by the mossy banks of the silver Nore, explored once more the valleys that lie between it and its elder brother Barrow, visited again his favourite haunts amongst the melancholy ruins that brood amidst flocks and herding cattle on many a sunny hill side, and gazed with wistful eyes on the blue wave of the Welsh mountains that keep guard over Kilkenny from the Tipperary outposts, and on the steep, but accessible nearer hills where he and William had climbed so often in their holiday, and then, like a pilgrim bound for the Holy Land, the neophyte closed his eyes for ever on the joys of home, and turned them to that light from the sanctuary that was shining softly on his soul like a bright mysterious vision.

William and Winifred went with him as far as Dublin. It was late in the evening when they drove up on an outside car to the quays where the vessel was lying which was to take Thomas to Liverpool.

Here, with tears on all sides, they said good-bye. It is rather characteristic that Thomas, in the dusk, and the excitement and distress of the parting, should have embraced in mistake for Winifred a little old apple woman who happened to be standing beside the car; a mistake that sent William into peals of laughter, at which inopportune hilarity Winifred was very indignant.

The young traveller reached Rome in safety, and in his first letter home alludes thus affectionately to their separation :—

‘I have the beautiful present which Winifred so affectionately left me at parting from her at Dublin. I shall never forget her sorrow at being separated from me. Her book will be a sweet remembrance of herself and her kindness long after memory shall cease to bring back of its own accord the recollection of that evening *so full of sadness*. . . .’

Later he refers tenderly to a present delicately given by Mrs. Grant during his holiday :—

‘I do not forget, dearest mother, the gift which I received from you the day after I reached Kilkenny. I keep the same purse still in which it was wrapped; in fact, whenever I use a purse, that one serves me, although it has begun to feel the ravages of time in one corner! But no matter; it was yours, and it must last long as a keepsake from you. May we soon meet again!’

## CHAPTER II.

1836-41.

NOT long before Thomas's arrival in Rome, Monsignor Eyre had preceded him there as Vice-Rector of the English College under Dr. Wiseman. The new student did not therefore find himself quite in *terra incognita*. His studies, which were henceforth to be confined to two branches, philosophy and theology, he resumed with great zest. He pursued the latter especially with a zeal all the more intense that it was fed by no human ambition or mere thirst for human learning, but by that love of God which was already the main-spring of his life, the first motive of every act, the animating spirit of all his labours. Amongst his mental gifts, memory was undoubtedly the most remarkable, the only one that can be called extraordinary. He pressed it into the service of his other faculties with singular skill, and often declared that the superiority of his memory was not so much owing to the rich quality of the natural gift, as to the method and perseverance he used in exercising it. He attached the greatest importance to the use and study of definitions, apparently not only for their own sake, but also as exercises of memory through analogy and association. His practice in this line will be best described by his own words, as addressed not long before his death, to a student with whom he was walking up and down the



cloisters of the English College after supper one evening. 'What treatise are you reading with Ballerini?' asked the Bishop. 'Prescription.' 'Very good. Now prescription is the acquirement of some right by *bona fide*; possession continued during a certain time. You see at once that the points to be considered are the *bona fides*, the time and the possession. You should therefore learn by heart all the definitions and texts of Scripture that support these points. Canon — of Liverpool and I used to walk up and down this cloister after supper, just as we are doing now, and say the definitions that we had got by heart during the day. This is how we got them into our heads, and there they have remained up to this day.' Perhaps many of us would be inclined to observe with the young student to whom the Bishop's system was thus lucidly propounded, 'My Lord, all heads are not alike.' But to this Dr. Grant replied peremptorily: 'That is not the question, John; these things must be done.' We cannot attempt to say how far the method is calculated to secure the same general result, but there is no doubt that in his individual case it was pre-eminently successful. His memory was not only quick and susceptible, but retentive, far-reaching and minute to the most extraordinary degree, and he held complete command over it. Its resources were available at any moment. A thing once learned was engraved upon it in distinct and ineffaceable characters; every piece of knowledge once acquired was like a printed document that was straightway labelled, numbered and deposited in its appropriate place, so as to be laid hold of after any lapse of time at a moment's warning. His judgment was sound and had that valuable knack of seizing at a glance the main point of a subject, and forming a con-

clusion swiftly and justly. His intellect was wanting in the creative faculty ; it was not endowed with what we call originality. It was acute and comprehensive rather than broad, clear rather than deep. His was a sort of official intelligence, active, prompt, wide-awake, admirably adapted to the business habits of thought and administration that it was called upon to exercise in the Bishopric. His mind might aptly be compared to a well-stored and beautifully kept library, where memory like a good librarian was always on the *qui-vive*, catalogue in hand, ready to lay his finger on any volume that was called for ; the various categories were ranged in orderly sequence, nothing was pushed inconveniently out of sight, or difficult of access. Nothing ever grew mouldy or musty. The facility with which in after years the Bishop would call up events long past, or any special branch of knowledge, and produce chapter and verse as if he had heard and studied the subject the day before, was a matter of admiration and surprise to those who witnessed it. In the year 1870, the year of his death, he was passing through the library of the English College, and observing one of the students searching through the back numbers of the 'Dublin Review,' of which there were two long shelves, he said good-humouredly : 'Hard at work ?' 'Well, my Lord, I'm hunting up materials for work,' was the reply. 'What are you looking for ?' enquired the Bishop. 'I fancy,' replied the student, 'that I have seen in some of these old Dublins a paper on phrenology in which some opinions of the Fathers are quoted.' 'Oh, you won't find much,' observed the Bishop ; 'it simply tells you that St. Chrysostom says that whatever be the natural tendencies or form of nature, we must always make large allowance for grace.'



So it was with everything. No matter how hastily he glanced over an essay or an article, the pith remained in his memory, and was forthcoming when called for. He can hardly be said to have ever read superficially. It was the habit of his mind to give his full attention to the subject before it, whether that subject were intrinsically important or insignificant. A conscientious reader of this kind is seldom an omnivorous one, yet Thomas Grant was far from restricting the range of his reading to the subjects bearing directly or even indirectly on his studies. The minute-book of the literary society, to which he was elected secretary in 1840, contains a list of his earliest essays, and the choice of subjects testifies fairly enough to the diversity of his tastes and of his reading. We have a Study of the ancient Orators; The library of the English College; The Ecclesiastic's Examination of Conscience; A Review of the Aristotelian and the Baconian Methods of Argumentation; an essay on The Light Thrown on Theology, History and the Arts by a study of the Monuments of Rome; another on the Character of Wolsey, and, finally, on the congenial theme, The Advantages of College Life. The exquisite neatness of the book of the society while it was in his hands is an example of his general habits of order; not a word is anywhere scratched out or blurred; every line is as clear and distinct as if the pages were written to be sent up to Propaganda.

Thomas Grant took so many silver medals at the public examinations in Rome, that when a scheme was set on foot amongst his fellow-students for offering Our Lady a silver lamp which was to be made from a recast of their joint academical medals, he contributed eight, a number that doubled that of every other student

with one exception, who gave likewise eight. This lamp, a beautiful specimen of Roman workmanship, is now to be seen in the Lady Chapel of the college, where it is kept burning perpetually before her image. His devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God had long ago been interpreted, by those who watched its growth, as an earnest of some great future gifts and a pledge of high sanctity. But his love and devotion to Mary, deep and ardent as it was, was altogether merged and eclipsed by his worship of the Blessed Sacrament; the smaller light was drowned by the greater, just as the moon is obliterated by the sun at mid-day. Dr. Grant was apt to attribute to two seemingly trivial incidents which occurred while he was a student, a distinct and lasting increase of his faith in the Divine Presence of the Eucharist. The first was during a retreat preached by a Capuchin Father, the preacher, speaking of Almighty God, suddenly lowered the tone of his voice, and pointing to the altar exclaimed: '*Questo qui!*' Dr. Grant to the last day of his life remembered the thrill which that '*Questo qui!*' sent through him. The awe-struck whisper of the monk, his finger pointed to the little door of the Tabernacle, impressed him with a new and living sense of the Divine Presence that he never forgot. The other incident was of a somewhat similar character. A little child hearing its parents speaking together of the Blessed Sacrament as of some mysterious presence or person, asked one day with a kind of half frightened curiosity: '*Who is the Blessed Sacrament?*' The question was repeated to Dr. Grant, and moved him strangely. He said the word *who* instead of *what* seemed to bring the mystery so much nearer to one, and conveyed so much more vividly the idea of the Real Presence; he adopted this formula

ever after in addressing children, and was often struck by the forcible way in which the question impressed them.

Mention will occasionally be made in the course of these pages of that interior trial which was to be such a fertile and never-ending source of suffering to Dr. Grant, namely, scrupulosity. He suffered from it terribly at this period, and here, as in many other circumstances, Monsignor Eyre proved a kind and skilful friend. The recital of the Divine Office was a cause of immense mental disquietude to the student; he used to begin it over and over again, and always with the same result, his nervous anxiety increasing with each repetition. When Monsignor Eyre became aware of this, he made a point of going every night to his room, under pretext of one thing or another, and then he would stay chatting until the hour for the valid recital of Office was past, and it was impossible for him to begin it again. The time passed quickly for both in this intimate communing, and the small hours of the morning often found them still together. Dr. Grant often alluded affectionately in after life to the services Monsignor Eyre had rendered him during this trying crisis, and to the patience and unwearying kindness he had displayed towards him. It was this same friend and superior who taught him and prepared him to say his first Mass.

This period of study and solemn preparation was not without its humorous episodes, and its gleams of merriment. Plays were for the first time set on foot at the Venerable,<sup>1</sup> and the innovation was a source of much amusement and excitement amongst the students. The parts were distributed and learned, but then came

<sup>1</sup> The name by which the College was called amongst the students.

the grand question of making a stage with proper effect of scene-painting. Dr. Wiseman the Rector, with his usual kindly condescension and sympathy with the pleasures of the young, was moved to pity by the distress of the actors, and volunteered to paint the scenes for them; he had never handled a brush in his life, but nothing daunted by this trifling disability he set to work, and the result was pronounced by all a brilliant success. 'Day after day he went at it,' says Dr. Grant, narrating not long before his death this pleasant reminiscence of early days, 'while Roskell and I worked hard grinding the colours for him; he proved to be as clever at the brush as at everything else; after a while Roskell took to the brush, but I stuck to the colours.'

Thomas kept up communication with his family regularly, but postage being very high in those days the interchange of letters was necessarily restricted within narrow bounds. The 82nd had been ordered out to Jamaica, and this wide separation from his father was the more keenly felt by Thomas as none of the family had accompanied him, Mrs. Grant's health forbidding her to undertake the voyage. The following is one of Thomas's letters to her during her husband's absence :—

'Collegio Inglese, Rome : June 14, 1841.

'My Dearest Mother,— . . . . This is the very month, and not far from the very day, when I first saw Winny at Edinburgh, and when after journeying pleasantly with her through Scotland and Ireland, we found yourself and Bernard safe and well at Kilkenny. . . . I have been rejoiced to learn that dear little Bernard is getting on well both in health and learning. I have only to hope that a few years will prove him better and cleverer than either of his brothers, and that



he will continue to prove a comfort and a joy to you in your afflictions. I suppose he will have quite forgotten me ; I do not know whether he has forgotten William, who showed him the way into the preserve and jelly cupboards. But next year, when I return to England, I will try to make him remember me likewise.

‘ I wish Winny would write to me, although on account of the foreign postage she may find it more troublesome to write now than when she used to write so regularly from Edinburgh ; but I hope she will at least tell William all about herself for me, how she spends her day, what she reads, what she teaches Bernard, in short everything about home, it will all be interesting.

‘ I cannot give you much news from Jamaica. I am sorry to find my letters do not seem to have reached father. This foreign post easily blunders, and sends letters to one place instead of another in spite of every precaution. A letter takes two months to get from the West Indies to Rome, so you can understand readily that you will have much later and quicker news of him than I have. When you write to him be so good as to give this reason why he has not heard from me more regularly.

‘ I am expecting every day to hear the result of Willy’s examination in London.<sup>1</sup> I hope he has been successful. I am to undergo a similar examination myself about September, but we cannot predict what will be the result ; the examiners are all very clever and very learned people, and I do not feel myself quite equal to the dangerous experiment of standing before them. But we must hope for the best.

‘ Mr. Delaney, the priest at Winchester, was for-

<sup>1</sup> At the London University.



merly at this College ; his name is still to be seen scratched deep in the plaster in one part of the house. The grand organ which he joined with the other Romans in presenting to the College has arrived safe.

‘ My dearest Mother, I must now conclude, and after giving my love to Winifred and Bernard, I beg you will bestow a blessing on

‘ Your affectionate Son,

‘ THOMAS GRANT.

‘ P.S. I was nearly forgetting to beg you would give my best love and regards to Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, and all my other relations at Winchester. It is true I have never seen them, but they are nearly and closely related to you, and that is enough. Farewell. T. G.’

Thomas Grant closed his career as a student after passing brilliantly through the dreaded ordeal of a public defension. There are many dignitaries in Rome who still speak of the masterly manner in which he maintained his thesis, and of the ready, accurate and exhaustive answers with which he met every objection raised against it. He always attributed his own remarkable success on this and similar occasions to the protection of our Blessed Lady whom he invoked constantly at those periods under the title of *Sedes Sapientiæ*. He often declared so in later years, and recommended the same practice to others in like circumstances. He thus urges it in regard to a student who was very anxious as to the result of his approaching ordeal : ‘ I hope —— will be successful in his examination. He must earnestly ask the prayers of our Dear Lady, *The Seat of Wisdom*, whom I have often had as my help in severe theological examinations.

‘ I recollect a brave officer, now Colonel Patterson,

who had to study fortification, and who told me that the *Tower of David* had favoured him.

‘In the little village where we spent our Roman vacations, the villagers used to sing every night, “Our advocate pray for us.” *This* and the *Seat of Wisdom*, are the best invocations for ——. I ought to have told you of the success of the Marquis of Queensbury in an examination last year, through his mother’s prayers to our Dear Immaculate Mother.’

His ordination took place on November 28, 1841. He announces this event to his mother in the following letter :—

‘December 9, 1841.

‘My dearest Mother,—Another opportunity offers of sending a letter to England. . . . I hope you received the letter I wrote about six weeks ago. . . . I hope your health is good, and that everything is getting on so as to allow you peace and tranquillity of mind. Is Winifred well? Do not let her spend her time in *too much thinking*, for melancholy and sadness are great enemies to happiness. I suppose she will amuse herself with Bernard, and that they spend many cheerful hours together. When shall I be there to enjoy them!

‘On November 15, I received a letter from Jamaica containing both pleasing and distressing news. I suppose you have already heard that Father has been laid up with a severe attack of fever, from which the worst consequences were to be feared, but that through the kindness and goodness of Providence, he was recovering. Still the medicines he has taken have left him rheumatism in the head. We must hope that exercise and change of diet will have tended to restore him perfectly. It is, however, very sad to reflect that three

hundred of that regiment have fallen since their removal to Jamaica. We must therefore pray very earnestly for his deliverance from all sickness in future.

‘I must now give you some news about myself. I was ordained Sub-Deacon on November 14, by the Right Reverend Dr. Brown, Bishop of Lancashire, in the chapel of our college. On the following Sunday I received the Holy Order of Deaconship in the church of the Nuns of the Visitation, and on the Sunday after (November 28) I was ordained Priest. On the next Tuesday, the feast of St. Andrew, I sang my first Mass in the college chapel. Several English and Scottish gentlemen were present, and it was going to be arranged at one time that I should sing the Mass in the church of St. Andrews, belonging to the Scots’ College, as the students of that house are well acquainted with us, and were very anxious to have my first Mass at their college.

‘I mentioned in my last that I ought to be returning to England about Easter, but I have since had a letter from Dr. Briggs prescribing a course of studies which will occupy nearly two years more. I am sorry to disappoint you, or to defer the pleasure I had expected in meeting you at Winchester; but you are well aware of the obligation imposed on me both by duty and gratitude of obeying his Lordship in everything regarding my studies and my stay in Rome. As I cannot come in person, I must often write to you, and do my best to supply my absence by letters. I will write to you on every occasion that presents itself, and I hope that you will have the goodness to let me know how you are advancing, and if you should not write all the way to Rome directly, let William give me frequently all news about you.

‘How far has Bernard progressed in his studies? Has he learnt to read well as yet, or has he begun to write? I hope above all he is good and obedient. It will be soon time for him to be learning his Catechism, and as soon as he has reached the use of reason, I suppose he will make his first confession.

‘I will say Mass for you all as soon as I can, and I hope you will not forget me in your prayers. Does Winifred keep in good health? She must remember that the care of all the house depends upon her, and she must be strong enough to save you, my dearest Mother, the fatigue of minding all the troublesome details of housekeeping. I remain

‘My dearest Mother,  
‘Your affectionate Son,  
‘T. GRANT.’

The course of reading alluded to had reference to the subject of Canon law, a branch of study for which Thomas had shown special aptitude, and which Dr. Briggs, now Bishop of Beverley, wished him to prosecute until he had fully mastered it. He accepted the advice unhesitatingly, and, as his letter shows, entirely merged his own disappointment at the prolonged absence which his obedience involved, in the disappointment of his family.



## CHAPTER III.

1841-1844.

IMMEDIATELY after his ordination, Thomas Grant was created a Doctor of Divinity, and soon after this he was named secretary to Cardinal Acton. The English cardinal was one of the most accomplished canon lawyers of his day, and in this respect Dr. Grant was particularly fortunate in the appointment. His Eminence soon took that lively interest in him which he inspired in all who came within the charm of his bright, unselfish nature. He directed the course of canon law reading which he had been undertaking at the suggestion of the Bishop of Beverley, and under so consummate a master Dr. Grant acquired that proficiency which was to gain for him at no distant period the reputation of being the first canon lawyer of the English Church. His intercourse with Cardinal Acton was in every way a great advantage. That venerable prelate allied to the most methodical business habits and clock-like punctuality in little as well as great things, a boundless charity, a love for the poor and for prisoners that amounted almost to a passion. He would empty his purse to release some poor father of a family who was in prison for debt, and when he had no more money left, he would steal his own silver candlesticks and sell them to procure the necessary ransom. All these characteristics were so many bonds of sympathy between him



and his secretary, and it was not long before the official relationship had warmed into a friendship that had its foundation in the deepest mutual esteem. Amongst the duties of his new position was that peculiarly onerous one of receiving the English visitors who wished through Cardinal Acton's mediation to be presented to the Holy Father, and admitted to all privileged places and ceremonies at the Vatican and elsewhere. The fact that Dr. Grant gave universal satisfaction to this exacting and motley class is no small meed of praise, and proves that his tact, patience, activity and good-nature must have been simply inexhaustible and invulnerable. There were amongst the influx of heterogeneous sight-seers whom he had to satisfy, some few families resident in Rome, which Dr. Grant was in the habit of visiting, and where he contracted friendships that lasted as long as his life. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey was one, and the family of the present Sir John Lawson another.

It was on the occasion of his entering upon this, to him, worldly stage of his career that Dr. Grant adopted the habit of keeping his eyes down. So few of those who only knew him after this date had an opportunity of seeing his eyes, that it may interest them to learn what they were like. We are told that they were very fine, 'the only beautiful feature he had,' says our informant; 'large, deep hazel eyes, and so full that when he was the least excited, they seemed ready to overflow.' Perhaps humility had some share in the sacrifice which he imposed upon himself of keeping them down-cast as a guard over his senses. How rigorously he adhered to the self-imposed rule all those who knew him in England can testify. It was the solitary instance in which he deviated externally from the rule

of simplicity in doing like everybody else. He could, however, relax this discipline when charity or some other imperious motive demanded it. A collection was being made in his diocese for the orphanages, and a charitable lady who was very zealous in the cause, met him on the stairs at St. George's one day and said, 'My Lord, an eccentric person has promised me 50*l.* towards the collection if your Lordship will only look at me.' 'And why should I not look at you, my dear child?' replied the Bishop, at once raising his eyes to her with a glance of grave kindliness, 'God bless you!' he added, and the orphans got their 50*l.*

Sometimes the practice of keeping his eyes down led to a harmless joke being played on him. He was dining one day at the Duke of Norfolk's, and on entering the drawing-room after dinner, he raised his hand, and giving his benediction to the right and left, repeated:—'God bless you, my dear children! God bless you all!' The words were greeted with a peal of merry laughter from the adjoining room, where the children had hid themselves on purpose to find out whether the Bishop saw through his eyelids or not. 'My Lórd, you have been blessing the chairs and tables!' they cried, bursting into the room in high glee. And the Bishop joined in the laugh at himself, and enjoyed the innocent trick as much as any of them. Yet, though at fault in this instance, it was astonishing how much he really did see through his closed eyelids. Persons who counted on escaping his observations were sometimes unpleasantly made aware of their mistake. A lady whom he had never seen before came to his confessional at St. George's. She was a person of taste in the matter of colours, and employed this critical faculty perhaps rather too earnestly in the arrangement of her

dress, devoting a good deal of time to the choice and juxtaposition of shades ; the result was a general effect too harmonious to evoke comment of any sort, especially as she affected neutral colours almost exclusively ; she was, therefore, not a little surprised after finishing her accusations to hear the Bishop say, ‘ And have you no scruple, my child, about losing so much time in selecting the colours of your dress ? ’ One of his old friends remarked that ‘ his eyesight was as keen as his insight,’ and the way in which the latter quickened his perception of outward things partly justified the saying that ‘ Dr. Grant saw through a stone wall with his eyes shut, better than most people through a window with theirs open.’

Soon after his appointment to Cardinal Acton’s secretaryship, Dr. Grant made the acquaintance of the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne. ‘ I see him now,’ writes the Bishop of Birmingham, ‘ as I first saw him in Cardinal Acton’s palazzo, looking so young a priest, so springy in his movements, with such a wreath of innocent expression on his face, yet the palpitation of the eyes indicated that tremulous state of scrupulous and delicate conscience which constituted his first great source of suffering. The image of that vibrating soul as he first advanced to receive me was fixed like a photograph for ever in my mind. My interest in Dr. Grant dates from that day.’

He had already contracted at this period the habit of daily confession, which he continued to practise all his life. He went but little into society ; only dining occasionally with the few English families where he was intimate. He was at such times a most lively and agreeable companion, no tinge of asceticism in his conversation or manners betraying the secret tortures he

endured from those scruples that he was never to be delivered from.

He had a great natural facility for languages ; as a very young student he wrote Latin as fluently as English, and French and Italian became equally familiar to him. Italians said he spoke their language better than any Englishman they had ever known. The distinction they drew between him and Cardinal Wiseman, who was considered a perfect Italian scholar, was that the latter wrote their language like a native, but that Dr. Grant spoke it like one. Once at a *conversazione* where several foreign bishops were present, some one made the remark, how strange it was that Englishmen spoke French worse than any of the continental nations ; Dr. Grant was asked if he could in any way account for this, and he answered coolly that it arose from the fact of their never having had an army of occupation in England to give them the proper accent. The explanation was indignantly rejected by some of the company, but gave rise to much mirth with all.

In 1842 Mrs. Grant was, through the dishonesty of an agent, involved in a law-suit that caused great anxiety to the family, and in this Thomas affectionately shared :—

‘April 24, 1842.

‘My dearest Mother,—Although I wrote to you only a few days ago, I cannot lose this opportunity of sending you a letter as far as London. . . . I do not write because I have much news to communicate to you, as there is very little that would interest you, nor do I write to express sentiments of regard and affection to you all, because these are always the same, and repetition would not make them more forcible or more varied. But I am glad to have an opportunity of joining for five



minutes in your peaceful circle, and of throwing a few words of love and comfort amongst those to whom I owe so much. Are you well, my dearest mother? That is my first question, and my first wish; the cold air of winter may not have agreed with you, and I fear that the dull slowness of Chancery will have made you fretful and unhappy. But it will have been some alleviation to your pain if Winifred has been always well and always cheerful. Yes, my dearest Winifred, it is your place to console mother; . . . because you are younger your spirits should be lighter, and your heart should be more gay and more hopeful, that so you may dispel the clouds of thoughtfulness and anxiety by which they will from time to time be embittered. . . .

‘Is Bernard as wild and as merry as ever? Has he made his first confession yet, or when is he to make it? I suppose he will have got right through the Catechism, and that he has began to write and to make sums in addition and multiplication at least. I will answer for it, he knows how to tell whether it is better to have three apples or five, and whether four sugar-plums are better than the same or a greater number of columns in his spelling-book. . . . How long is it since you heard from father, and are you sure he enjoys good health? I should like also to know whether they expect to leave the West Indies this year, and so to return to England, or to what station are they to remove next.

‘I have written to William lately. . . . Do you intend to send him to Winchester this year? I have a great mind to ask him to come to Rome instead. Indeed I have written to ask him whether he would like it or not. What is your opinion on the matter, and what do you suppose father’s intentions to be? . . .

‘Tell Mr. Delaney that I am very much obliged to

him for his kind expressions in my regard, and that I am glad to think that after the lapse of so many years he still cherishes the memory of the old stories and records of the English College. I had once an intention of collecting all the inscriptions respecting English persons, whose tombs and other monuments exist in Rome, and of publishing them in one of the English Catholic periodicals. But after I had transcribed a great number of them, I thought it would be better to desist, and have therefore left the work unfinished. He would there have found it related that after the demolition or decay of the church, the monuments were removed a few years ago by the Right Reverend Dr. Wiseman into the corridors near the front door of the College where they still remain in good order and in good preservation. This year the English College is sending at least four priests upon the mission, two of them for Lancashire, one for the central and one for the London district. Perhaps you will wonder and complain that instead of my remaining in Rome, some one of them has not remained to take my place, that thus I might return to England. But it will only be for a year or two more, so we must be content.

‘I ought to have mentioned above, for Mr. Delaney’s information, that the Protector of the English College is now my good Cardinal Acton, so that we have everything as it should be, an English Cardinal to preside over an English college.

‘I will write again shortly, but I fear very much my letters are very dull and very uninteresting; but as you have had patience with me so often before, you will have patience with me again . . . and you must give your blessing to

‘Your affectionate Son,

‘THOMAS GRANT.’

The following letter to his sister shows how vivid and fresh was his delight in the monuments and memories of the Eternal City :—

‘August 28, 1843.

‘My Dearest Winifred,—I had begun a letter to you for the purpose of excusing my apparent hardness of heart and indifference, but our dear William has set me at rest, and I therefore venture to write in a less sad and less sorrowful tone. But how is our dear mother amidst so many trials and reverses? I know it is difficult for you, but I must beg of you to do everything to cheer and enliven her, and to render her cares less burdensome. I hope that Bernard is becoming daily more and more sensible, that in his playfulness he may be a comfort to you, and may while away your anxious moments. . . . I wish you could spend a few weeks in Rome, and that you could see all its wonders and all its sights. Its three hundred churches would occupy us a long time, and we might ramble about looking at the old walls and the venerable monuments that recall to mind the labours and sufferings of the apostles and martyrs of the city. How interesting it is to look at the ruins of ancient Rome, at the temples, the very fragments of which are wonderful, and at the palaces which, decayed and plundered, still attest the magnificence and greatness of the nobles and the emperors who raised them. But it is still more delightful to stand in the churches and sanctuaries built by the hands of those who were awaiting the summons to martyrdom. You may perhaps have read that they were driven by their persecutors to seek refuge in the catacombs—long, dark, and confined galleries excavated at a great depth under the earth, in which the living and the dead were confounded together, the remains

of the latter being buried in the walls between which their surviving companions and friends were accustomed to pass. From these catacombs the relics of the martyrs are conveyed to our churches and altars ; we find paintings and designs representing our blessed Saviour and His Virgin Mother, ever blessed and full of grace, and His apostles ; inscriptions record the number of martyrs and the affection of their brethren. These are sometimes rudely carved, and often bear upon them allusions to the martyrdom of the person buried near them. I have once been present when the bodies of the martyrs were extracted for the purpose of being sent to satisfy the devotion of the faithful, dwelling, perhaps, in the wilds of North America or the distant provinces of China. We have trodden the same ground and stood in the same chapels where they used to pray and assist at the oblation of the same tremendous and all-saving mysteries, which are offered up on our altars, where they received the same sacraments and heard the same doctrines which it is our glory to receive and to hold. But perhaps you are tired of being in the catacombs and we might leave for another time to show you the house where the Acts of the Apostles and some of the Epistles of St. Paul were written, and the prison where St. Peter was bound in chains, and left in silence and solitude to sigh for the day when he was to meet his dear Master once more, and then live with Him for ever. But it is not enough to see such monuments as these, one must visit them with the devout crowds which flock to the great sanctuaries on particular festivals, and watch how diligently and how sincerely they love to remember the piety and the glories of their forefathers. In the houses belonging to several of the great religious orders are to be



seen still the rooms in which the saints of the order lived, and where they practised the rules and observances which we still admire in their followers and children and imitators. We have the rooms of St. Francis of Assisi, of St. Philip Neri, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Stanislas Kotska, and others, and in some we find the pictures or furniture used by them. You may imagine what interest we derive from reading here the lives of the Roman saints. . . . What would *your* delight be to visit the well of St. Winifred, and there read her life and the history of her glorious actions and the miracles wrought by her intercession? When you understand this feeling you will know the depth and liveliness of the interest we take amidst the ruins of ancient Rome. . . .'

Amidst these lofty historical associations he has still room for the old interest concerning every little detail of family life, Bernard being as ever the object of his paternal solicitude.

' . . . . I have just received another letter from William, and I am very glad to see that he is well, and that our dear father reached Quebec in safety, and that he is in good health. Write to him as often as you can, my dear Winifred, and tell him of your doings, and your pleasant and unpleasant days, your joys and your sorrows, and talk to him much about all that you feel and think, and describe to him how Bernard is advancing, and what are his peculiar dispositions and habits, and whether he is diligent and attentive to his book, and obedient to mother and to you. . . .

'I have an opportunity of sending this letter by hand, and I will close it here hoping that you will pardon my long silence and my poor letter now that I have written at last. Tell mother to send me her

blessing and her good wishes, and endeavour for me to make her light-hearted and happy. Give my love to Bernard, and believe me, my dear Winifred,

‘ Ever affectionately yours,

‘ THOMAS GRANT.’

In the winter of 1843, Sir John Lawson, then a very young boy, came to join his family in Rome, having been obliged to leave Stonyhurst for the benefit of a milder climate during the winter. Dr. Grant went every day for a couple of hours to read with him, and keep up his studies of the Greek and Latin authors ; he was a most genial and engaging professor, and contrived to permeate the study of the Pagan classic authors with the perfume of his own devout spirit. ‘What I chiefly remember of him,’ says his former pupil, ‘is his cheerfulness and kindness, and his great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and that he was always most anxious to inspire others with devotion to her.’ Children attracted Dr. Grant like a magnet ; wherever he was he could not resist devoting himself to a child. His pupil had two little brothers who particularly won their way to his heart by their tender piety. Like so many children in Catholic countries, they had an altar fitted up in their nursery with vestments, &c., and here they used very solemnly to say mass, and give benediction ; Dr. Grant loved nothing better than to escape to the nursery with them, and assist as clerk, while they took it in turn to officiate ; he shared all their innocent delight in their little ceremonies, and the sight of their piety was a great enjoyment to him. When the time came for their making their first Confession and Communion, he prepared them himself for the solemn acts, devoting a great deal of time to their

instruction. In this year (1843), Father, then Mr. Faber, came to Rome furnished with letters of introduction to Dr. Grant, who welcomed the future disciple of the grand old St. Philip as a kindred soul. They explored Rome together, Dr. Grant taking the visitor to all his own favourite haunts, dingy shrines, and out-of-the way churches not set down by Murray and Bradshaw in the sight-seer's programme, but redolent with martyr memories and the perfume of dead sanctity and living holiness. His companion, writing home about these delightful rambles, says :<sup>1</sup> 'It has been a great advantage to me having Dr. Grant with me, he is younger than I am,<sup>2</sup> and adds to the more perfect knowledge of a cicerone, much solid erudition, true catholic feeling, and enthusiastic piety.' When fairly intoxicated by the feast of soul in which he had revelled for so many days in the eternal city, Mr. Faber escaped to recruit himself in the quiet of Albano, he tells how he and his companion, just as they were starting for a day in the woods early the next morning, were startled by seeing Dr. Grant burst suddenly into the room. In reply to their astonished 'What brings you here!' the apparition answered, 'I have come all these twelve miles to fetch you back to Rome immediately.' A letter of audience had come summoning Mr. Faber to the library of the Vatican at five o'clock that same evening, and but for this hasty pursuit of Dr. Grant's he would have missed the much desired opportunity. At a later date, after he had been received into the Church, Father Faber bears witness to the fruit of this intercourse in the following lines written to Dr. Grant: 'By the grace of God, and the love of Rome in my

<sup>1</sup> 'Life and Letters of F. W. Faber,' p. 194.

<sup>2</sup> There were only two years between them.

heart as you put it there, I am a Catholic.' When he returned to Rome some years later as a priest, the warm sympathy of their first acquaintance ripened into an enduring friendship. There were many points of similarity between them, although they were so different. There was in each the same largeness of heart, the same unearthliness of aim, the same power of attracting souls and kindling the love of God in others by a kindred spark from their own. Both possessed in a high degree that gift of sympathy which is rarer, perhaps, than any gift of genius, and more divinely fertile in its influence. Dr. Grant was filled with an enthusiastic admiration for the 'beautiful genius' of his brilliant friend, especially that eloquence which, for a combination of all that is grand and lovely in human speech, remains unparalleled in our times. Father Faber, on his side, paid generous tribute to the holiness and learning of the future bishop. Let it not be supposed, nevertheless, that either thought it necessary to forego the pleasure of cutting his joke on the other when an opportunity offered. Dr. Grant's agonising scrupulosity was always at hand when other motives failed. Father Faber, who used to make the rector laugh at himself to such an extent that if this were, as some say, a panacea for the malady, he must inevitably have been cured, once solemnly assured Dr. Grant that if ever he came to be made a bishop he would die in two years after sending half a dozen vicars general to a lunatic asylum—a foreboding which, happily, the prophet lived to see triumphantly refuted, as he acknowledged with equal magnanimity and satisfaction. When parting, after their first meeting, the Anglican minister made the Catholic priest promise to say the *Salve Regina* for him every time he passed before the



church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and Dr. Grant continued to do this as long as he remained in Rome ; no matter who happened to be with him when he was walking past the church, he would interrupt the conversation for the purpose.

Dr. Grant's position near Cardinal Acton, who was not only member of several important Roman congregations, but also filled a high judicial post, widened the youthful secretary's field of observation, and gave his varied and solid abilities great scope, initiating him into the method of Roman and ecclesiastical business, of which his Eminence was so perfect a master. The tact and industry with which he turned these opportunities to account, and the prudence and talent which he displayed in the exercise of his special functions, drew on him the attention, and soon gained for him the esteem, of the wise and learned personages who were thus brought in daily contact with him. Honours were closely pressed upon the secretary, and in a manner that made it sometimes very difficult for him to maintain a persistent refusal. Cardinal Lambruschini, then Secretary of State, formed a very high estimate of Dr. Grant's virtues and talents, and urged upon him at various times several flattering proofs of this opinion ; but all his offers were respectfully and firmly declined. The only privilege Dr. Grant could be induced to accept was permission to see such State papers as were of a strictly private character ; and this he did in compliance with a personal request from Cardinal Acton, and to alleviate the latter's scrupulosity.

As a last proof of the confidence and affection he reposed in his youthful secretary, the venerable prelate<sup>1</sup> appointed him his executor.

<sup>1</sup> He died in 1847.

At this period of his life, and during the ensuing years which he passed in Rome, Dr. Grant was a great and constant sufferer from neuralgia in the head. The pains were at times excruciating, but they never conquered him. Few except his intimate friends knew that he was a sufferer at all, so completely did he control all outward expression of what he was enduring.

## CHAPTER IV.

1844-48.

DR. GRANT had been rather more than three years in his capacity as secretary to the cardinal, when, on the appointment of Dr. Baggs to the vicariate apostolic of the western district, he was named to succeed him as rector of the English college (1844).

On assuming the office of superior, he found the college burthened with heavy debts, all of which were soon discharged under his energetic and skilful administration. He was enabled to accomplish this without in any way cutting down the establishment from its previous dimensions; the number of pupils on the college foundation was kept up, and the comfort and well-being of all thoroughly attended to. His rule was a very gentle one, the necessary vigour of command being so tempered by kindness that it was hard to say which prevailed. It seemed to some that Dr. Grant leaned too much to the side of gentleness; on this being represented to him, he answered: 'Memento Domine David et omnis mansuetudinis ejus.' But, however painful it was to him to find fault, he never flinched from it when it was a duty; but when compelled to administer a reproof, it was done with so much humility that it took away the sting, and disarmed the pride of the person rebuked. He was at all times as easy of access to the students as when he had

been a student himself ; and, indeed, he made himself in everything as much as possible one of them. ‘The Doctors’ room was open to them at all hours like the chapel, and, late or early, they could never come amiss. ‘No one ever had less of the Don about him,’ writes one who was under him at this period ; and so all his subordinates declared. He loved to be in the midst of them at recreation ; and, far from being a kill-joy, he was the life and soul of any fun going. If there was a scheme on foot for an expedition to Monte Porzio, the rector entered into it with as much zest as the youngest student in the house, watching the weather with the liveliest anxiety, and seeing to everything that could secure the pic-nic going off pleasantly. Many of the old pupils of the Venerabile will remember how frequently he would introduce higher and holier thoughts into these hours of merry-making ; never with an effort, or making it a damper to amusement ; the name of God came so naturally from his lips, like a ray of sunshine leaving all things brighter for its transient gleams, that it never oppressed the most mirthful. They will remember, too, how he used to invite all to kneel down, and, with child-like simplicity, say a *De Profundis* for the souls in purgatory, to ensure a fine day for these pleasant outings to Monte Porzio. At a certain time of the year the students used to go once a fortnight to spend the day at the college vineyards at La Magliana, and many old labourers there still recall with affection the rector’s kindness to them on these occasions ; they will tell you how the first thing Monsignor Grant did on arriving was to assemble all the farm labourers, and pour them out a tankard of wine with his own hand—a trait characteristic of his delicate thoughtfulness and



his habit of never forgetting any one. Dr. Grant had, moreover, that frank and genial spirit of hospitality for which his nation is distinguished. He was a most cordial host, and had the knack, as his guests declared, of making each one feel of importance and thoroughly at home ; and it was a sore trial to him when, from some untoward circumstance, this failed to be the case. Once, on the occasion of the dinner which the Venerable gives to all its friends in Rome at Christmas, the number of invitations was so great that it was found impossible to accommodate them all at the centre table, and many had to be seated at the long side tables. The hospitable rector thought that this inevitable arrangement would be understood by his guests, and, to avoid all semblance of a distinction between the centre table and the others, he had duplicates of every dish brought in simultaneously, and served from antipodal points. 'I thought,' said Dr. Grant, 'that this would have made things smooth, and satisfied everybody that there was no distinction made amongst the guests ; but I was mistaken ; the people at the side tables never forgave me.'

It was when sickness or sorrow visited them that the students were enabled to sound the fatherly depths of the rector's heart. Many are the traits laid up in their memories of his kindness in those seasons of trial, his indulgence to them in the infirmary, and his ready sympathy in mental and spiritual sufferings. His own scrupulosity, far from being a hindrance in the guidance and counselling of others, seemed rather an experience that quickened his perceptions, and multiplied his means of consoling and directing. It is certain that his power of curing the scrupulous is one of the best-authenticated graces of his spiritual direction. Many

who were under him in Rome affirm that it was often sufficient to discover their troubles and temptations to him to be delivered from them. On these occasions, as in every other difficulty, he sought light in prayer before speaking. There was a statue of Our Lady in his room; and when the question was explained to him, after listening attentively, he would turn his eyes towards it, invoke her silently, with that quiet, intense pressure of the hands that was his familiar gesture, and then in very few words give his answer, always sending away the visitor convinced and satisfied. One young priest in the college was so tormented with scruples that he could never bring himself to say Mass without a positive command from his confessor; he was so disturbed one night at the prospect of having to celebrate the next morning that he could not sleep, but got up and was wandering about the house, when Dr. Grant heard him, and came out to see what was the matter; he said a few kind words to the young man, and then peremptorily ordered him to go back to bed, and in the name of holy obedience cast away his scruples. The priest obeyed him, and twelve years afterwards declared that from that hour he had never again been troubled by a scruple. When asked what he considered the best remedy for scrupulosity, Dr. Grant's answer was, *Prayer* and *Cheerfulness*. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance he attached to a cheerful spirit, and the pains he took to impress, on the young especially, the necessity of cultivating it. Cheerfulness, he declared, was the safest and surest weapon a soul can wield against the devil. 'Laugh at him,' he would say; 'nothing makes him savage like that; he soon leaves a soul alone that meets him with a good hearty laugh; cheerfulness is

the death of temptation.' In proportion as he prized this sunny spirit, so did he condemn, and in every possible way make war against its opposite, melancholy. He was fond, in his humorous way, of styling melancholy 'Old Nick's best friend,' and 'low spirits' he denounced as the modern form of possession of the devil. 'A soul possessed by the blue devils,' he once said to a penitent who was in the fangs of the enemy, 'will never do anything worth while for God, or for any one else,' and he entered very minutely into the ways and means of conquering them: exercise in the open air, strict attention to diet and sleep, an amusing book, a story told with a determined effort to amuse others when the narrator's spirits were at their lowest ebb—all these helps over and above prayer and spiritual exercises he went on to enumerate, laying such stress on the point that the penitent at last, half amused and half surprised, said: 'Why, Father, one would think you were teaching me to meditate or make my thanksgiving?' 'And so I am,' replied Dr. Grant; 'low spirits are your greatest obstacle at this moment in doing both; they are a wet blanket on your soul, and, until you throw it off, you will never make a hearty thanksgiving or a good meditation.'

He had sometimes a very summary mode of dealing with scruples. Once, during a retreat given by an Italian Father at the college, he noticed one of the students falling into a melancholy mood; the meditations of the first four days impressed him with undue terrors, and engendered a painful state of scruples. Dr. Grant stationed himself at the foot of the stairs one evening as the students were going to the garden at *Passeggio* time, and as the scrupulous soul passed he



lifted his arm and gave him a sound box in the ear. 'What's this about?' he cried, making ready for another, 'Scruples! Nonsense! make a good retreat like a sensible man. Off to the garden with you, and let me have no more of this!' The student escaped the second accolade that was impending; but one had been enough. 'Dr. Grant,' he said, 'dealt a death blow at my scruples that night; they departed there and then, and never troubled me afterwards.' He was the reverse of severe as a director, although, as we see, he could now and then diverge from the ordinary rules of meekness where the occasion required it. His direction was broad, firm, and singularly gentle. 'Though his conscience was so tender and so strict to himself,' says Monsignor Eyre, 'he had the most wonderful liberality and indulgence for others; he was free and prompt in decisions; he had no narrowness of any sort as a director.' Dr. Ullathorne bears the same testimony almost in the same words: 'Though Dr. Grant was singularly scrupulous so far as concerned himself,' writes the Bishop of Birmingham, 'he was free and bold in striking out a line of conduct or of policy for others, and was equally free and decisive in directing souls.'

The chronicles of the Debating Society could furnish many interesting notes of the rector's zeal in promoting the intellectual advantages which the students derived from these literary and historical skirmishes. He was always present at the debates every Thursday, as well as at the Sunday evening essays. The preparing of these essays was a matter of great importance to the students, and the unsparing criticism which they received from an audience, composed of rival candidates and competitors, considerably sharpened the edge of their intellects. One young student happened to be in sore



straits about his paper, the subject not being a congenial one, and he was racking his brains for something to say about it, when Dr. Grant came into the room, and asked what was amiss. 'Oh, I can't make anything out of it, Doctor!' was the despairing reply. 'Nonsense!' said the rector; 'give me the pen, and I'll see if we can't manage something.' He sat down, and rapidly wrote off a spirited disquisition on the theme, to the unspeakable relief and admiration of the student, who read it with success that evening, and later told the story of its authorship. Sometimes Dr. Grant would enter the lists as a competitor himself, and break a lance with the juvenile Ciceros and Demosthenes—a circumstance which always gave a great zest to their intellectual tilts; he was fond, too, of joining in with the critics, and giving the orators or debaters the spur of his acute but always perfectly good-natured criticism. Their prowess was further stimulated occasionally by the inspiring, but somewhat appalling, presence of Dr. Newman amongst the audience.

Dr. Grant disliked very much to hear the students spoken of, or speak of themselves, as 'the men'—a term introduced, he said, from the English universities. In the same way he preferred 'the Bishop of So-and-so' to 'Dr. ——'; he said it showed a more respectful tone. When he became a bishop himself he continued to deprecate everything like homage; but he was most punctilious in observing all official marks of respect towards his brother prelates; he resented the smallest approach to familiarity even in speaking of them; when he was almost dying he pulled up a young priest, who was going to tell him something about Dr. Manning, with: 'Well; and what did the archbishop say?'

But great events both in the temporal and spiritual order were approaching which were destined to break up the even tenor of life at the Venerable. The first and weightiest of these was the restoration of the hierarchy in England.

## CHAPTER V.

1848-51.

IN order to measure the magnitude of the event whose history we are about to narrate, and to gain some adequate idea of the sufferings that preceded it, and the labours, long, energetic, and persevering, which led to its ultimate accomplishment, it is necessary to cast our eyes as far back as the days of the Reformation. Owing to the severity of the penal laws which were enforced at this period against the Catholic religion, the succession of our bishops was stopped. The last bishop of the old hierarchy was Watson, Bishop of Lincoln. He died in the year 1584, and henceforth for the term of forty years the Catholics were deprived of the sacrament of confirmation. Shortly before the death of this venerable prelate a cry had gone forth to the Holy See petitioning for 'at least one bishop to fortify the Catholics under persecution, to administer the sacrament of confirmation, to consecrate the holy oils, and to ordain those candidates for orders who were in prison for the faith, or who for other causes could not leave the kingdom.' But against this urgent and reasonable request many plausible arguments were advanced. It was pleaded that an administrator who was not a bishop was likely to give less offence to Queen Elizabeth, and less likely to expose the Catholics to the rigours of persecution. These considerations

prevailed, and an arch-priest was appointed, in the person of Dr. George Blackwell, in the year 1593. But this appointment, precious as it was, soon proved itself utterly inadequate to the wants of the much-tried community. It needed the strong, high hand of a bishop to deal with the sources of discord that lay at the root of the ecclesiastical organisation as it then stood ; to harmonise into the communion of obedience the various conflicting elements and broken forces of the persecuted Church ; to gather all its members into one body, acting in loyal and willing submission under one command. So strongly was Dr. Ullathorne imbued with the force of this principle that, when in the year 1837 he was consulted in Rome as to whether in sending out missionaries to New Caledonia it was better to send out an apostolic prefect or a bishop as superior, he did not hesitate to reply : ‘ My experience tells me that even if you send out but two priests, one of them ought to be a bishop ; for the episcopate is the generative power of the Church. A priest does not see things with the same eyes, or from the same elevation, or from the same depth of responsibility ; he can only employ those who are sent to him, whilst a bishop creates a clergy proportionate to his wants, and holds that clergy firmly together.’

An arch-priest was clearly not equal to cope with the tremendous difficulties and vast needs of the mission as it stood in 1593. He was not invested with the sacred prestige of a bishop, nor could he wield his authority with the inherent strength which belongs alone to a bishop ; his command lacked the vitality and the comprehensive grasp which are the stamp and seal of the episcopacy. Had Dr. Blackwell been a bishop, the Gunpowder Plot might have been frus-



trated; as it was, his vehement denunciations against the authors and accomplices of that diabolical scheme fell echoless and impotent into space; his exhortations to the clergy, disseminated far and wide, were equally ineffective. So the clang of the broken chord went on vibrating through the scattered members of Israel, a typical tribe, wandering without a head in a land of Egyptian darkness and hostility. Under the rule of the arch-priest troubles grew rather than diminished, and with their growth grew also an increased longing amongst the faithful and the clergy for the restoration of the ancient hierarchy. A new appeal to Rome was decided upon. The arch-priest himself set out to the eternal city to petition the Pope to appoint a bishop in his stead. He died, however, before being able to present his memorial. For twelve months after his death petitions kept flowing into the Vatican with the ever-recurring cry, 'Give us a bishop! give us a bishop!' But there was a policy working at Rome whose aim it was to overrule all the arguments and to foil all the efforts of the English secular clergy. Their hopes were crushed for the time being by the nomination of Dr. Harrison to the post of third arch-priest in 1613. The new pastor was quick to realise the tremendous responsibilities of his position, and was moreover deeply affected by the spiritual needs, amounting almost to destitution, of the flock confided to him. He took up the cry of his predecessor, and appealed in earnest tones of entreaty for the erection of a bishopric. This new attempt so far succeeded with Gregory XV. that he referred the question to the cardinals of the Holy Office. In that illustrious assembly, Cardinal Bandini raised his voice in favour of the petitioners, and stood throughout a steady and able friend to their

cause ; he pleaded for it with all the weight of his eloquence and learning, explaining that not only had the Catholics in England been subject to great suffering in the privation of the sacrament of confirmation, owing to the absence of bishops, but that the way had thereby been left open to grave scandals and dissensions. Recapitulating the troubles of Dr. Blackwell's mission, he depicted in strong and moving terms all that the faithful and the clergy had had to endure of privations that would have been spared them by the fuller pastorship and energising authority of a bishop. The clergy and the people were now unanimous in demanding a bishop ; and a bishop, he declared, ought to be granted to them. At the conclusion of his eloquent appeal the venerable advocate said : ' That clergy made conspicuous by so many learned and illustrious men, distinguished by so many martyrs, glorious through so many labours undergone, ought not to be dismissed in shame and grief, especially in a cause that Heaven itself, the divine institution of the Church, and the whole Catholic world approves of.' Things seemed now to have come to a crisis which demanded some vigorous and definitive solution.<sup>1</sup> ' The miseries of the English Catholics had become manifest,' says Dr. Ullathorne, ' and the establishment of episcopal jurisdiction was agreed to be the only means of rescuing their religion from destruction.' The discussion reached the ears of James I., who was told it was intended to resume the titles of the ancient sees which Protestants had taken possession of. This roused the anger of

<sup>1</sup> We hope our readers will not rest content with the mere outline of the narrative given here, but will turn for fuller knowledge to the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne's valuable book, *History of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England*, from which abundant source this rapid account is in great part taken.

James, who sent for the Spanish ambassador, and conveyed through him a declaration to Rome that if such bishops were appointed he would pursue them to the death, but that if a prelate, without pretensions of this kind, and intent on his spiritual duties alone, were privately commissioned by the Pope, no objection would be raised, and no notice taken of the appointment. This communication led to the policy of appointing a vicar apostolic rather than a bishop in ordinary ; and in June, 1623, Dr. William Bishop was created Bishop of Chalcedon, and appointed vicar apostolic, receiving ample faculties, and, if not an ordinary, he received the power that belonged to an ordinary. He was succeeded by Bishop Smith in 1625, who passed the latter years of his life in banishment. After his death in 1658 there was a vacancy which lasted thirty years, leaving the Catholics for that long period in the most desolate condition until the year 1688. Then at last, under James II., England was divided into four vicariates apostolic, which in the year 1840 were redivided, and the number of vicars apostolic increased to eight.

The English Catholics were deeply grateful for this new order of things ; but they could not rest satisfied with it. 'Give us a bishop ! we want a bishop !' continued still to be their cry. James, however, continued on his side absolutely opposed to any fresh papal encroachment, as preluding to further and more dangerous relaxation of the old tyrannical laws. The position remained, therefore, unchanged. The Catholics bided in suffering and expectation. Persecution continued after the accession of William and Mary ; and as late as 1769 we see one of the vicars apostolic, the Hon. James Talbot, on trial for his life at the Old Bailey for saying Mass. Such was the condition of



our fathers in those nearer remote days, when like aliens and slaves in this land of liberty, alone persecuted where all were free, they held their faith on sufferance, a tolerated creed, and fought inch by inch the ground on which they stood. It ceased in course of time to be the inspiring battle of the sword, and sank into the harder inglorious fight of patience, of silent endurance, of plodding perseverance and blighted hopes, and fidelity unfed by any promise of coming triumph. The shadow of St. Peter had drawn away from us, and we stood perishing and clamouring at his gates 'from afar off.' It had taken a long time to slaughter our Church and bury her; but by degrees, with much patience and unflagging energy of hatred, and at vast expense, the work of death and sepulture was seemingly accomplished. Our cathedrals had been seized, profaned by sacrileges innumerable; our abbeys and convents sacked, their inmates dispersed; our twenty sees annihilated; the revenues of our Church confiscated and handed over to the ministers of the new creed. When this work was done, there came a lull. We were let alone out of sheer contempt for our insignificance. We might live now in peace, hiding our diminished heads modestly, as became the remnant of a race that had known better days, but was no longer of any civil or religious account. 'We were the "Roman Catholics,"' says Dr. Newman;<sup>1</sup> 'not a sect, not even an interest as men conceived of it—not a body, however small, representative of the great communion abroad—but a mere handful of individuals who might be counted like the pebbles and detritus of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which in its day, indeed,

<sup>1</sup> *The Second Spring*, p. 171.



was the profession of a church. Here a poor set of Irishmen, coming and going at harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps, an elderly person, walking in the streets, grave, and solitary, and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family "and a Roman Catholic." An old-fashioned house, of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report attaching to it that "Roman Catholics" lived there. . . . Then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day on some Moravian chapel, or Quakers' meeting-house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the "Roman Catholics;" but nothing was to be gathered from it, except that there were lights burning there, and boys in white, swinging censors; what it all meant could only be learned from books, from Protestant histories and sermons; and they did not report well of the "Roman Catholics," but, on the contrary, deposed that they had once come into power, and abused it. Then, again, we might hear it pointed out by some literary man, as the result of his careful investigation, and as a recondite point of information which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland—that the latter had bishops, and the former were governed by officials called vicars apostolic.' . . . 'Such was about the state of things when we were born into this weary world.'

About the year 1838 a movement was again set on foot to bring about a restoration of the old hierarchy. It was originated by the Reverend Dr. Rock. 'Long,' he writes, 'had a yearning for such a measure been growing up in the minds of several among the secular

clergy of this land ; but, for a combination of reasons, none of them would venture on the first step in that direction. For myself it had been the darling wish of my younger days of missionary duty. . . . Our "Mass-houses" were called even by ourselves "chapels," as we had not, and dared not have, a church with such a name as any of our bishops could canonically bear. At last I myself took heart. For several years I had been domestic chaplain to John, Earl of Shrewsbury, at Alton Towers. I found that the elder among the neighbouring priests thought as I did on the question, but not one of them liked to be the first to move in the matter. It was agreed, then, that I should, at the next yearly meeting of the Midland clergy, begin to moot this point about the hierarchy. We met at Sedgley Park, and on my suggestion a petition to his Holiness for the restoration of our long lost hierarchy was adopted, and a committee of the elder clergy was chosen to draw it up and forward it to Rome. Bishop Walsh, as usual, presided at our meeting, without giving this proceeding the slightest opposition ; but the dear, good bishop never smiled on it. Our petition was forwarded to Propaganda, and there, as far as our first start, the matter ended.'

This apparent failure was, nevertheless, the first step towards ultimate success. It was the first sprout of the germ which had gone down into the earth and died, and was destined ere long to come up again and 'grow and wax a great tree.'

In 1843 we see a little club of priests, called the Adelphi, forming within themselves a brotherhood for the restoration of the hierarchy. It began with twenty-six members, who met every month to discuss the means and prospects of success. Gradually the

number swells to one hundred and twenty. On reaching these magnificent proportions the brotherhood ventures on a petition to the Holy See. Public attention is awakened by these bold proceedings. The existence of a movement in the direction of Rome becomes a recognised fact, and is widely and variously commented on. For the most part it meets with hostile criticism. Still it finds some warm and valiant advocates. Catholic magazines discuss it admiringly, and sum up the different phases of the question in a way that marks the distance between this movement and all preceding ones in the same cause. The horizon altogether is brightening perceptibly. Two years later we have Bishop Griffiths openly proposing a scheme for petitioning the Holy See for the restoration of the hierarchy, 'in so far as changing the vicars apostolic into titular bishops of England.' Ten other prelates second this proposition. Slowly the drop of water has worn a hole in the rock. In the month of July of this same year Dr. Wiseman and Bishop Sharples, delegated by their brother prelates, sally forth to Rome, once again to petition for a return of the old order of things.

At this stage of events, Dr. Grant appears upon the scene. He was, as we have seen, presiding over the English college as rector, and he had been appointed agent for the English bishops in Rome as soon as the great business in which they had embarked was put into shape. He had virtually filled that office for some years past. Dr. Ullathorne, who had frequent occasion to visit Rome during this period, and who resided at each visit at the English college, had ample opportunities for appreciating the zeal and wisdom displayed by the rector in the interests of the English prelates. He bears the following noble and



generous testimony to his devotion to them :—‘ He initiated me into the elements of canon law, and into the constitution and working of the Roman congregation ; he aided me in negotiations, revised my papers, translated them and shaped them ; and, having much influence at Propaganda, he used that influence in my service as in the service of all the bishops. Nothing escaped his attention in England or at Rome that demanded the attention of the vicars apostolic, whether as individuals or as a body. A note from him always contained the pith of the matter, whilst by action he had already not unfrequently anticipated the difficulty. We have never had an agent in my time who comprehended the real functions of an agent as he did. He never, by silence or by excessive action, got you into a difficulty, but he got you out of many. Above all, he never left you in the dark.’

On July 19 the delegates arrived in Rome. Propaganda—cautious, as usual, though no longer actually opposed to the project as hitherto—continued to look on with a critical and apparently unsympathising eye. The delegates, however, found light and succour in a quarter as powerful as it was unexpected. They had a long conference with Cardinal Barnabo, during which they laid before his Eminence the manifold trials of the clergy, and the difficulties that beset the Church in England at every step, owing to the want of an adequate legislation. The cardinal listened attentively, and then replied thoughtfully : ‘ You will always have these troubles and questions until you obtain a hierarchy. Ask for it, and I will support your petition.’ This was a grand and unlooked-for encouragement. ‘ They were taken by surprise,’ writes Dr. Grant, recalling the circumstance many years later ; ‘ for they remembered



how decided and positive had been the reluctance of the Holy See to entertain the subject of the English hierarchy. Their surprise would not have been so great if they had recollected that Gregory XVI. had said that the hierarchy would have to be granted in certain contingencies; and at the very time that was marked by him the arrangements for its restoration began.' What those contingencies were, Dr. Grant does not further explain. Dr. Ullathorne does so indirectly by quoting a passage from Cardinal Wiseman's 'Recollections of the Last Four Popes,' to which Dr. Grant refers in the letter above quoted. Speaking of Gregory XVI., the cardinal says:—'Having been prefect of Propaganda for so many years, he had become minutely acquainted with every part of the British dominions, both at home and abroad; with its bishops, its wants, its actual condition and future prospects. A singular instance of his sagacity in this knowledge may be quoted. Not only did he increase, as has been said, the number of apostolic vicariates in England, but spontaneously, without being led to it, he told the writer that the hierarchy would have to be established here upon the removal of one obstacle which he especially described and emphatically characterised, and which it was not in his power to deal with. When that should occur, he distinctly remarked this form of church government must be introduced into England. In the course of a few years, but after his death, the event to which he had pointed took place with consequent circumstances, which, ordinarily, he could not have foreseen; and his successor, unapprised of that forethought, almost at once executed what Gregory had intended under similar conditions.'

The two English coadjutor bishops, following the advice of Monsignor Barnabo, drew up a petition to the Holy See, praying for a restoration of the hierarchy. 'His Holiness,' says Dr. Grant, 'declined to give any opinion upon the petition until he had first offered the Holy Sacrifice three times; and after the first and second Mass he spoke with uncertainty on the subject. After the third Mass he said: "*Adesso sono tranquillo*—now I am tranquil on the question."

The opposition of Cardinal Acton came like a dark cloud over these brightening prospects. Strange as it may seem, the English cardinal had all along been persistently and strenuously opposed to the success of his countrymen's efforts regarding the hierarchy, and this opposition makes Dr. Grant's ardent enthusiasm in the cause all the more remarkable. Having been secretary and chaplain to his Eminence for some years, he might, one would naturally have supposed, have been biassed by the cardinal's judgment and imbued with his views. But Dr. Grant maintained his own opinion independently of any such influence. The cardinal's chief argument against the restoration was that by granting the English Catholics a more independent position, their dependence on and attachment to the Holy See would be loosened. To this the coadjutor bishops replied that England was the only nation that had given martyrs, many and illustrious, for the rights and supremacy of the Holy See. This answer was acknowledged to be conclusive, and a triumphant refutation of the cardinal's objections. An able document, containing a summary of the chief points in favour of the question, was accordingly drawn up by Dr. Wiseman in form of a petition to the Holy Father for the restoration of the hierarchy. But the second

event which we alluded to at the close of the foregoing chapter was now at hand. Before a reply to the objections raised against the grant of the petition could be drawn out, the first convulsive throes of the revolution began to be felt in Italy. Dr. Wiseman, in consequence of these troubles, was obliged to return suddenly to England, and sent his reply from Fano on his way home. Bishop Sharples, who was already suffering from the malady of which he died, gave his answer before leaving Rome, and then followed his brother prelate to England. But though the joint work of the delegates was thus abruptly cut short by untimely disasters, it was far from being a failure in the main. They continued to prosecute their labours at home, while Dr. Grant pressed on the conclusion diligently at Propaganda. The English bishops, who had witnessed the zeal, activity, tact, and minute technical knowledge which their agent had brought to bear on the delicate and complicated business in which he co-operated, so highly valued his services that they prayed for his removal to England, where his experience and learning would, they alleged, be much needed in the drawing up of plans for the redistribution of the districts, &c. Dr. Grant was, however, reluctant to quit his post at the English college, unless entirely released from it; and, on the other hand, Monsignor Palma represented to the bishops that he would serve the cause more efficaciously in Rome than he could in England, while from the college itself there came a wail of expostulation against the removal of a superior who was so deeply loved and revered. These combined arguments prevailed, and it was decided that Dr. Grant should remain. The students knew, however, that it was most likely but a temporary reprieve, and that the conclusion of the negotiations, concerning which their interest



was considerably ahead of their actual knowledge of results, would lead in all probability to the removal of their rector. It had already reached their ears, in spite of the strict secrecy observed in all matters connected with the business of the hierarchy, that Dr. Grant had been proposed for the central district ; finding that this rumour was, at any rate, premature, they were thankful, but only as for the postponement of an evil day. Meanwhile the arduous duties of the agency, superadded to the responsibility of the rectorship, had pressed heavily on Dr. Grant's willing shoulders, and he was fain at last to declare that the twofold burthen was more than even his untiring activity could manage. He wrote therefore to this effect to the bishops assembled in London for the annual meeting of May, 1848, and besought them either to relieve him altogether from the charge of episcopal agent, or to depute some competent person to aid him so long as the negotiations which involved such grave interests were pending. The person in question must needs be an able and a zealous ecclesiastic. But able and zealous ecclesiastics were in great and urgent demand at home. It was a moment when such a one could ill be spared. Death had been busy amongst the prelates and the clergy ; there were vacant sees to be filled up, and it was much to be desired that this should be done speedily. Yet the demand at Rome was pressing. It was manifest to all that matters were now verging to a crisis ; and it was absolutely necessary that some priest who combined high standing amongst the clergy with the prestige of personal holiness and learning, should be sent to relieve Dr. Grant from the accumulated weight of work and anxiety which was overwhelming him. The onerous mission was after long and earnest deliberation offered to Dr. Ullathorne, the bishop of the



Western District. The reluctance of that distinguished prelate to accept the post of honour and responsibility was with difficulty overruled by the solicitations of his episcopal brethren. Yielding, however, to motives more powerful than all personal considerations, he bowed to the general wish, and set out for Rome, passing through Paris, just then agitated by the upheaving of the revolution, and reached the eternal city on May 25, 1848.

The day after his arrival Dr. Ullathorne had an interview with Cardinal Barnabo, at which Dr. Grant was present. The cardinal, who had proved himself throughout a staunch and powerful friend, at once plunged into the heart of the question, and astonished his visitors by declaring that the chief difficulty in the consideration of the hierarchy now lay in the choice of a person for the office of archbishop. The transfer of the aged and venerable Bishop Walsh from the Central to the London District, with a view to making him first Archbishop, with Bishop Wiseman for a coadjutor, had already been discussed. But Dr. Walsh was heavily stricken in years and in infirmities; he shrank from this new burden, and had entreated the Holy See to let him die in peace in his old district. It was almost as difficult to grant as to refuse this prayer. If granted, who could the Holy See name in place of Bishop Walsh? Consideration for the senior bishops caused a natural hesitation in naming so young a man as Dr. Wiseman to the post of first Archbishop. 'And here,' says Dr. Ullathorne, 'I think I penetrate Gregory XVI.'s mysterious words to Dr. Wiseman to which Dr. Grant refers when he says that the conditions spoken of by the Pope as requisite before the hierarchy would be conceded, had come to pass at this very time. The recently departed vicar of the London

District was a holy and industrious prelate, most sedulous in his charge, and enjoying the confidence of his clergy. But he had long run in a groove, and wanted that expansion of mind and elasticity of character requisite for taking the leading position in the development and guidance of a new order of things. And Rome was now left free to look out for one possessed of the right qualifications for such an office.' The Pope had already appointed a special congregation of seven cardinals to discuss and settle the English hierarchy; and Monsignor Barnabo promised Dr. Ullathorne that it should be assembled as early as June, on condition that he would get ready a suggestion for the filling up of the London and Central Districts. It was necessary to take into account certain legitimate susceptibilities in the nominations with a view to the future archbishopric; but it was desirable, if possible, to place Dr. Wiseman as coadjutor to Dr. Walsh in the London District, while a successor was to be provided for the Central District. The vacant vicariate of the north was to be treated as a separate matter, independently. The solution of these questions was an essential preliminary to the consideration of the hierarchy, because it was deemed expedient that the first process should be to change the existing vicariates into titulars, 'so that there might be no break in the continuity, but that the persons of the vicars might be simply transformed to ordinaries, thereby perfecting their position and increasing their efficiency without interrupting them in the continuance of their episcopal office.' Dr. Ullathorne undertook to draw up all these plans within the appointed time; and accordingly on June 2 he handed to Monsignor Barnabo two memorials embodying the question of the redivision of the vicariates, the filling up of

existing vacancies, and entering fully into the rights and requirements of the two orders of clergy, and various other important matters connected with the arrangement of the hierarchy. But the surface calm which had been for some time past the prelude of coming storm was now broken up in Rome, chaos was rising darkly, clouds were gathering fast and thick over the eternal city. 'Assassinations,' continues Dr. Ullathorne, 'were perpetrated with the intent of intimidating the authorities and creating confusion. One English priest got a severe wound in defending an Italian priest against several assassins. The Bishop of Natchez almost immediately on arriving was attacked by a mob in the Corso in open day, and only saved himself by escaping into a shop. The war between Savoy and Austria was on foot; and the young men of Rome, under false pretences that they were to fight for the Pope, were marched off to the seat of war. Public demonstrations were frequent. The citizens turned themselves into national guards, and paraded in all directions. The very children were enrolled in a corps, clad in uniform, and exercised in military fashion. The revolutionary clubs kept the people in a constant state of excitement and commotion. In circumstances like these it was impossible not to be impressed with the calm and tranquillity of the Holy See, which amidst all this trouble and turmoil found time to attend to the affairs of the Universal Church, and to devote itself even to such questions of an extraordinary character as that of our hierarchy, as though the eternal city were in its usual state of repose. But nothing ever unsettles the equanimity of the Holy See.'

In the midst of these scenes, so little conducive to the peaceful government of Christendom, Dr. Ulla-



thorne had an audience at the Vatican. He presented to the Holy Father a memorial, signed by all the English prelates, representing in detail the trials and disadvantages under which they were labouring, and imploring his Holiness, in accents earnest and pathetic, to apply the one and only remedy for them by restoring the long-lost hierarchy. The Sovereign Pontiff in terms of moving affection assured the memorialists of his esteem and love for the English clergy and their vicars, and of his great desire to concede their request; he even condescended to explain the causes of delay which influenced him, and in conclusion expressed a hope that his bull for the restoration of the hierarchy would be issued before Bishop Ullathorne left Rome.

The patient labours and hopes of so many years seemed now at last about to touch their reward. The special congregation appointed by his Holiness assembled on June 6. On the following day Dr. Ullathorne and Dr. Grant waited on Monsignor Barnabo, who communicated to them the substance of the discussion. During the sitting, Dr. Ullathorne had sent in a letter received that morning in which it was stated that Dr. Walsh was certainly approaching death, having been taken dangerously ill at Princethorpe. But the cardinals, having heard the contents of this letter, persevered in their resolution to have him named for Westminster, saying, reported Cardinal Barnabo, 'living or dead, he shall be the first Archbishop.' It was also decided that Dr. Ullathorne should be transferred from the Western to the Central District. This decision Dr. Ullathorne immediately wrote to protest against, urging respectfully many reasons that appeared to him conclusive against his promotion to the more important post, and begging leave to propose Dr. Grant as the



more fitting and desirable candidate. Whereupon, hearing this, Dr. Grant took fright, and despatched a letter to Propaganda, wherein were set forth, with the skilful self-deception of humility, the various obstacles that must stand in the way of his ever being placed in the episcopacy. To Dr. Ullathorne's protest Propaganda replied by a request that he would name his own successor to the Western District. The Holy Father then sent both to him and Dr. Walsh a *gravissimo precepto* to accept one the Central, the other the London District. All scruples and individual feeling vanished of course like chaff before the wind at the bidding of this supreme command, and the two prelates bowed to the decision of the Holy See. Dr. Grant was allowed to escape for the present. The vexed question of English law, as opposed to the exercise of canonical government in England, had exercised the minds of all engaged in the business of the restoration very prominently from the first. It had been, and still continued to be, discussed at great length and with strict reference to standing legal authorities in this country, and took up a great space in the time and attention of the special congregation; but on this point our narrative need only touch in passing. The legal impossibility of appointing bishops in ordinary to English sees, and thus exasperating the Government and waking up the smouldering fires of wrath and petty persecution against Catholics, had been the sheet anchor of those who were opposed to the restoration of the hierarchy. But this argument is disposed of by the learned Dodd in his 'Church History,' where he remarks that 'there were ancient sees enough in the nation—as Hexham in Northumberland, afterwards removed to York; and Lindisfarne, removed to Durham;

Dorchester in Oxfordshire, removed to Lincoln, with many others, to which a bishop might have been as safely consecrated, and with as little offence against the Government, as to Chalcedon, because they were as little known, or even thought of.' This question of the titles to be taken by the new bishops was now the one remaining point to be settled; and in order to have the benefit of each individual bishop's opinion on the subject, it was decided that Dr. Ullathorne should start immediately for England, and consult the prelates then assembled at Salford for the opening of the church. The pontifical decree by which the hierarchy was to be established was already drawn out, blanks being left for the introduction of the titles. The ready pen of Dr. Grant supplied the materials for an historical preface which was written by Monsignor Palma. Before withdrawing from the scene of his own devoted services in this glorious cause, Dr. Ullathorne pays the following tribute to his fellow labourer:—'Dr. Grant was the ablest, most judicious and influential agent that the English bishops ever had in Rome. He kept them well informed at all times on whatever concerned their interests, whilst he overlooked nothing in Rome in which he could serve them. To him, more than to any one, so far as English action was concerned, from the beginning to the end of those negotiations, the success was mainly due. He was the animating spirit of that great transaction. When it was decided that he should fill the see of Southwark in the new hierarchy, the then secretary of Propaganda said to Cardinal Wiseman: "You would gain more by leaving him in Rome. You will never have his like as agent again. He has never misled us in a single case. His documents were so complete and so accurate that we

depended on them, and it was never requisite to draw them up anew. When the Pope or Propaganda sees Dr. Grant's handwriting, they know it is all right." His acuteness, learning, readiness of resource, and knowledge of the forms of ecclesiastical business made him invaluable to our joint counsels at home, whether in synods or in our yearly episcopal meetings; and his obligingness, his untiring spirit of work, and the expedition and accuracy with which he struck off documents in Latin, Italian, or English, naturally brought the greater part of such work on his shoulders; but in his gentle humility he completely effaced the consciousness that he was of especial use and importance to us.'

Before leaving Rome Dr. Ullathorne received the warmest congratulations from the members of the sacred college. Many had from the first given him active support, others had given him only their sympathy; but all were unanimous now in hearty felicitations as the last stroke was about to fall upon the anvil riveting once more the golden chain, whose links had been snapped three centuries ago, between Rome and the Isle of Saints. The venerable Cardinal Franzoni, bidding farewell to the joyful standard-bearer of the fight, exclaimed, with emotion: 'When I see the hierarchy restored in England, I will sing, with Simeon, "Now mayst thou dismiss thy servant in peace, O Lord, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!"' It was given to the good prelate to behold his wish accomplished shortly before he died.

These negotiations, which appear long if measured by the amount of work and the minutiae of detail which they included, lasted in reality but ten weeks from first to last. Rome is sometimes charged with being slow; and in cases of litigation, owing to the deep solicitude



lest justice should be defeated, she is no doubt prudently slow. As the author of the 'History of the Hierarchy' observes :—' The Holy See never acts or decides unless it sees the whole of a question, and sees clear through it ; whenever there is protracted delay, it is because the subject has not come before it in a form complete and adequate.' A sentence which reminds us of Father Faber's words applied to the same august tribunal, and written before he was himself a member of the Church.<sup>1</sup> . . . ' The patient discernment, the devout tranquillity of deliberation, the unimpassioned disentanglement of truth from falsehood, the kindly suspense, the saintly moderation without respect of persons, the clear-voiced utterance of the decree at last, how wonderful were all these things in the Court of Rome !'

Dr. Ullathorne quitted Rome on the very night which inaugurated the bloody saturnalia of the revolution. A victory over the Austrians was reported to have taken place, whereas in reality Radetzky had cut up and routed the Italian troops ; the mob, intoxicated with the imaginary success, broke into the churches and rang the bells, calling the citizens to the bacchanal dance of bloodshed and pillage and anarchy. The assassination of Count de Rossi, the Pope's minister, and of Monsignor Palma were the first exploits of the red campaign. For many months before it was regularly opened, the clergy were obliged to disguise their sacred character under a secular costume, in order to avoid insult and violence in the public streets. The students of the English College followed this example. One day as Dr. Grant was out walking in his new

<sup>1</sup> *St. Wilfred*, p. 172.



attire, the artist Overbeck accosted him, and taking up the lappet of his coat said, with a significant shake of the head, '*Questo dice molto.*' In November (1848) the Holy Father had fled for safety to Gaeta, in the carriage of the Bavarian Ambassador, Count Spauer, and disguised as his physician. The Sacred College took refuge where it could, one of its most distinguished members, Monsignor Barnabo living for some time in an Armenian community, and under the protection of the Turkish flag. What was the English College now to do? Those who knew Dr. Grant's extreme scrupulosity, expected to see him terrified out of all presence of mind in such a crisis; even those who trusted largely in his cool judgment and steady dependence on God were prepared to see him sorely perplexed. But he disappointed all these fears, and rose at once to the level of the emergency. He met every difficulty with a promptitude of decision and a calm foresight that astonished everyone. For himself he had no fear, and announced his determination not to fly with the others, but to remain at the college in order to protect it from the fate which was sure to befall any house completely deserted; he consented reluctantly to allow one student to remain with him, and ordered the others away to Monte Porzio where it was hoped they would be secure from bullets and the sufferings that awaited the besieged citizens of Rome, the landing of the French at Civita Vecchia having made the event of a siege certain. On the feast of St. Mark, the 29th of April, 1849, the exodus went forth from the Venerabile. All were sorrowful and despondent, except the Rector, who maintained his courageous cheerfulness throughout, bidding them be of good heart, and assuring them that things would soon right themselves, and that they would have a joyful

meeting before long. Dr. Grant's first act after their departure was to hang the Union Jack out of the window. He had an Englishman's devout belief in the inviolability of that sacred ensign, and in its power of striking terror into the hearts of outer barbarians, and protecting the walls shadowed by its presence. His responsibility was increased by having the papers of the Inquisition and other important documents belonging to the Holy Father, confided to his care.

A dreary and anxious time was that which followed, both for the absent ones at Monte Porzio, and the two solitaries in the beleaguered city. Hardships and privations were soon felt on both sides. The scarcity of food at one moment was such that the students prepared to see famine stalk into their midst. Added to this was the difficulty, next to impossibility, of holding communication with those inside the gates. The anxiety to know from hour to hour how things fared with the besieged, increased all other sufferings tenfold. Newspapers were not to be had, and even letters were passed out with difficulty, and at certain risk. The Rector contrived nevertheless to communicate with them pretty regularly. He gleaned all the news, serious and comical, he could from any papers that he caught a glimpse of, and transmitted every bit of home and local gossip so conscientiously that the lack of newspapers was fairly supplied to the students. He wrote to each in turn, fancifully dating his letters according to the chronological order of the Kings of England, starting from the Conqueror; this was to ensure their knowing that none were lost or intercepted. They were budgets rather than letters, and so amusing as often to raise a hearty laugh in the exiles in spite of their accumulated anxieties. They were

generally written on very thin paper, rolled into the shape of a cigar, and thus surreptitiously conveyed by a trusty messenger. It was wonderful how much the writer contrived to condense into a small space, thanks to his minute handwriting which he could contract to the dimensions of fine print. The Holy Father used to twit him with this peculiarity, and exclaimed once on being handed a letter of Dr. Grant's, 'Oh! I know this. È come tante pulci!' a joke which the students turned to account when the Rector thought fit to criticise their caligraphy: 'Oh, we have a papal definition for your writing, Doctor,' they would retort, '*come tante pulci!*'

These letters that were so palpitating with interest at the time, read flat enough after the lapse of years, still one of them, as a specimen of the series, and also as showing the brave and cheery spirit of the writer under circumstances so unpropitious, will be read with some interest. It is addressed to a senior student, now Monsignor Virtue:—

Edward IV.

July 4.

'My Dear Virtue,—After my letter to Morris left this morning by private hand, I had the pleasure of receiving one from Motler, dated apparently on Monday, for which please to thank him. The supply of sugar and tea, after three ineffectual efforts, went off at the same time. I have been rather puzzled by a passage in one of Morris's letters and in this one of Motler's. When this same messenger was here about a week ago or more, I gave him *two letters* done up in a sheet of note-paper, on which I had written a few hasty lines to Morris. The letters were for Mr. Browne and Mr. Motler, I think. Now in the letters received from Monte Porzio from Motler and Morris, these two

English letters are mentioned in a way which leads me to fear the enveloping note was neglected or torn off. It did not contain anything of moment, but it would be important to know whether the man had played any trick or not.

‘I turn to English news. The dinner for St. Patrick’s Schools took place June 21, and your father is amongst the guests in the “Tablet.” Mind this is the only reason why I do not renew my abuse of these dinners. Mr. Barge’s name was very much cheered. The children were 500 in number, introduced to the tune of “St. Patrick’s Day in the Morning.”

‘Two students from Old Hall favour us with an interesting advertisement of a subscription for publishing on stone a set of illuminated altar cards, the size of the large card 20 by 14, of the others 12 by 9. Besides the scroll-work borders (1½ inch wide) there will be ten figures of saints with ten smaller subjects. Subscription price one guinea. Cards will be printed in black letter, or in ordinary type, according to choice. A specimen of the style of illumination will be sent by post. The names of the students are not given, but they must be green, says Wyse, if they allow the people they *deal* with to choose their own *cards*. In the forthcoming “Dublin Review” is the article<sup>1</sup> which you were so patient as to transcribe for me. The second volume of the “Complete Gregorian Plain Chant Manual” is advertised. I do not know who the author is.

‘On June 16 the remains of good Dr. Griffiths were placed in the vault at St. Edmund’s, and the splendid tomb has been since put up. R.I.P. Dr. Cox sung the Requiem Mass.

<sup>1</sup> An article on the Roman Congregations.



‘I enclose a letter from Davey. I was very glad to hear of his safe arrival. You will observe how comfortably he has saved himself the trouble of writing *Doway*.

‘The Brotherhood was to meet for the annual General Meeting under Dr. Wiseman’s presidency, June 25. Digby has published the second volume of “*Compitun*,” the profits of which are to go to the Dublin Brotherhood. That is very good.

‘The Queen has been dining at Norfolk House. It is the first of a series of visits to the nobility, partly *state* and partly *friendly* visits. There was a ball afterwards, during the course of which Lord John Russell fainted, but he soon revived in the open air.

‘There are two comical letters in the “*Tablet*,” descriptive of the state of Rome, in which it is stated that the English College students are at Monte Parizio where two of Garibaldi’s men had been, without doing them any harm. One of them says that there “are plenty of liberty boys at Ancona who would kick up a row if they could.”

‘There has been a *déjeuner* for the Italian gratuitous schools at Erith Gardens on the Thames, June 18. When *will* you Londoners discontinue your non-sensical charities? On the 19th there was a dinner for the St. John’s Wood Schools, at which the health of the ladies was proposed by an exalted ecclesiastic (not Dr. Wiseman) as those beings who regulate the amenities of life and on whom depend the happy destinies of empires: “May they be blessed as the best and brightest ornaments that adorn this lower creation!” Could you believe this? The collection for the Italian schools was 50*l*. They have had two sermons at Birmingham for the schools, collecting 60*l*.

There have been two beautiful processions at Derby and Nottingham. I must leave to Doyle to appreciate the description of the latter, especially if he can contrive to suppose it written by Mulligan: "From end to end it seemed one floral incrustation, a temple of flowers, arch and pillar, wall and window, transept and tower; in whatever direction the eye wandered, it rested on some sweet, tasteful design, harmonising with the varied outline of the building. Wreaths, pendants, coronæ, and garlands of every variety. . . . Again the bell was rung, and the organ poured forth its full heaving notes, filling the whole atmosphere up to the echoing roof with waves of sweetest sound, and ushering in the procession. First a child in white, accompanied by a train of children. . . . They looked and walked like angels come out from Heaven to join in the Christian's holiday. Lambs in their robes, their very appearance a sermon on Innocence, Peace, and Joy." Then there were eight groups of womankind,<sup>1</sup> and another group of the same pattern at the end of the procession. However, to relieve all this trash (I beg Whitty's pardon if he should happen to admire it), we are told that the vestments were very splendid, the gift of Mr. Ambrose Phillipps; the rich Latin canopy (what's that?) being the gift of Lady Shrewsbury. To make things worse, I find, after all, that the afore-said Latin canopy was carried by "four persons in large, ample, scarlet civic cloaks, with ermine collars, sleeves, &c."

After the Derby procession, Protestants were seen collecting the leaves over which the procession had passed, and putting them in their prayer-books.

<sup>1</sup> We grieve to say that to the end of his life Dr. Grant was apt to apply this disrespectful term to the gentler sex.

‘I think that our Rugby boy is going to revive again. There has been a Mission preached by Dr. Ullathorne and Mr. Furlong at Rugby, and during the course of it Alex. —, Esq. made his public profession of the Faith. I suspect it is the same whom we lost.

‘Some English clergymen have begun to publish what they style “Tracts on First Principles for the Nineteenth Century.” They seem inclined to talk about the evils of lay patronage and such like subjects, which won’t hurt anybody, and on which a man may *slang* his neighbours as hard as he likes.

‘Sir Charles Napier, the Syrian Commodore, has written a letter to Lord John on the necessity of attending to the steam fleet of England. . . .’

The Rector then turns to local news:—

‘All authority concentrated in military.

‘Assembly suppressed, whose violent and oppressive reign began with ingratitude, and ended with firing on us.

‘Clubs and political associations closed.

‘Arms punished by Court Martial if used by private individuals.

‘Ditto, if used by military.

‘Liberty of the press and bill-sticking provisionally suspended.

‘Crimes against persons and property, Court Martial.

‘Rostola, Governor of Rome.

‘Sauvan, Commandant de la Place.

‘French and Roman troops, and that part which had admitted no stranger in its ranks, united.

‘All assembly in the streets to be scattered.

‘Tattoo at 9; 9.30 all indoors, and *caffés*, &c., closed.

‘Clubs closed. . . .

‘Physicians and surgeons to pass from guard to guard.

‘General John Le V. Commander Roman armies under Governor of Rome.

‘Colonel Devant to reorganise artillery.

‘Captain Castlenau, Secretary-at-War.’

This was written two days after the French had entered Rome. The siege had commenced on June 3, and lasted till July 2. During all this time the boom of the siege guns and the rattle of musketry reverberated almost incessantly from the Venerabile to the sunny gardens of Monte Porzio. The former was a mark for the riflemen, many of whose acorn-shaped *Minie* bullets, *palle da stuzen* the Italians call them, were found in the house, having travelled thus far from the French lines outside the Porta San Pancrazio.

Dr. Grant’s physical courage was severely tested more than once. A cannon-ball struck the college tower, and broke through an outer wall; he rose immediately and went to the scene of the accident to ascertain what mischief was done. ‘I felt it was a risk,’ he said afterwards, describing his sensation at the moment, ‘but somehow I did not feel afraid; it had to be done, and I didn’t stop to think of the danger.’ Monte Porzio meanwhile was not without its own mild share in the excitement. A skirmish with some Garibaldians<sup>1</sup> on the neighbouring hill was just near enough to suggest the possibility of the student’s retreat being invaded. Fortunately it was only a passing threat.

<sup>1</sup> A curious incident is related by Monsignor Bedini, who was Papal Nuncio at Rio Janeiro in 1847. Shortly after the election of Pius IX., when the political horizon of Rome was beginning to lower, Garibaldi called upon him and offered his services to the papal cause. Monsignor Bedini declined the offer. If he had accepted it?



A circumstance worth noticing is the singular potency with which Dr. Grant's authority maintained itself during his absence. There was in reality no superior, the senior student being simply charged with the direction of the servants, yet everything went on with as much regularity as if the Rector's eye had been present. It was enough to say 'the Doctor would not like that' or 'he would wish this,' and the suggestion was obeyed at once. Cardinal Cardoni, who had taken refuge with the students, but exercised no authority whatever in the house, was very much struck with this, and often spoke of it as proving the power of Dr. Grant's rule, which many persons accused of being too easy-going and gentle; he considered it also characteristic of the difference between English and Italian students under similar circumstances.

On July 17 came the glad tidings that the gates were opened, and the students went back to their old home where the Rector gave them a warm welcome, and confessed that he had begun to find the term of durance rather long. But troubles did not end with the siege. The absence of the Holy Father lasted eighteen months; the Cardinals were scattered here and there, the mob ruled the eternal city; consistories could not be held; so the final arrangement of the Hierarchy was inevitably postponed. Meanwhile the English Bishops were not idle. The question of the titles to be affixed to the new Sees was exhaustively discussed, and settled. When therefore, on the restoration of order, the Sovereign Pontiff, amidst the joyful acclamations of Christendom, re-entered Rome, there remained only the last formalities to be gone through before the promulgation of the Apostolic Letters re-establishing the Hierarchy in England. These were issued on September 29,

1850. 'The very flourishing kingdom of England' was, in the words of the papal Bull, 'to be one single ecclesiastical province, with one Archbishop and twelve suffragans.' On October 7, Dr. Wiseman, henceforth, 'Nicholas, by the Divine Mercy of the Holy Roman Church, Cardinal priest, Archbishop of Westminster,' wrote his first Pastoral announcing the completion of the great work which he and his people had so long desired and prayed for, and bidding them rejoice in this day which was to them 'truly a day of joy and exultation of spirit, the crowning day of long hopes, and the spring day of brighter prospects. . . .'

This joyful culmination which closed his negotiations for the Hierarchy, was the prelude of a great change in Dr. Grant's life. On a bright June day in the following year, 1851, the Rector came home from Propaganda just in time for Vespers and Compline. He was observed to be rather agitated in the course of the office, and as soon as it was over, he hurried to the refectory without speaking to anyone. They sat down to dinner, and when it was about half through, he passed on to the first students' table a slip of paper on which were written the following laconic but significant words :  
'The new dioceses have been filled up as follows:—

'Shrewsbury, Brown ; Salford, Turner ; Southwark, Grant.'

It had come at last, the much dreaded fiat. The students had all along been prepared to pay this price for the joy of seeing the great Mother re-instated and newly crowned in her old Saxon empire ; but like other sacrifices that have been long anticipated, it was none the less painful when it came.

Dr. Grant himself shared fully the general regret. His humility and unconquerable scrupulosity made him

shrink with a sense of unworthiness amounting almost to terror from the awful responsibility of the episcopacy, and it required all the strength of his obedience to master his reluctance to accept the office.

His consecration took place in the chapel of the English College on July 4, the ceremony being performed by Cardinal Franzoni, who had expressed his willingness to sing the *Nunc Dimittis* and die as soon as the event of which this consecration was the first fruit should have come to pass.

A curious history is attached to the chain which Dr. Grant inaugurated on this occasion. Some years previously it had been given to him by a lady whom he had received into the Church, and who was about to enter a convent; she gave it with the expressed desire that it should serve to hold his pectoral cross when he became a Bishop. This contingency, which his penitent looked forward to so confidently as a natural term in the course of events, was very differently viewed by the Rector; he regarded the idea probably more as a joke to be laughed at than as a temptation to be shunned, but not to pain her by a refusal he accepted the gift, and laid it aside. The students, however, who knew their Rector's ways, felt pretty certain what the fate of any gold chain would be if left in his keeping; long before the pectoral cross came to claim it, it would have found its way to the poor. The only way to rescue it, and ensure the fulfilment of its donor's wishes, was to steal it from the Doctor, and keep it hid out of his reach. It was purloined accordingly, sealed up in a box, and handed on year after year from one student to another, the transfer of the deposit often causing no small perplexity to the holder, who was sometimes driven to his wits' ends to evade enquiry and keep the

secret. When that fatal bit of paper made its appearance, announcing that the day of glory for the chain had come, it was taken from its hiding-place, and restored to the light, and a meeting was held, where it was proposed and agreed unanimously that the students should present their Rector with a pectoral cross to be worn with it.

On the evening of the day of his consecration, the Bishop of Southwark went to Castel Gandolfo to receive the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff, having previously paid his visit to the Limina Apostolorum. Monsignor Virtue, who accompanied him, ventured affectionately to reproach the Holy Father for taking away from the college its beloved Rector, observing what a great loss he would be to it. 'Yes,' replied His Holiness, 'he will be a great loss; but we must think of the Church before communities; Dr. Grant will do a great deal of good wherever he is.' Alluding to the regrets that he was leaving behind him, the Pope observed to Dr. Grant himself, 'You will at least have the consolation of finding many old friends in England.' 'Yes, Holy Father,' replied the Bishop, 'and I shall have the honour and consolation of sitting in the Synod with the same bishop who sent me to St. Cuthbert's and to Rome!' thus reminding, or acquainting the Pope with the fact that he had been educated on the funds.

The day after his consecration, Dr. Grant chanced to enter a church where little papers bearing some devotional practice for the year were being distributed to a confraternity; he drew one with the following words: 'Be kind to religious orders.' In the course of these pages we shall gain some evidence of his fidelity in practising the precept.

On the feast of St. Apollinaris, the newly conse-



crated bishop said his first Pontifical High Mass in the church of the Roman Seminary, Monsignor Virtue, his former pupil, serving as deacon. He did not return to Monte Porzio where the students were then staying, and where he and they had had so many happy holidays together, but remained in Rome to make his preparations for speedily setting his face towards England. He went out, however, and spent two days with them before his departure. What his feelings were at the moment of separation will be best told by himself in a letter which he wrote to them the next day, just before leaving the English College.

‘My Dear Friends,—Before I leave Rome I must try to thank my dear students and Dr. English<sup>1</sup> for their kindness and friendship towards their unworthy superior that was—henceforth, he hopes, their affectionate and grateful friend. We have passed through several years, some bright and some sorrowful, but in all of which I have been supported by the sympathy and forbearance of my students, who have always endeavoured to put a kind interpretation on acts that at the time were not always intelligible to them.

‘I could not on Sunday say a word. I could not even utter a request for prayers from those whose faces I could no longer distinguish, but whose hearts were so eloquent in their silence and their want of words.

‘After such a length of time spent in a college, it may be supposed I have gathered some lessons worthy of being delivered to my children and friends, but they are all comprised in two very simple things, an earnest request that the students will look to our Dear Lady

<sup>1</sup> His successor as Rector.

as their mother and as their teacher, *Sedes Sapientiæ*; and that they will look to prayer for everything, great or small, solemn or familiar, even through a *De profundis* when they want a fine day for a Monte Porzio expedition.

‘But above all things be cheerful, for cheerful students stand well with their superiors, and are sure to love them. Pardon my bad example, and especially my scrupulosity. God bless you all, and specially help Dr. English and the superiors.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘THOMAS GRANT.’

Prayer, Devotion to Mary, and Cheerfulness, such was the Rector’s last message to his children, as in silence and tears he passed out from amongst them, and entered upon the new and wider sphere of the bishopric.

It was not to be expected that an event so unlooked for, and pregnant with such mighty consequences as the reorganisation of the Catholic Hierarchy in England, would pass without evoking strenuous opposition and much angry remonstrance; but even those who were prepared for the worst were astonished at the depth of hostile feeling which it aroused in this country. If the decree which came forth from the Vatican as softly ‘as the whispering of a gentle air,’ had been a threat of foreign invasion, it could scarcely have aroused wider and more general resentment than that which hailed the arrival of the twelve mitred warriors who landed on our shores intent on conquest not of this world. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, were united in indignation and alarm, and vehement resolve not to submit to the outrage which

had been put upon them. The 'Times' struck the keynote of the concert. Commenting on the Cardinal's pastoral, it declared that the English government and people were not going to tolerate 'this new-fangled Archbishop of Westminster, on whom the title of Cardinal had been conferred . . . it was a clumsy joke, one of the grossest acts of folly and impertinence which the court of Rome had ventured to commit since the crown and people of England had thrown off its yoke. . . . The absurdity of the selection of this title for this illegitimate prelate was equal to its arrogance. Everybody knew that Westminster never was in early Christian times a bishop's see, but a monastery . . . it was a mere figment of the brain. . . .' So thundered Jupiter on October 14, in the year 1850.

This outburst was all the more surprising to the new-fangled Archbishop, that he had, in the simplicity of his own good faith, and total absence of all idea of giving offence either to the crown or people of England, directed a letter to be addressed to the 'Times' from Rome, announcing the re-establishment of the hierarchy and his own elevation to the purple. And as 'the Cardinal at a later period told me,' says Dr. Ullathorne, 'the authorities at Printing-House Square kept that communication in reserve for some days, deliberating what use it could be turned to before they decided to make of it ecclesiastical capital for the Established Church, then troubled by the inroads of Puseyism and the recent conversions to Catholicism, as well as "political capital," to use their own words, for any statesman who would take it up, and a source of revenue for themselves.' The Cardinal furthermore had addressed on his way home a letter to Lord John Russell, which proves still more emphatically how little he

anticipated the hostility which the decree was going to provoke. He had, previous to his departure for Rome, had an audience with the Prime Minister, during which he acquainted him with the decision of the Holy See regarding the hierarchy, and his own contemplated nomination as Cardinal Archbishop; his Lordship was most courteous, even cordial in his tone and manner throughout, and assured Dr. Wiseman, that if, as he asserted, the new Bishops assumed no titles belonging to Protestant Sees, their appointment would meet with no opposition on the part of Her Majesty's Government. In the course of the above-named letter to Lord John Russell, dated from Vienna, November 3, the Cardinal thus expresses his astonishment at the violent state of public feeling then prevailing in England: 'I cannot but regret the erroneous and even distorted view which the English papers have presented of what the Holy See has done in regard to the spiritual government of the Catholics of England; but I take the liberty of stating that the measure now promulgated was not only prepared, but printed three years ago, and a copy of it was shown to Lord Minto by the Pope on the occasion of an audience given to his Lordship by His Holiness . . . And with regard to myself, I beg to add that I am invested with a purely ecclesiastical dignity; that I have no secular or temporal delegation whatever; that my duties will be what they have ever been, to promote the morality of those committed to my charge, especially the masses of our poor; and to keep up those feelings of good will and friendly intercommunion between Catholics and their fellow-countrymen, which I flatter myself I have been the means of somewhat improving . . . I beg to apologize for intruding at such length upon your



Lordship's attention ; but I have been encouraged to do so by the uniform kindness and courtesy which I have always met with from every member of her Majesty's Government with whom I have had occasion to treat, and from your Lordship in particular, and by a sincere desire that such friendly communication should not be interrupted.' The reply to this letter of Cardinal Wiseman's came in the form of that document celebrated as the 'Durham letter,' and which was addressed to the Protestant Bishop of that See on November 4, the day after the foregoing was penned. Lord John Russell in this famous letter stigmatizes 'the late aggression of the Pope on Protestantism' as 'insolent and insidious,' but avows frankly that there is 'a danger which alarms him much more than an aggression of a foreign sovereign.' 'Clergymen of our own Church,' says his Lordship, 'who have subscribed to the thirty-nine articles have been the most forward in leading their flocks step by step to the very verge of the precipice.'

No one either in England or abroad was more surprised at all this excitement than the Holy Father himself. 'What is this !' he exclaimed to an English ecclesiastic, one morning after hearing of the denunciations of the press, 'so you English imagine I meant to insult Queen Victoria and violate the laws of your country ! You are a very strange people,' he added, laughing, 'You seem to me to understand nothing thoroughly but commerce.' The Pope could not forget that only three years ago he had shown the complete programme of the hierarchy to Lord Minto, not only in MS. but in print, and that that nobleman had read it and discussed its proximate execution with perfect

calmness, and with an absence of blame that might legitimately be construed into approval. So little indeed did he appear to resent the scheme, that an English priest to whom he related the interview on coming from the Vatican, went to Cardinal, then Monsignor Barnabo, and advised him to call at once on his distinguished countryman. The dignity of the Roman prelate asserted itself, however, with becoming spirit. 'Why should I call upon him rather than he or me?' he enquired; 'the palazzo Doria (where Lord Minto was staying) is just the same distance from my house, as my house is from the palazzo Doria.' On the Englishman's urging with native instinct that Lord Minto was an 'English Lord,' Monsignor Barnabo replied, 'and I am a Roman Lord.'

The 'Times' having once struck the key-note, all the minor satellites took it up, and thundered in chorus against the 'papal aggression.' The Anglican Bishops petitioned the queen 'to discountenance by all constitutional means the claims and usurpations of the Church of Rome.' The clergy in turn petitioned their bishops, and the bishops addressed their clergy to the same end. John Bull was not slow to follow the example thus set him in high places. He vented his feelings and proclaimed his orthodoxy after the usual manner. He lighted stakes on commons and in market-places, and consigned the Pope and the Cardinal and the whole paraphernalia of the Scarlet Lady to the flames; he blew trumpets and rang bells, church bells heading the chimes, and let off rockets, and made processions by torchlight where thousands of loyal citizens marched in rank and file to the inspiring sounds of the National Anthem, or the 'Rogues' March,' the choral harmony being rather sustained than impaired by a running fire

chorus of 'No Popery!' from the most enthusiastic amongst the throng. 'No Popery!' was the cry of the hour. It came from walls, and doors, and shop windows; the very stones echoed the cry, for small boys forsook the delights of marbles and tops to join in the service, and scrawled the magic words '*No Popery!*' on the flag-stones. The Oratorian fathers came in for a lion's share of the general obloquy. 'We are cursed in the street,' says Father Faber;'<sup>1</sup> even gentlemen shout from their carriage windows at us. If on this, as on another great national occasion, England expected every man to do his duty, she was not disappointed.

Nor can we reasonably be surprised at such a universal lifting up of 'the voices of the floods.' The event which called it out was a wonder such as the world had only witnessed once before. It was the rolling away of the stone from the sepulchre, and the coming forth of the dead. As Christ had returned to life after His three days' sleep in the tomb, so now His mystic spouse, the Church, had broken her death sleep of three hundred years, and arisen and come back to life. It was a vision well calculated to fill with terror all who beheld it not with the rejoicing eyes of faith. The sleeper whom her murderers had accounted dead, was in the midst of them once more; not 'bound hand and foot with grave clothes,' but strong, serene, and beautiful as one whom death had never touched; an angel in shining garments, she stood in the awful dawn light of the Resurrection, radiant with the eternal youth of Immortality.

'It is told,' says Dr. Newman,<sup>2</sup> 'in the legends of

<sup>1</sup> Letter to W. Russell, *Life of Faber*, p. 377.

<sup>2</sup> Sermon headed 'Christ on the Waters,' preached at the installation

that great saint and instrument of God, St. Athanasius, how that when the apostate Julian had come to his end, and persecution with him, the saintly confessor, who had been a wanderer over the earth, was found to the surprise of his people in his cathedral at Alexandria, seated on his episcopal throne, and clad in the vestments of religion.' This same miracle was now performed in our own days, in the person of the holy, eternal, divine, infallible apostolic Church. The legend of St. Athanasius is a fit and beautiful image of the resurrection of the Hierarchy. And so, though 'the sea was tossed with waves, and the wind was contrary,' Jesus was in the boat, and it went its way secure, and unharmed by the raging of the storm.

In the month of July, 1852, the first provincial Synod of Westminster was held at Oscott. The bishops and the clergy, reinvested with their long lost rights, gathered together as in the olden times to legislate for the spiritual wants of their people. There were the Archbishop, and twelve suffragans with their theologians, the delegates from thirteen newly erected chapters, the heads of religious orders, the rectors of ecclesiastical colleges, and the officials of the councils. It was one of those hours which it is given to communities, like men, to live but once in a life-time. But solemn and overpowering as were the emotions of that hour, they found a voice to give them utterance. Dr. Newman, in that glorious outburst of Catholic Joy and Faith, entitled the Second Spring, which poured from his own heart into the hearts of his assembled brethren, expressed, as adequately as human speech might do, the feelings that filled the Synod. After telling the oft

of Dr. Ullathorne in the See of Birmingham. Vide *Sermons on Various Occasions*, p. 137.



told tale of sorrow and death and persecution which his hearers knew so well, the orator imagines the spirit of one of the grand confessors of the nearer martyr times, looking out into the future, and, beholding the spectacle that Oscott presented that day, thus speaking to those around him : ‘ I see a bleak mount, looking upon an open country, over against that huge town to whose inhabitants Catholicism is of so little account. I see the ground marked out, and plantations are rising there, clothing and circling the space. And there on that high spot, far from the haunts of men, yet in the very centre of the Island, a large edifice, or rather pile of edifices appears, with many fronts and courts, and long cloisters and corridors, and story upon story. And there it rises under the invocation of that same sweet and powerful name which has been our consolation in this valley. I listen and I hear the sound of voices grave and musical, renewing the old chant with which Augustine greeted Ethelbert in the free air upon the Kentish strand. It comes from a long procession, and it winds along the cloisters. Priests and religious, theologians from the schools, and canons from the cathedral, walk in due precedence. And then there comes a vision of well-nigh twelve mitred heads ; and last I see a prince of the Church, in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom, a pledge to us from Rome of Rome’s unwearied love, a token that that goodly company is firm in apostolic faith and hope, and the shadow of the saints is there ; St. Benedict is there, speaking to us by the voice of bishop and of priest, and counting over the long ages through which he has prayed, and studied, and laboured ; there, too, is St. Dominick’s white wool, which no blemish can impair, no stain can dim ; and if St. Bernard be not there, it is

only that his absence may make him be remembered more. And the princely Patriarch, St. Ignatius, too, the St. George of the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through his writhing foe, he too sheds his blessing upon that train. And others also his equals or his juniors in history, whose pictures are above our altars, or soon shall be, the surest proof that the Lord's arm has not waxen short, nor His mercy failed, they, too, are looking down from their thrones on high upon the throng. And so that high company moves on into the holy place ; and there with august rite and awful sacrifice inaugurates the great act which brings it thither.' So ends the vision. Then the preacher asks : ' What is that act ? it is the first synod of a new hierarchy. It is the resurrection of the Church.'

As the voice went on tears flowed unrestrainedly on every side, till there was not a dry eye in ' that high company.' ' All were weeping,' said one of the Canons from the cathedral whom the seer had apostrophized in his vision, ' most of us silently, but some audibly ; as to the big-hearted Cardinal, he fairly gave up the effort at dignity and self-control, and sobbed liked a child.' The gentle preacher himself was so completely overcome, that it was with difficulty he was able to continue his discourse to the end. When it was over, Dr. Manning took him by the arm, and led him away to his own room.

It does not enter within the narrow scope of our memoir to speak of that most important portion of the Bishop of Southwark's work, as performed in the Synods ; but we are authorized to say that on this first occasion of the assembly of the English Hierarchy, his theological science and consummate mastery of Canon Law shone out with a distinctive brilliancy which established him from the outset as a light amongst his brethren.

## CHAPTER VI.

1851-54.

ON taking possession of the see of Southwark, Dr. Grant found himself a complete stranger in his diocese. He may almost be said to have been a stranger in England, for owing to his prolonged residence abroad at the English College, either as student or superior, he had few personal acquaintances beyond those who had known him at Ushaw or in Rome. But he was not long making his way to the hearts, not alone of his flock, but of all who came in contact with him. Clergy and laity were quick to discover what manner of man the new Bishop was, and their love and confidence soon followed the discovery.

Dr. Grant found the difficulties of his charge greater even than he had anticipated. His position in Rome at the head of an ecclesiastical seminary, while it had afforded great exercise for his governing faculty, his penetration, wisdom and activity, was nevertheless a slight experience compared to what was now before him, in the government of an extensive and widely scattered diocese, and in times such as those he had fallen upon. While the Catholics were celebrating their victory in peaceful pomps of prayer and festival and sacrifice, and 'the stately march of blessed services on earth,' it was being, as we have seen, very differently celebrated by those around them. National pride and Protestant prejudice once thoroughly roused were not

to be appeased without difficulty. Much oil must be poured upon the troubled waters before they would subside. No man in the whole range of the offending ranks was better calculated to fill the office of peace-maker than Dr. Grant. The combination of suavity and firmness, of child-like simplicity and strong common sense which he possessed, together with his straightforwardness and unmistakable honesty of purpose, insensibly disarmed prejudice, while they won for him personally the respect of the bitterest enemies of his Church.

Many of the most inveterate of these latter became, after a short intercourse, his personal friends, and Dr. Grant was received by statesmen whose doors remained closed against even a layman identified with the obnoxious cause. A patient hearing, and often a gracious concession, were granted to the Bishop of Southwark, when no other prelate of the Catholic Church would have been listened to. If information was wanted at Downing Street on any point where canonical law seemed to entrench upon the border line of British law, the Bishop of Southwark was the one applied to. It needed truly the wisdom of the serpent and the simplicity of the dove to pass safely through the dangers and snares by which the new system of legislation was beset. So carefully had the danger of clashing with the civil law in the matter of ecclesiastical titles been guarded against, that the Government, after putting the Apostolic Letters under the magnifying lens of strong prejudice, conscientious solicitude, and legal erudition, were compelled to admit, like Pilate, that they could find no harm in them; the Bull, odious as it was, involved no breach or trespass on the existing law of England. There remained only one alternative to the legislators, namely, to pass a new law which



would constitute it illegal. So the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was passed. This Act, as may be easily imagined, multiplied vexations in the path of the new prelates. Dr. Grant was considered, however, as a sort of intermediary, a dove with the olive-branch, having free pass from one camp to another, and it was a pleasure to him to bear witness to the unvarying courtesy that he met with on such occasions from her Majesty's Ministers, and to the kindness with which they often endeavoured to meet his wishes when this could be done without infringing on what they considered their own rights and the inviolability of the British Constitution, that splendid fabric which Dr. Newman has somewhere described as the grandest institution on earth after the Catholic Church.

But this was but a temporary phase in Dr. Grant's work. The storm was at its height when he took possession of the see of Southwark, and continued with little perceptible abatement till after the first Synod in the following year. Then it began to lull, and gradually, as time went on, the angry waters subsided, English love of fair play and common sense resumed their sway, and there was peace. The real work, which was never to slacken, but which was destined to grow with each year, was the administration of the diocese. Dr. Grant entered at once into the discharge of his pastoral duties with an activity and a vigilant attention to details which increased in proportion as the demands upon them expanded. He saw to everything himself, and was soon personally acquainted with the wants and claims of every corner of the diocese. He adopted from the first the plan of ascertaining everything himself, taking nothing on hearsay, but seeing and hearing with his own eyes and

his own ears. The amount of business that he individually despatched was prodigious. One of the secrets of his power in this respect was his strict economy of time and words, his mathematical punctuality, and his absolute obedience to the law of order in the performance of duties ; thus he made a rule, to which he strictly adhered, of never postponing to the morrow what should be done at once, and of never writing two lines if one would suffice. He carried on an immense correspondence without sacrificing to it the smallest of his other duties. One whom twenty-two years of close friendship with Dr. Grant entitles to speak on this subject with authority, says : ‘ It was appalling in its extent, yet he kept it up without a secretary, and no one ever had to complain of neglect ; even in illness he would answer letters, if he were compelled to do it with a pencil, and often apologising for his brevity.’ Father Hathaway, speaking of the Bishop’s correspondence, says : ‘ I can add my testimony to his wonderful promptitude in answering letters in the midst of overwhelming business. I must have had occasion to write to him at least one hundred times, and I *always* had an answer by the first post after he received my letter. Better than others I knew what his correspondence cost him. When giving missions at St. George’s I always slept in the room next to his, and I very often heard him getting into bed when I was rising at half-past four ; he was invariably up before seven. His answers on paper, like those by word of mouth, were always exactly to the point. If a word sufficed, he wrote a word ; if the question required many words, he did not spare them ; but I never once had to write a second time for further explanation, or was left in doubt as to his meaning.’ This promptitude

and accuracy of response is testified to by innumerable persons who had the habit of communicating with the Bishop, either verbally or by letter, on matters connected with the diocese and personally interesting to him, or on subjects altogether apart, and which could only claim the interest of his kindness and charity. One of his penitents says : ‘ He allowed me to write to him frequently letters which were sometimes ten pages long, telling him all about my trials, and I nearly always received an answer by return of post ; sometimes it would be only a few lines, but more when the occasion required it, sometimes as much as two pages of his small handwriting. My troubles and difficulties being very great, he allowed this correspondence to continue during his illness, and up to a short time before he left England for the Council, though at that time the doctors had forbidden him to write or to attend to any business.’

Another says : ‘ We scarcely ever received an answer from him to a business letter, or an invitation, without a joke or a riddle at the end of it. His great love for little children made him often write to the youngest of the family when he had anything to communicate to us, and the Bishop was always delighted to receive his childish answer, beginning “ My dearest Dr. Grant.” ’ Dr. Ullathorne does not hesitate to assert that Dr. Grant’s correspondence ‘ was probably more extensive than that of half the other Bishops put together.’ Yet it never intrenched on the day’s work, and never gave him the air of being hunted or run for time. ‘ He continued this correspondence to the last day of his life,’ adds Dr. Ullathorne ; ‘ if he thought that a hint, or a suggestion, or a bit of information would be useful or acceptable to any one, no matter

whom, it was on paper in a minute, and in the post that day. If you wanted some document of long years past, whether from book, newspaper, or reminiscence, you had it by return of post. With a point of law, history, or theology it was the same. So many consulted him on all kinds of subjects, upon theology, canon law, civil law, cases of conscience, the business and trials of life, on records of past events, on points of literature, and on the character of public men with whom they had to deal, that he was looked to as a ready reference on almost every kind of subject. His memory was prodigious, almost miraculous in its capacity, tenacity, and accuracy. He told me in 1848 that he felt this gift was destined for some work, he did not know what. At a more recent period he said that through the habit of washing his head with cold water his memory was diminished in power, and that on consulting a medical man he was told that this would be the natural result.' His memory retained nevertheless even in its impaired condition a keenness and a readiness that were to the last a source of admiration and wonder to others. Nothing escaped it in the little circumstances of every day life. He never forgot, for instance, the feast-day of a friend, whether it was a birthday, or the anniversary of religious profession, or marriage, or the reception of Holy Orders. In the midst of his whirl of business he would remember and find time to send a note of congratulation to the person, generally enclosing some little souvenir, a picture, a medal, &c., sometimes it would be merely a 'God bless you. Many happy returns of the day.' But as regularly as the day came round, so surely it brought a token of remembrance from the Bishop. The reminiscences of this kind which he strewed up



and down the year amongst his friends would make a good-sized volume if they could be collected and put together. His correspondence with his clergy and with the various religious communities of his diocese was in proportion to their needs, full, regular, and unflagging. His letters to the children of the orphanages alone are a striking proof of that gift of living leisure which is the special grace of Bishops, but which Dr. Grant possessed in a degree that might almost be called miraculous. It is true he could write anywhere. Even travelling he continued his correspondence, often postponing a long letter until he was safe from disturbance in the train.

The following is a specimen of how he turned this sort of freedom to account. It is written in pencil, and dated :

‘ *Great Northern Railway (about Lincolnshire) :*

‘ Tuesday night, October 26, 1866.

‘ I promised to tell you what a right thing *Etiquette* was, and how necessary it was in the interests of charity to respect it.

‘ The principles of moral duty, e.g. of a lawyer to his client, a child to his parents, are contained in the Treatise on Ethics, Latin *Ethica*, Italian, *Etica*. In Italian the termination *ina*, or *etto* is diminutive, e.g. Enrico is Henry, *Enrichetto* is Hal.

‘ The rules of politeness, courtesy, and deference are derived from Ethics, and yet they are not as great as its rules. Hence *Etichetta* (ch. is hard) and in French *Etiquette*.

‘ It is a matter of etiquette that you should sit as master of your own house at *table*, and yet that you should be a less man than the advocate whose business and bread you give. And the politeness of etiquette saves many disputes. Children are rightly taught to be as

polite to their brothers and sisters as if they were strangers, and this also is excellent in guiding them to be considerate and charitable.'

The Bishop winds up this ethical explanation by a riddle, 'For the children.'

The following will be read with interest on its own account :—

'I have asked the "Tablet and Weekly Register" (August 22, 1863), to extract from the French papers this week, the translation of an affecting description of a Jubilee kept at Ghent, July 29. In July 1813, Monsignor de Broglie, the Bishop of Ghent, was in exile, and an attempt was made to substitute an intruder for him. The Seminarists, about 150 in number, refused to attend the services in his presence, and were told at supper on St. James' day, that if they persisted they would be sent to the army. With one voice they exclaimed, "We start to-night! Better soldiers than schismatics!" A few days afterwards, all who had not escaped were sent to the army. Fifty-five of them are living, aged and white-haired priests, and on July 29, at a distance of fifty years, fifty of them assisted at a Requiem for the Bishop of 1813 and their departed companions, and after the Mass they dined in the same hall in which they had uttered their famous cry. The celebrated writer, Prince de Broglie, great nephew of the Bishop, came from France to honour the ceremony and thank these glorious confessors.

'Excuse me for giving you this sketch in case your paper should not after all contain it.'

Though so punctual in answering letters himself, Dr. Grant was extremely indulgent to those who sin against this virtue, and would often remind his busy correspondents that he did not expect a like punctuality

from them. 'I ought to have told you *not* to answer my letters before New Year's Day,' he writes to Mr. Arnold, 'as although I am obliged to try to clear my table every evening, I do not expect any answer in holiday time, least of all from you, who are so much over-worked in working time. Therefore always consider that I merely put *goods into the train* when I write, and that you must let them take their turn in your *office*, and must not let any of them ever reach Milton Lodge where I shall lose all my friends if I take papa away from them.' The dry business letters on the weighty affairs of the diocese were often lightened by a postscript in the shape of a funny story or a riddle. His letters on business were remarkable specimens of the *multum in parvo* style so valuable in that sort of correspondence: laconic, to the point, and containing full answers and directions in the fewest words possible. We take the following at hazard out of a series of 400.

'Dear Mr. Arnold,—I fear Dr. Doyle is worse to-day, but Dr. Hooper has not yet been.'

'Stoke.

'The money will be ready at any hour for your praiseworthy undertaking.'

'New Brompton.

'Is Mr. B—— a Catholic? I am much obliged to him for his goodness.'

'Carlisle.

'I have sent you Mr. ——'s letter. I will write to Carlisle.'

'Abingdon.

'Sir George did not come yesterday.'

'Deeds. Rome.

'Are these right?'

‘Prison Chaplains.

‘Millbank, Dartmoor and Portsmouth are to have 182*l.* each yearly. Parkhurst, 122*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and Woking, 119*l.* 10*s.* *Deo Gratias.*

‘Yours sincerely,  
‘× THOMAS GRANT.’

‘Camberwell.

‘Dear Mr. Arnold,—Mr. C—— fears nothing can be found belonging to the company of sufficient dimensions and good position.’

‘Philip.

‘Many thanks. They suppressed the whole picture rather than tell the truth about Our Immaculate and Dear Mother.’

‘Leeds.

‘Enclosed of Mr. S——’s may help you. What shall I do? Page 1 refers to a lease at S—— L——.

‘Burton Green.

‘I will write again about this.’

‘St. Joseph’s, Brighton.

‘Site is quite unbuilt upon at present and no plans are yet made.’

‘S——.

‘Excellent idea! I will write at once.’

‘Brighton.

‘How can we thank you! But at least, *we* pay stamps, journey, &c.

‘Yours very sincerely,  
‘× THOMAS GRANT.’

‘We have unfortunately not been able to procure any samples of his letters of spiritual direction, but the following, disposing of a point which comes home to many in these days, is of interest as an evidence of



that 'free and bold' tone which marked his guidance in such matters.

' St. George's, February 10.

' My dear ——,—I do not like to keep letters on family matters and therefore return yours, which I have carefully studied, and I hasten to assure you that you need not be under the slightest anxiety about the property which you so carefully describe. *Only* I advise you to drop the subject from your mind, as otherwise it will alarm you again and again.

' Cardinal Pole allowed all property alienated to remain with its holders, under the condition of conversion, and exhorted them to try to provide for the spiritual wants of the poor from income that was originally intended for their souls.

' You are therefore free to hold all that you have, and you are already complying with his advice by doing for their spiritual good all that your means allow, for your family and neighbours. I advise you to ask God (*sic*) to receive your wish and intention to do still more if it were in your power, and to give you the consolation of seeing your wife and children receive a share of the graces which you would wish to throw open to them.

' Yours very sincerely,

' × THOMAS GRANT.'

It was seldom that politics or public events not connected with his own work, found any place in Dr. Grant's voluminous correspondence, but now and then he would keep an absent friend informed on such matters. ' Mr. W—— was at the Berryer banquet,' he writes to one of them, ' and said that Berryer was so much overcome that his speech was not as flowing as

it would otherwise have been. But what taste in Gladstone to attack Naples before a man who had sacrificed everything for the sake of the Bourbons !'

To the same friend, whom he believed to be interested in the transatlantic elections, he sends the following :—

'A young attorney undertook to support General McClellan as President of the United States : "If I were a bird I would, on November 8, fly all over the States, and in every house and village I would tell them to vote for McClellan."

"Stop !" cried a boy, "you'd be shot for a goose before you'd flown a mile."

Any news about the Holy Father, a trait of goodness, a witty saying, or a touching anecdote, was sure to be sent round as soon as it came into the Bishop's hands. He hastens to communicate to the friend above-named, the following account of an interview at the Vatican : 'The French ambassador in Rome went to His Holiness a few days since to advise him to reform his States. The following conversation ensued :

"I think I can quote an authority against your advice. What should you say if the Emperor differed from you ?"

"Impossible, Holy Father."

"Well, I don't get much time for reading new books, but in his life of Cæsar the Emperor writes : 'If you have a small kingdom near a powerful one which has absorbed part of your kingdom and covets the rest, refuse all advice from your powerful neighbour, even if the advice be good in itself.'"

'His Holiness has sent to Monsignor Virtue,' writes the Bishop in delight to a common friend, 'his

special blessing, with many touching expressions of admiration for his zeal in remaining alone in Bermuda during the yellow fever, when his turn for England had already come. *The Good Shepherd knows all his sheep.*'

Returning a book on that wild mania which, for a time, took such an extraordinary hold upon the minds of many otherwise rational human beings, spirit-rapping, Dr. Grant observes to the same correspondent: 'How painful is the attempt to give a Christian character to spirit-rapping in the passage you have marked and in the rest of the book! Tertullian distinctly speaks of *speaking-tables* in his day.'

Towards equally foolish but less harmful manias, the Bishop extended a condescending indulgence. The child of one of his friends was collecting postage stamps, and asked Dr. Grant to help her, and for some time he actually took the trouble to tear off the stamps of his letters, and put them by for her. One day, however, he wrote to her father: 'The police in Paris believe that the wish for used postage stamps, which was erroneously supposed to come from China, arises from some thieves who are making experiments how to use them twice, after removing the obliterating cross stamp. It is therefore better for your child *not* to collect them.' In reply to this warning the father remarked that he had forbidden the child to go on gathering the stamps, but had refrained from telling her why. 'How I applaud and thank you,' exclaims the Bishop, 'for your good and fatherly thought of not telling your child of the wickedness of the persons who are seeking stamps as for a charity when their purpose is so unjust. The late Duke of Norfolk once edified me by the same thought when he would not let his

wife finish a story descriptive of a recent robbery from the poor box in the Oratory.' He had a horror of letting even the faintest breath of evil blow upon the mind of a child. 'Sad as it is that Mabel should hear those words,' he writes on another occasion, 'I am glad that it has enabled me to say how completely I agree with you that children must not be allowed to know how bad the world is. The Church has always felt that lilies must not gather dust lest they fade at once.' Some of his friends had a fancy for collecting autographs, and the Bishop, unsolicited, would send them now and then a contribution. 'I fancy Mrs. A—— collects autographs,' he writes to that lady's husband, 'so I send her that of the Queen of the French, written this week (Oct. 29, 1864). She is beyond eighty.'

He made a rule of never discussing by letter or in conversation anything painful or offensive that appeared in the newspapers. He valued the press as a mighty power in the destinies of a nation, and bitterly deplored any abuse of it. 'I saw that article of course,' he writes, 'and would have spoken of it but for the rule I have laid down of never noticing what I see in the papers.' The hostile and often malignant tone of the press would pain him sometimes, but it never irritated him. He soothes the angry spirit of one who took such things less philosophically by the brief remark: 'The "Pall Mall" is made for what Dr. Newman calls the Protestant tradition,' and with this he dismisses the grievance. 'I am glad to tell you,' he writes elsewhere, 'that Thomas —— has been found in our comparative examinations worthy of a place at Dr. Crookall's. Your literary brothers tell you not to despise the press. A lady at Liverpool read in the papers that our diocese had no seminary, and she left a fund on which



five or six boys are educated at Woolhampton. On this fund Thomas —— will be placed.'

There was no sign of hurry in the Bishop's letters. He wrote with great rapidity, but they bore no trace of this. If an incidental remark from a correspondent struck one of the deeper chords, he would respond in sympathetic tones, and often enlarge upon the thought, or exemplify it by an illustration. 'You are right,' he says, answering some passing allusion to the brevity of life, 'in thinking how quickly the figures move away from this scene, and how often we find ourselves alone. You recollect the Spanish monk pointing to the picture in his refectory: "I have taken my meals before it these eight and thirty years, and I have seen so many come and go about me whilst the figures in the picture have remained unchanged, that I think they are the realities and we are the shadows."' "

The Orphanage of Norwood, which was to form the chief external monument of Dr. Grant's episcopacy, engaged from the first his warmest interest. The work was in its infancy when he arrived in England. Three years previously, on September 14 1848, Mère Sainte Marie, with seventeen other professed Sisters from the Mother House of La Délivrande at Bayeux, landed on English shores, accompanied by their chaplain, the Abbé Vesque. The mission of the 'Sisters of the Faithful Virgin,' as they are called, is the rescue and training of destitute orphan children. It was one that appealed strongly to the sympathies of Cardinal Wiseman, who had invited them over himself, and it was admirably adapted to the needs of the time; for in those days such helpmates were rare in England, and were consequently even more warmly welcomed than now-a-days, by the pastors to whose district they came.

The community had many difficulties to contend with, and the Cardinal, by his kindness and personal exertions, did much towards removing these, and sustaining the exiles under the trials of their arduous undertaking. Three years elapsed, and then just as they began to see their way before them in their strange home, the hand which had thus far upheld and guided them was drawn away, the first result of the restoration of the Hierarchy being the removal of Dr. Wiseman to the Archbishopric of Westminster, and the appointment of a strange bishop to the newly erected See of Southwark. The dismay of the Sisterhood at this news was great. How great, only those can imagine who have seen the growth of those filial bonds which unite a young community to its first spiritual father, and have seen those bonds suddenly snapped asunder. It seemed at first as if this announcement were the prelude to the breaking up of the whole scheme, and that the departure of the bishop must lead to their disappearance. The orphanage was just gaining ground amongst certain classes, suspicion was to a great extent disarmed, but much of this the nuns conjectured was owing to the esteem in which Dr. Wiseman was held by Catholics and Protestants alike, and to the support and protection he had extended to them ; and it was to be feared that when these were withdrawn, their slight hold upon public favour would go too.

They were foreigners ; this might not be in their favour with the incoming bishop ; and how were they to exist without his fullest approval and protection ? The only way the nuns saw of getting out of the difficulty was to petition Cardinal Wiseman to transfer the orphanage from Norwood, which was in the diocese of Southwark, to that of Westminster, and thus

keep it under his own wing. But His Eminence assured them they had nothing to fear from his successor. 'The new bishop is my own child,' he said, 'he and I have but one heart and soul; you need not be afraid of falling under his jurisdiction.' So the community took courage and were satisfied to remain. The very first visit of Dr. Grant to Norwood convinced them that the Cardinal was right, and that they had not lost but exchanged a father.

On September 14, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, the Abbé Vesque, with his brother chaplain at Norwood, went to St. George's to join in the reception of the bishop by the clergy, and to invite his Lordship to consecrate still further, by paying his first visit to Norwood, the day which, by a coincidence which the nuns liked to regard as of good omen, was the anniversary of their landing in England. Dr. Grant gladly assented to the proposal, but the multifarious claims made upon him throughout the entire day rendered it impossible for him to carry it out; he promised to come at the very first opportunity, and not satisfied with having sent his regrets to the Superior by the two chaplains, he wrote to her three days later, after missing the visit of those reverend gentlemen, to assure the community of his kindly feelings towards them :

' September 17, 1851.

' Dear Reverend Mother,—Many blessings to your edifying community, and to my dear orphans, to whom I send one of my earliest and most cordial blessings.

' As soon as I have time to move I hope to have the consolation of visiting your house, where your note, and still more the fervour of your religious, assures me I shall have such a true and consoling welcome.

‘ I was sorry not to have been at home when your chaplains called on me ; I had gone to see the Cardinal at St. Leonard’s.

‘ Could you kindly find for me a copy of your rule, as I may need it when you ask me any question respecting it.

‘ Please to tell your chaplains that by a power given me by His Holiness, I grant a plenary indulgence on the feast of St. Michael (this year only) to all your community, and to all coming to your church, who, with confession and communion, and contrition, shall pray for the protection of the Faith, and for my intention, which (I mention to you) is that our dear Lord may bless and prosper your institute in my diocese.

‘ With every blessing, I remain,

‘ Your obliged and obedient servant,

‘ × THOMAS GRANT.’

The day of the promised visit was awaited with considerable trepidation, and prepared for with the usual solemnity that attends such stirring events in a convent. It was a soft, sunny day in September, and everything looked bright to welcome the Bishop ; banners, red, blue, and green, adorned the community room, where the guest of the house was to be received, and flowers and pretty devices made the house look as festive and gay as its poverty permitted. But when these splendid decorations were complete, a grave question arose about what the Bishop was to sit upon. The one arm-chair which the house could boast was not quite appropriate, being a high, monumental seat, made expressly for a deformed sister, and in which the ample proportions and lofty stature of the Cardinal had shown to good effect on similar state occasions, but



which it was feared would produce a comical effect with the diminutive figure of the new Bishop; there was no help for it however; so the monument was brought forth and installed in the place of honour at the top of the room. Meanwhile, the priest arrayed in his cope, and the nuns drawn up in line, awaited his Lordship near the door of the chapel; but the time passed and no Bishop appeared; presently he was discovered in the midst of the children, having quietly slipped in by a side-door unperceived, and being outwardly divested of any sign of his rank, the children had taken him for a simple priest, and to his delight were not at all shy in making acquaintance with him. After benediction, he was conducted to the community room, where the banners and the formidable arm-chair awaited him. Dr. Grant seated himself, and at once catching the comical side of his position, he observed to the children that his feet were dangling several inches from the ground, 'just like you little ones perched on those high benches in front there!' In the mirth provoked by this incident, calculated slightly to ruffle the dignity of anyone less utterly devoid of self-consciousness than Dr. Grant, all timidity and bashfulness were put to flight, and from that forth the Bishop and the children were sworn friends. As soon as the official part of the ceremony was over, he gathered them all about him, asked them their names and ages, told them his own, with many interesting particulars of his early days. Amongst other things, when giving them his cross to kiss, he told them how it had been left to him by an old lady, who said it was to be kept for little Tommy Grant when he was a bishop, 'little Tommy being at the time eight years old.' Then he told them stories, and gave them

riddles to guess, and invented little games to amuse them, making himself a perfect child with the youngest of them, and devoting himself to their entertainment as if it were the most important business he had to attend to. This first visit was in every way a complete success. The children were won over heart and soul to the new pastor, and the nuns, if less demonstrative in their feelings, were equally convinced that they had in truth gained a father with whom love would soon banish all fear.

Dr. Grant's first pastoral as Bishop of Southwark was an appeal for these earliest children of his adoption, and for their brothers, at the orphanage of North Hyde, which then sheltered fifty-one boys; Norwood counted sixty girls. The choice of the subject was significant; it showed where the pastor's chief preference lay, and whither his most devoted efforts were likely to be directed: 'We appeal to those who have suffered poverty in early life; we appeal to those who have been brought by many mercies and much forgiveness to the light of Faith after wandering in the shades of death and in the darkness of heresy; and we ask them to save these souls from the danger of losing the faith, which is their only treasure, as it is our greatest honour. . . . Shall these poor children raise their eyes to us and ask for help in vain? Where the vanities of society invite us, we are only too willing to spend our wealth; but what ornament can be so beautiful or so precious as a soul redeemed by our Dear Lord, and guarded for Him through our charity? And what earthly joy can be compared to the delight and happiness of feeling that we have brought to Him one of the little children whom He has asked us to suffer to come unto Him?' This first appeal was

liberally responded to, and continued to be each succeeding year as the Bishop repeated it.

The Sisters of the Faithful Virgin had taken up their abode in the old Park Hotel which contained about thirty rooms, large and small, and here at the time of Dr. Grant's arrival, they contrived to accommodate from five and twenty to thirty nuns, and about eighty children. Happily for all parties, the Board of Health then exacted only 250 cubic feet of air, and the nuns were more than within the limits of the law in supplying 300. Their ingenuity in making room for the ever-increasing demands on their limited space was often a source of wonder and admiration to Dr. Grant, who was apt to comment upon it in his own humorous way. The nuns had, in the beginning, a large room portioned off for themselves as a dormitory, but by-and-by this had to be given up to the orphans, and they betook themselves to a smaller one, where the Board of Health regulations, so conscientiously observed in the children's case, were considerably infringed by the inmates in their own. After a while, the influx of orphans became so great that this room had in turn to be abandoned; the nuns folded their tent to make way for the welcome intruders, and slept about the house, on the landings of the stairs, in the passages, in the bath-room, wherever a mattress or a mat could be spread. Dr. Grant, who set a far greater store by the spirit of sacrifice which prompted and sustained a work, than by the progress of the work itself, was delighted to see the sisters driven to these make-shifts which they not only accepted cheerfully, but apparently enjoyed as if the inconvenience brought them rather an increase of comfort than anything else. Once, going over the house, and meeting with signs of the nocturnal encamp-

ment at every turn and in most unlikely places, he rubbed his hands, and laughing heartily, complimented the Superioress on her genius for accommodation, observing that he expected soon to see fresh orphans in possession of the beds on the floor, and the nuns swinging in hammocks down the stair-case, and along the passages. When this final resource was exhausted he said he could conceive no further means of stemming the flood.

The arrangements for the service of the chapel were contrived also under many difficulties. The chapel itself was composed of two ball-rooms, opening one into the other by wide folding-doors ; one of these rooms was set apart for the public, the other was reserved for the community and the children. The public portion was supposed to have space for about fifty seats, but the number attending Mass and Benediction on Sundays rose by degrees to about one hundred and fifty ; many overflowed into the adjoining passages, standing close together when there was not room to kneel. The Sacristy consisted of a board laid across a passage protected from the staircase by a curtain ; here, in a space of three feet square, the priest vested and unvested, and Bishops, and even the Cardinal with his grand proportions, managed to do the same when they came to officiate at the Park Hotel. The first Easter there were but three communicants from outside, but the number rapidly increased ; Catholics from a distance attended at the offices in the plain but devotional little chapel, which was a great boon to the neighbourhood, there being no church nearer than St. George's Cathedral and Clapham. Croydon was a long time served by the Abbé Vesque, who said his first Mass there, preached and gave bene-



diction, and then returned to sing High Mass at Norwood, preaching again, and giving Benediction and another instruction in the evening. His instructions on the catechism every Sunday soon drew crowds, Protestants were attracted almost as much as Catholics by his piety and unction. He spoke English with a strong foreign accent, and with broken idiom, but there was a spell about his simple discourses, and an eloquence in his humility and zeal that captivated the hearts of his hearers, and affected them more forcibly than the most polished rhetoric could have done.

The walls of Park Hotel, elastic as they seemed to be, came nevertheless one day to the point beyond which they absolutely refused to stretch one inch more. The demands for accommodation on the other hand knew no such limit, and kept steadily increasing. Mère Sainte Marie was compelled to refuse admittance almost every day to fresh applicants, and this necessity was a cruel pang to her. Every time the door closed against one of these destitute children her heart received a blow that vibrated again through the heart of the Bishop, and sent him with outstretched hands to his flock, begging for more money to buy more space. His thirst for the salvation of these poor children haunted him day and night, and pressed upon him like a constant pain. He used to say that he heard them crying to him, as St. Patrick heard the cries of the little Irish Pagans calling out for baptism, and like the dear Apostle of the Green Isle, who could not rest till he had brought their nation to the Faith, Dr. Grant declared he would never have any peace until there was a Catholic home for every fatherless Catholic child in England.

It was decided that, let the money come whence it

could, a larger house must be found for the orphans. Meantime, Monseigneur Robin, Bishop of Bayeux, in whose diocese La Délivrande was, paid a visit to Norwood in September 1853, on which occasion the famous arm-chair was once more brought into requisition, but with somewhat better success, the French prelate being very tall and of a portly figure. The children invited Dr. Grant to be present, and in his answer he assured them he would do his 'very best to come,' and so he did. The visit of the two pastors of the old and new branches of the community, was a very joyful event. A luncheon was prepared in the play-ground at which all the orphans sat down with the nuns and the Bishops, the very little children insisting that Dr. Grant should sit between them, which, nothing loth, he consented to do. One mite of five years old saw that he had no plate, and ran to him with hers, offering to share its contents with him; the Bishop cheerfully accepted, and the two eat together off the same plate throughout. Another of four years old, not to be outdone in hospitality, would have him drink out of her mug. Such traits may strike many of our readers as almost too childish to be related; *child-like* they certainly were, and this is why we deem it worth while giving them a place in our sketch of a life, which from first to last preserved the bloom and the innocence and so many of the sweet characteristics of a child. As persons who live long in each other's company are said sometimes to grow like one another in countenance, to catch the trick of the features, the smile, the expression,—so do souls catch a spiritual likeness from their associates. Dr. Grant, from his constant intercourse with the poor and with little children, became as poor in spirit and as

child like as themselves. We recognise the resemblance at every step. Unworldliness and simplicity are stamped upon him like a seal; human respect, that destroyer of mental and so often of social peace, had no meaning to him. What the world thought of him, or how it construed his actions, was as indifferent to this child-like lover of the poor as if he had been the inhabitant of a planet whose population was blind and deaf.

Yet this simple-hearted priest who could be such a child with children, was the prelate, the theologian, whose learning was held in such high esteem by his brother bishops that one of the most learned amongst them speaks of him as 'a light in our provincial synods and episcopal meetings.' His assiduity in attending these assemblies was marked by the constraining sense of duty to which he was such a faithful slave in all things. Even the intense bodily sufferings that he endured, scarcely with a respite, in the latter years of his episcopacy, never served to excuse his presence; many a time he has taken his place there amongst his brethren and despatched an amount of work, surprising under any circumstances, while undergoing a degree of physical torture which would have simply incapacitated a less indomitable will from the smallest effort, mental or otherwise. 'At these meetings,' says the Bishop of Birmingham, 'he was ever a laborious drudge in serving us. He furnished knowledge, wrote the official documents, or dictated their composition, and at times did both at once, not at the same time losing the thread of the discussion; putting in a light, or a fact, a point of law here and there, while still engaged on his own papers, perhaps also on the paper of his next neighbour whom he was helping; yet

often all the while he was in a state of great and distressing physical suffering which only those realised who were accustomed to watch him closely. Then he would take a bundle of work for us home with him, and bring it back finished next morning. I recollect also that when employed by his brethren in drawing up this or that document, he was always ingenious in contriving to get his name erased in the record of the act.'

An instance of his remarkable readiness is related by another of his brother prelates. It occurred during Low Week meeting, when the bishops were engaged in animated discussion on some point of importance, Dr. Grant meanwhile scribbling away at a table, and occasionally chiming in with the conversation by an opportune word or two. Presently one of the bishops said: 'Now we have got to draw up the substance of all this for Propaganda.' 'Here it is!' said Dr. Grant, handing him the paper he had been working at, and which contained the pith and summary of the conversation neatly written out in Latin.

He knew by heart every decree of the Congregation of Rites concerning ceremonies, and was continually appealed to on such matters both by his own and the clergy of other dioceses. 'It was very odd how he managed to be so well up in everything,' observes one of his priests, 'for you never saw him reading, indeed except in the railway he never had leisure to open a book.'

On September 11, 1854, the last services were held in the old oratory of King William Street, and the Bishop of Southwark preached at High Mass. This is perhaps the place to say a few words on the subject of his preaching generally. Dr. Grant came to England



with the repute of being a 'lame speaker,' and though he subsequently acquired a great facility, and a flow of words in the pulpit which astonished some of his Roman pupils when they heard him at St. George's, and which he attributed himself to 'God's goodness and the necessity of being always ready,' he never quite redeemed the name. He was a good deal sought after, even, as we see, in quarters where eloquence was rated high and judged by an exalted standard; but he never gained the reputation of being a preacher. His sermons hardly came under the head of sermons at all; they were rather religious conferences, meditations poured easily and abundantly from the teeming fountains of his own heart, and full of that simple pathos and strength of conviction that captivated the most indifferent and deprecated criticism in the most censorious hearers. There was no being absent while he was speaking; the voice, the countenance, the quiet but impressive gesture, all arrested your attention, and irresistibly compelled your sympathy. His language was extremely simple, homely even at times, but it was always pregnant with deep, clear, and soul-stirring thoughts. Sometimes it grew bright to picturesqueness, and even now and then kindled to a passing flash of eloquence; this was mostly when the joys or sorrows of 'our dear Immaculate Mother' were his theme, and when he was addressing a small, familiar audience of whose sympathy he felt quite secure. But such episodes were rare. His power lay mainly in his unction and the contagious fervour of his faith. There is a law, so men of science tell us, by which a body can only elicit from others the same sort of rays that it emits. Dr. Grant's preaching exemplified this law. It drew out kindred sparks from other souls,

because it had that vital heat which acts like inspiration and strikes deeper than any mere force of human eloquence, eliciting a nobler kind of response. If it lacked the polished graces of rhetoric, it was always a clear intellectual utterance that never failed in truth and sound doctrinal wisdom, and the spiritual glow of true piety. This was what made the power of his sermons. They had the potent charm of unconscious self-revelation ; you felt he was speaking from the fullness of his inner life, and preaching what he practised with all his might. Those to whom Dr. Grant was the bearer of a burning message, who have felt the touch of his hand upon their soul, and who date an era from a course of his sermons, during a retreat for instance, naturally speak of him as having had the inspired eloquence of a prophet. It is clear that he proved himself such to them. Perhaps in the main they are right altogether. He exercised in no insignificant degree that spiritual sway which is after all the highest achievement of human speech, the purest reward of the Christian preacher, as well as the loftiest ambition of the orator. Instances are not wanting where a chance hearing of Dr. Grant turned aside the current of a life, and changed the whole after course of a soul. Others again say that his sermons were neither more nor less than pious reflections such as he might have suggested in the confessional to any devout penitent. The comment of a person who had gone a long distance to hear him, attracted by the fame of his holiness, was : ‘ He did nothing but ring changes all the time on “ our dear Lord and His Immaculate Mother,” yet somehow he riveted my attention, and I remember that sermon better than any I ever heard.’ Another characteristic

remark was : ' He had no time, I fancy, to make his morning's meditation, so he made it in the pulpit.'

The Bishop was very strong on dogma in preaching. He considered dogmatic theology as the most essential and efficacious element in sermons, and always impressed on young priests the importance of bringing out this forcibly, especially when speaking of the Mother of God. ' The more dogma you know, the better priest you will be,' he said to a young student not many days before his death ; ' if a man attempts to explain the Sunday's Gospel and has not studied his dogma, ten to one he will teach heresy in his half-hour's sermon. Doctrine is the people's food. You cannot conceive their delight when they hear a clear explanation of the faith that is in them. Moral theology may tell you when a sin has been committed, and when not ; but you cannot always be preaching that. Our blessed Lord said : " Go and teach all nations, these things I have revealed to you."'

But to return to the order of our narrative.

The great event which was to immortalize the year 1854 in the history of Europe compelled Dr. Grant to turn his attention from the contemplated building of the new orphanage, and concentrate his energies for the time on more pressing needs. England and France had declared war against Russia. The allied armies were moving towards the shores of the Black Sea where the northern hordes poured down to meet them.

## CHAPTER VII.

1854-56.

THE mighty struggle whose issue Europe and the world were awaiting with breathless interest, and which stirred the national heart so deeply, awoke a patriotic response in Dr. Grant, and brought out in broad relief that love of the soldier which, next perhaps to his love of little children, was the strongest of his natural attractions. His first thought was to procure for them in the long and dangerous campaign that lay before them all the spiritual consolations of the faith. He applied to government for the authorisation and means to send out Catholic chaplains with the troops. There was a considerable delay in the answer, but it came at last in the gracious form of an assent. The next difficulty was, where to find priests who could avail themselves of it. The home missions could ill afford to spare any for this distant one, and the Bishop with his habitual considerateness, shrank from laying any of them under obedience to go. To his great joy the Rev. Mr. Butt volunteered to accept the post. Dr. Grant upon this offered his Mass next morning for the souls in purgatory that they might find him another brave and zealous priest. That same afternoon, September 19th, he had a visit from the Rev. Mr. Bagshawe, and in the course of conversation he mentioned what was uppermost in his mind, his distress at having only one



chaplain to send to the Crimea. 'Really, my Lord,' remarked his visitor, 'I can't understand why you should be in such difficulties about it; your Lordship has only to order any priest in the diocese to go, and he will obey you.' 'But do you think,' rejoined Dr. Grant 'that a Bishop has a right to impose such a command on a priest?' 'I don't know about that,' was the reply, 'but I certainly think that if a Bishop did give such a command it would be the duty of the priest to obey.' Dr. Grant made no further comment, but, the moment Mr. Bagshawe was gone, he sat down and wrote him a letter in which he requested him to put his theory into practice, and get ready to start at once for the Crimea. On returning home a few hours later, the self-doomed missionary found the mandate lying on his table. Without a murmur, and probably with a smile at the ready wit that had caught him in his own trap, he packed up his *impedimenta*, and went off the next morning to get the Bishop's blessing on his impromptu campaign. He and Canon Butt left England in the 'British Queen,' from Liverpool, on September 21st. A month later Dr. Grant's prayer for the same object was answered very strikingly. He said Mass in the morning for the holy souls, begging them to send him another priest to accompany the troops who left the next day, and on coming out from the altar he found Fr. Sheehan waiting for him on his knees in the sacristy. 'My Lord,' he said, 'I have come to ask your blessing, and permission to go out as infirmarian to our poor soldiers in the Crimea.' The Bishop's joy was only equal to his astonishment, for Father Sheehan was so ill at the time that everybody considered him a dying man, and many were persuaded he had not a fortnight to live. But with Dr. Grant, faith rose

higher than all human fears. 'God has sent you, and in His name go,' he said, laying his hand upon the priest's head, and blessing him with a full heart.

Hearts and hands were moving towards the East. There was a general and spontaneous impulse amongst English women to follow in Miss Nightingale's train to the hospitals of Scutari and the battle-fields of the Crimea. With religious communities this impulse was naturally very strong, and the Bishop of Southwark was anxious that his diocese should furnish its due contingent of hopeful self-devotion to the troops. There was, however, but one community of the active orders established there at this period; these were the Sisters of Mercy of Bermondsey; they were few in number, and already over-worked amongst the poor and sick of their own neighbourhood. Yet to them Dr. Grant looked confidently at this crisis.

Late on October 14, he came to the convent. 'I have plenty of work for you now; to go and nurse the wounded soldiers!' was his exclamation on seeing the Superior. So little had the echoes of the cannon's distant roar penetrated into the quiet retreat of the Sisters of Mercy that she thought this was some pleasantry of the Bishop's; but when he explained to her the sufferings of the troops, their terrible need of kind and intelligent nursing, and how the Government was about to send out secular nurses, and how his suggestion that nuns might prove a useful addition had not been rejected, and that it was therefore well that the community should hold itself in readiness for any eventuality, she at once offered herself and three other sisters for the mission. Dr. Grant was grateful for the spontaneity of the offer, but replied that there was in reality little likelihood of the Bermondsey nuns

being wanted, as he had written to Ireland and elsewhere, and three only would be accepted in any case. This was on Saturday.

On Monday 16, the Superior received the following letter from the Bishop, enclosing one from a Government official which informed him that nurses were to be sent off on the next day, Tuesday, and that if leave could be obtained for nuns to go, it would be important that they should precede the nurses :

‘October 16, 1854.

‘Dear Reverend Mother,—Here is a startling letter. I do not know whether there is any hope of success, but provide warm clothing for four, and have them ready if they are allowed to go. But I think it is impossible to spare you. The other three will certainly do, but I cannot make up my mind about you. How would Bermondsey go on with myself in Rome? *Pray*, and try to find another sister to make up four, with this condition that if four go, you shall be one.’

Further consideration led Dr. Grant to decide that it was advisable to let Reverend Mother accomplish her generous purpose; he wrote to her to this effect, and also to the community as follows :—

‘October 16, 1854.

‘My dear Daughters in Christ,—In times of real difficulty the children of Mary must be ready to imitate her in her journey with haste into the mountains. Four of your number must start to-morrow for Turkey to nurse the sick. Our Dear Mother will guard those who remain, and as the lot of those who go will be the more difficult, it is necessary for her sake that your Reverend Mother should be one of the four. . . . May our Dear Lord guide and guard you all.’

The money for the expenses of this sudden expedition was generously provided by Lord Arundel and Surrey. This was Monday afternoon, and the first preparations for the long journey were not even begun. Father Collingridge kindly ran out and bought a coarse railway rug and a little travelling bag for each sister, and into this they packed their books of devotion and their scanty supply of clothes, the best belonging to all being requisitioned for the travellers. Few journeys ever resembled more completely that of their Divine Master in His flight into Egypt than did this of the Bermondsey nuns; it was undertaken at a few hours' notice, at the bidding of the angel, typified to them by obedience, in poverty, in utter ignorance of the circumstances of the road, and even of their own ultimate destination. The Right Reverend Dr. Morris, who was staying at St. George's, hearing of the sudden prospect of departure, came in to express his sympathy and offer the travellers any service in his power. He was amused and touched by the naïve confidence with which they were setting out on their campaign, and the happy ignorance they enjoyed of all particulars concerning it. They only knew for certain that they were going to Turkey, and were to leave at half-past seven next morning. 'And who is to take care of you from this to Turkey?' enquired the amazed Bishop; to which the Sisters replied 'they hoped their angel guardians would kindly do so.' He was much affected, and blessing them heartily, promised to be mindful of them in the Holy Sacrifice. The next morning they had a visit from Dr. Grant, who was full of his usual forethought and affectionate anxiety. When the Superior asked if he had any last advice to give them, he replied with emotion: 'Nothing; do the best



you can.' Their number having been increased to five, they had the happy inspiration of consecrating themselves to the Five Wounds of Our Lord. The Bishop furnished them with a letter of introduction to Mr. Goldsmid, a friend of his residing in Paris, who would show them any attention they required during their day's stay there, and desired them to go to the Hotel Meurice. They arrived in Paris very late at night, and there was not a spot in the Hotel Meurice where they could be taken in. They carried their letter to Mr. Goldsmid's residence, but he had retired for the night, and no entreaties could prevail upon the *concierge* to disturb him. The dismay of the travellers may be imagined. At last, seeing them so utterly helpless and stranded, the porter volunteered to conduct them to the Hotel Clarendon, where they were received with hospitality, and had much kindness shown to them. Mr. Goldsmid made his appearance there early next morning, with a telegram from the Bishop desiring them to remain in Paris until further orders. The next post brought a letter of explanation: 'After you left I had a message from the Government to the effect that they would see me on Wednesday (to-morrow), to arrange about nuns going to the East. I therefore send a telegraphic message to detain you in Paris till the answer comes from the Duke. Of course you are still to go, but there may be a delay of a day or two. Blessings to all the Sisters, &c.'

The next day brought them the following:—

'October 19, 1854.

'Dear Reverend Mother,—Since you left London on Tuesday, the Government has arranged to have a

complete establishment, or staff of nurses for Turkey under the superintendence of the charitable lady who will deliver this paper—Miss Nightingale. The nuns will be all under the care of a religious Superior, as they must be collected from different houses in England and Ireland ; but, of course, your nuns will always have the benefit of your advice and direction. The object is that one should act as representing all the nuns as *nuns*, whilst Miss Nightingale will be their superintendent as nurses.

‘ You can explain to the Sisters that you are all to start from Paris and travel with Miss Nightingale, whom you will find very kind and attentive.

‘ When you reach Turkey the chief duty of the Sisters will be to act as hospital nurses, but they will be free to say prayers with all who are Catholics.

‘ It is probable that the religious Superior over all the nuns will be some one accustomed to manage hospitals.

‘ I hope you will have many blessings for your journey, and for your work and duties. Blessings to all.

‘ × THOMAS GRANT.’

The following is the copy of the agreement drawn up for the Government by the Bishop, in the name of the Sisters :—

*To the Secretary of State.*

‘ St. George’s : October 20, 1854.

‘ Sir,—Having learned that you are willing to include among the nurses now about to proceed at the expense of Government to the Military Hospitals in the East, a number of Sisters of Mercy, I have offered

five under my spiritual care and I now beg to express my acceptance for their guidance of the conditions which have been laid down as follows.

‘1. Her Majesty’s Government having appointed Miss Nightingale to be Superintendent of the nurses’ department, it will belong to her office to regulate all the duties of the nurses in the hospitals, their employments, hours, places in the wards, &c., and in general all that falls under the head of hospital regulations. The Sisters of Mercy will therefore place themselves in these respects under her sole direction.

‘2. Inasmuch as the Sisters of Mercy or others depend on their respective superiors in England and Ireland for direction in the matter of their religious duty, it will be requisite that one of their number be appointed by competent authority in this country, to act as Superior in this respect while they are employed abroad. The Superintendent of the Nurses will communicate with them through their Superior; and in the event of any of them being judged by the Superintendent incompetent to fulfil the duties of nursing, the Superior will at once intimate to her the cessation of her employment in the Hospital.

‘If the Superior, on her part, should find it necessary that any of their number should return to England, the Superintendent will arrange for her passage home.

‘3. As no one will be admitted as a nurse in the Hospitals without the sanction of the Government, those who accompany the Superintendent from England, will receive their approval from her; and any Sisters who may hereafter be sent will be approved as nurses by Dr. Andrew Smith, if they are in London; or by a Medical Officer appointed by him in the neighbourhood of their residence if they are out of London.

‘4. The greatest caution being necessary on all hands, in the matter of religion, the Sisters of Mercy will hold themselves free to introduce such subjects only with patients of their own faith.

‘I have already mentioned that the Sisters now proceeding through France with Miss Nightingale have been taken from the Convent of Mercy under my charge, and as the Sisters of other Houses who may be required will be presented by their respective Superiors, I have endeavoured in this short space of time to communicate with them, and from the answers received, I have every reason to believe that they will fully acquiesce in these conditions.

‘Signed x THOMAS GRANT.’

The most delicate point of this agreement, viz., the reserve to be practised by the Sisters on the subject of religion, the Bishop impresses upon them in a letter of the same date as the document itself:—

‘October 20, 1854.

‘Dear Reverend Mother,—Since you started things have advanced very rapidly. When the Government saw the zeal of the Sisters, they resolved to encourage the work, and they found at the same time that many nurses would be required for the sick, who are beyond two thousand. For this purpose they selected Miss Nightingale as Superintendent of the nurses and they enquired whether the sisters would co-operate with her. Knowing that in the workhouses, etc., we are obliged to work under the superintendence of matrons and other officials, I replied, that there would be no difficulty, provided the Sisters were free as nuns to act under their own Superior. Of course as nurses the Sisters have no objection to be distributed



by her over the wards (two nuns at least being always together, although not necessarily both of the same Institute, *e.g.*, you might allow one of your Sisters to be with a Sister of Charity). If the Superintendent wishes to communicate with the nuns they are to receive the orders from their Superior. As nuns of various orders will be together, the Archbishop of Westminster will name one of the whole number to act as general Superior, but of course in ordinary matters you will guide your own nuns. I hope you will understand that I give you full power to act for the best, and to dispense them from fastings and abstinence and all other duties you may judge fit till they return home. You will have many opportunities of learning and practising mortification.

‘Your Sisters must learn to nurse, bandage wounds, dress them, and do all that you are accustomed to do for the poor in sickness. But you will submit to all these trials for the love of Our Dear Lord.

‘As to money matters, Miss Nightingale will pay all travelling expenses from Paris, and will give you the usual allowance in Turkey,<sup>1</sup> and if any of the Sisters come home before the others, she will find a passage for them.

‘I wish you to have 50*l.* for any little comforts you may wish to procure for the Sisters after you leave Paris, and whilst you are away. I wish you likewise to charge me, in addition to the 50*l.*, with all your expenses for clothing, journey to Paris, and stay there; and when you are leaving and have seen Miss Night-

<sup>1</sup> No payment was ever made to the Sisters from Bermondsey, and they never claimed any. Miss Nightingale knew they were acting from a higher motive, and in this respect distinguished them from all her other helpmates.

ingale (who will call on you perhaps before you receive this letter), you may leave the rest of the money with Mr. Goldsmid. But take as much as you need of it, even beyond the 50*l.*, and do not pay any to Mr. Goldsmid until you have ascertained that Miss Nightingale will pay passage, etc. The Government gives her means to do it, and you may take all you can get without scruple.

‘I hope you will understand this money business. Government has undertaken to pay for you from Paris onwards, and you may talk quite freely to Miss Nightingale about every arrangement, and after you have assured yourself that all your wants will be cared for, keep *at least* 50*l.* for comforts (such as fire in winter, etc.), and keep more if you see you are likely to require it. I wish I could get to Paris before you start, but it is not possible, and therefore I must commend you and your four companions to our dear Mother. You must ask Her to make you good nurses. . . . Tell the Sisters to throw their will into the work, and not to be afraid of wounds and death, and to help the sick in every way. You will disarm prejudice by your zeal and charity, and you will help many to die in peace. *Do not introduce religion to any but Catholics*, but if others speak do not be afraid to answer. When you can, suggest an act to the dying of Contrition, Faith, etc. But avoid beginning the subject of controversy to those who are not dying, *unless they are Catholics*, to whom speak quite freely always. The regulations of Miss Nightingale specify that you are not to introduce religion to any but Catholics. Mind, nurse well and efficiently, and encourage one another. Write when you can. God bless you all.

‘Yours very respectfully.

‘x THOMAS GRANT.’

The Government having accepted ten sisters upon the staff of nurses, Dr. Grant was naturally very anxious to make up the number; but as none of his appeals to the Sisters of Mercy and other active communities in Ireland and elsewhere had been successful so far, and as it seemed impossible to withdraw any more Sisters from Bermondsey, the chance of finding the other five appeared hopeless. In his distress he started off to Norwood to set the children praying. 'Here is the permission to send ten nuns,' he said to the Superior, 'and I have only the five who are already gone. I see no chance of making up the number in time, for the departure is fixed for the day after to-morrow, the 23rd, and this is the 21st.' He had written again to Ireland and had still a lingering hope in that direction; 'but there is no post on Sunday,' he observed, 'so if the answer comes in time the nuns must bring it themselves. If they accept they will barely have time to pack up when they get my letter and come off.' He was agitated, and sat for a moment silent and absorbed. 'My Lord,' said the Superior after a pause, 'we have no mission for the service of the sick, but you can dispose of us as you think fit.' 'Do you say so!' exclaimed the Bishop; and, with a quiet 'God be praised!' the offer was accepted, and it was decided at once that five of the most eligible of the sisterhood should be prepared to start on Monday morning. 'It may be that you will not be wanted,' added Dr. Grant, 'the others may arrive in time to follow, and you may not have to go beyond Marseilles; but you will be ready in any case.' He returned to St. George's in high spirits. Norwood meanwhile became as busy as a bee-hive, full of excitement and suspense. Saturday night passed without

bringing them any news of an arrival from Ireland, and early on Sunday morning they had a letter from the Bishop desiring the five Sisters to be ready to start the next day.

With his proverbial thoughtfulness in trifles, he sent leave for the travellers to do any needlework that was necessary, though it was Sunday. There had been a generous rivalry amongst the Sisters as to who should be chosen for the post of charity and danger, each urging some prior claim over the other ; but the Bishop narrowed the circle of competitors by requesting that if possible English Sisters alone might be selected. Five missionaries were therefore named by the Superior. They went at once into the chapel, and there, prostrated before the Blessed Sacrament, they made an offering of their lives to God in the service of their fellow-creatures. The following morning the Bishop was at the station before six, waiting to speed the humble warriors of mercy on their way to the battle-field ; but when it came to saying good-bye his heart was too full to speak ; he could only bless them again and again in silence.

Meanwhile the travellers who had preceded the Norwood missionaries wrote in great spirits from Paris :

‘ October 22.

‘ We are very merry and happy ; we have been at Mass each day soon after six. We have been thinking of you all, dearest Sisters, and praying for you. Now you must pray that we may do everything well and give satisfaction.’

On the morning of the 24th, the little group from Bermondsey joined Miss Nightingale and her party at the Hotel Saxe-Cobourg where the Norwood nuns had



arrived the preceding night. They all sailed together from Marseilles on the 27th, encountered a fearful storm off Malta in which the vessel was nearly lost, and after a very perilous voyage on the whole, reached Scutari on Saturday, November 4. The military authorities, who had not been warned of their arrival, made a difficulty about letting them land; however, after one more weary day on board the 'Vectis,' Miss Nightingale came to an understanding with them, and towards evening she and her companions came on shore. Great crowds were attracted by the news of this extraordinary arrival, and a number of the soldiers escorted the party to the barracks where apartments were allotted to them. This immense building, capable of accommodating five thousand men, had been handed over by the Sultan as a *dépôt* for the English troops. He also gave up to them the hospital belonging to it, large enough to hold two thousand beds, and his own summer palace, Haida Pacha, which was occupied as a hospital in the January following. The barrack was built round a square. The wards and corridors of one entire flat, and part of two others occupied by patients, were filled with beds, which, measured across with the intervals between them, extended over a space of from three to four miles. The quarters allotted to Miss Nightingale were in the North West Tower (there being one at each angle of the building). A large room near hers was given to the twelve hospital nurses, and another to the ten religious. Nothing could be more desolate than the whole aspect, interior and exterior, of this abode. The sole furniture of the Sisters' room consisted of an old chair, which, being luckily broken of its back, contrived 'the double debt to pay,' of a seat and a table. The

windows were broken in several places, and an icy wind blew through them ; the weather was intensely cold, and there was no means of procuring a fire. The commandant kindly sent them some mattresses and such bedcovering as could be spared, while the soldiers hospitably shared their rations with them, no provision having been made for this unforeseen addition. The longing for refreshment of a cup of tea was obtained under difficulties. Some tea was dropped into a can of *warm* water procured by an energetic soldier from the barrack kitchen, and a small quantity of this exhilarating beverage was measured into a copper basin, without sugar or milk, to each of the Sisters ; this, with a small slice of bread, constituted the first repast of the missionaries on arriving feverish, and worn with sickness after their long voyage. They were quickly distributed in the various departments of the hospitals by their gentle and courageous chief, whose kindness from the first was an unfailing solace and support to them.

By a coincidence, which Dr. Grant heard of with delight, amongst the very first whom the Norwood Sisters attended was a soldier, whose little child had been received into the orphanage just as the order came for him to sail ; the poor fellow was lying at the point of death when the Sisters landed, and was soothed in his last moments by those who were henceforth to be the only parents of his child. She was baptized at Norwood by the name of Germaine, after the blessed Germaine Cousin, to whom Dr. Grant had a great devotion.

The battle of Inkermann<sup>1</sup> followed immediately on the arrival of the nursing staff, and the hospitals henceforth teemed with the dying and the dead. The history

<sup>1</sup> November 5.

of this portion of the allied campaign has been too amply written to admit of more than an incidental notice here, sufficient to connect the links of our narrative. Of the heroism of our soldiers, dying in the thick of the murderous fight on those victorious battle-fields, or stiffening in snow-filled trenches under bitter midnight skies, we have heard much, and of other heroism of a higher and holier kind we have heard something too; but at best, what little the sufferers have told is but a shadow of the reality. No painting, however graphic, could convey a true idea of what they, one and all, endured in their self-imposed warfare with death and sickness. In the stinging cold of an eastern winter, when everything froze hard, they were without a fire; their food was so scanty and so bad that it reduced them to a choice between sickness and hunger, hunger not in the figurative, but in the literal sense; the bread was always sour, and generally mouldy; the meat was of the worst description, and divided in a manner only fit for animals. But the misery, compared to which all these were light, was the want of water. During the first six weeks after their arrival, a drink of pure water was a luxury not to be had; even for washing, there was an impossibility of getting the necessary supply; and so destitute were they of all conveniences, that they were forced to wash in the same water, and actually to wash their linen in the same basin, making contrivances for both washing and drying which hardly could be credited. The Sisters had no second habits, or veils of course, so that when one of them was caught in the rain, which occasionally fell in torrents, there was no alternative but to remain in bed, while some kind-hearted soldier employed himself drying the wet clothes at the kitchen fire. The soldiers indeed



vied with each other in helping and serving the nuns, and showing them respect, and every little attention in their power. 'You would be surprised at the nice feeling the men show,' one of them writes from the Scutari Barracks, 'they are so cautious in their manners, and never utter a bad word, or an oath before us. If one chances to say what the others think too free in our presence, the whole ward cry out "hush!" sometimes I cannot imagine what they are calling out for. The men are over-grateful for the little we can do for them, and generally are very patient. The other day I was dressing a gangrened wound in a man's leg, and he tried to draw a plan of Sebastopol on it to explain the fighting to me. I can't say I was much the wiser, for the wound occupied all my attention; however, I made out that there are seven ships sunk across the harbour.'

Meanwhile, a great joy was at hand to console the toilers in their exile.

We have seen Dr. Grant setting out towards Rome<sup>1</sup> the day after the Sisters started from Paris. In this year of the Crimean campaign, he paid his first visit to Rome as a bishop. While the war trumpet was calling Europe to slaughter in the East, the drums of Christendom were beating to arms in another direction; the Church was gathering the shepherds of her flock for the Definition of the glorious dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The thrill of joy with which our hearts responded to that call is too recent to need more than a passing mention here. We needed no confirmation of the divine prerogative of the Virgin Mother of God; faith in her Immaculate

<sup>1</sup> His step-mother died on the very eve of his departure from England. The Bishop only learned the sad intelligence on reaching Rome.



Conception has lain deep in the bosom of the Church, rooted to the core of the heart of hearts of her children since the earliest days of her existence ; a doubt in it would have been a disloyalty to Mary, a blasphemy against the unutterable holiness of the Incarnate God, too horrible for any Catholic heart to contemplate. That glorious Ave that broke from Gabriel's lips upon the silence of the Virgin's midnight prayer, proclaiming her 'Blessed amongst women,' anticipated the voice of the Church, which did but echo it after the lapse of eighteen centuries, for the greater joy and consolation of heaven and earth. Blessed and beautiful Ave ! It has gone on ringing over our dull earth like a note of celestial music ever since, a far-away echo of the angels' songs floating down to us through some little chink in the sky. We wanted no higher assurance of Our Mother's birth-right, no fuller evidence of her claim upon our love and worship ; but all the same, the Definition of the Dogma was a joy to us. The sweet thunder of the decree that came pealing forth from the Vatican on December 8, 1854, was a joy the like of which Christendom will never know again ; never until we hear Gabriel with the nine choirs of his brother spirits sounding in full chorus around Mary's throne, the song of which that midnight Ave was but as the dim, faint whisper of a dream.

We can better imagine than describe the feelings with which so loving a son of Mary as the Bishop of Southwark went to take his share in the assembly convened for the definition of the dogma. He set forth upon his journey to Rome in the spirit of a loyal subject going to assist at the solemn coronation of the Sovereign who already held his entire allegiance by right divine of her inheritance. The ceremonial in

itself would be a glorious spectacle to witness ; it would be a glad sight to see the regalia, the old familiar crown with its stars and queenly gems, reset, as it were, in new gold, and invested with a grander official splendour.

When the bishops reached Rome they were assembled for three successive days to give their opinion upon the form in which the dogmatic Decree was drawn up, and the result of the deliberation was that the form of the Decree was recast. The report of the English Bishops on their return was, that the late Bishop of Bruges and the Bishop of Southwark had both distinguished themselves on that occasion, and that ‘ Dr. Grant’s observations made a great impression.’

His discourse has not, unfortunately, been preserved to us, but its effect is thus further noticed in a letter written from Rome by one of his brother prelates : ‘ Southwark spoke next, and all that venerable assembly listened with admiration to his words of profound wisdom and deep piety.’

Dr. Grant’s own letters immediately after the promulgation of the Dogma read like those of a son rejoicing at his mother’s apotheosis, and the vindication of her sublime, incomparable, unimpeachable prerogative. His absent daughters of Norwood and Bermondsey are the first to whom he sends the glad tidings :—

‘ Rome : December 11, 1854.

‘ It will spread joy amongst your pious community (for I consider Norwood and Bermondsey one at Scutari as they have ever been in spirit at home), to hear that our Holy Father, Pius IX., declared on the great festival of our Dear Mother that all are bound

to believe and hold that the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God was revealed by Him to His Church, and is therefore a solemn doctrine of our Faith. In the midst of your anxieties and toil these glad tidings will shine upon your souls, and cheer you to gain more and more of your poor patients to love her ; when you pronounce her sweet and powerful name in the rosary, or by their bed-sides, you will feel that it has gained more sweetness and strength by the definition of this glorious mystery. His Holiness shed many tears as he spoke, for he has always had a very tender devotion to our dear Immaculate Mother, and he was overjoyed at the grace that was given to him by which he was called to display to the world the brightest jewel in her crown. You may imagine how much the bishops and priests who stood around him were moved ; we might well have thought that Heaven had begun for us when we were chosen to give such glory to our kind and loving Mother ! I did not forget in the midst of this joy the Sisters of Norwood and Bermondsey. There were fifty-three cardinals, two of whom had arisen from a sick bed to be present on such a glad day. Forty-three archbishops represented all the quarters of the world, and brought to the throne of Mary the homage of the many provinces over which they preside. One hundred and four bishops, added to their numbers, gave a lively picture of the unity and universality of the Church. All had come in a cheerful compliance with the wish of His Holiness, and there was but one heart and one voice in all that venerable assembly. Some had travelled from China, another from Australia, another from the distant islands of Asia, and many from the Canadian and United provinces of America ; and these, with the bishops (seven

in number) of the young Hierarchy of England, were standing amongst the pastors of the ancient historical sees whose former bishops are honoured by all the churches amongst the canonized saints:—Milan told us of St. Ambrose and St. Charles; Lyons of St. Irenæus; all had assembled together to offer honour and respect and glory to our dear Mother.

‘Next day His Holiness called us together, and made us an affecting address, in the course of which he praised the generosity with which priests and *nuns* had faced death during the cholera for the sake of the dying.

‘May our dear Mother guard you all!’

Of this heroic devotion to the victims of cholera which the Holy Father commended in his children, he was himself the first to set them an example. In a letter, dated the previous October, Dr. Grant thus speaks of it: ‘Truly it is in the hospital of the Holy Ghost, on the banks of the Tiber, that the glory of the Papacy has shone with its brightest lustre. There, in the chamber of pestilence, and amidst the horrors and the agonies of death, the Holy Father was daily seen, his shadow, like that of Peter, overshadowing the sufferers (Acts, v. 15), his voice breathing comfort to their hearts, and healing their souls. He cheered the sick, he encouraged and consoled the dying; he administered the last rites, bestowed the last blessing of the Church upon the expiring victim, and assisted the departing spirit onward in its awful journey to eternity.’ In his first pastoral written after the definition of the Dogma, and dated ‘The Villa of the English College, near Rome, January 27, 1855,’ the Bishop says:—

‘The prayers which you offered in union with the



whole Church (during the Jubilee) have been answered. The scourge of pestilence has been stayed, and hopes are now promising deliverance from the calamities and horrors of war. But the chief and highest grace which you asked was that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception might be defined, and you have received with affectionate gratitude the tidings of this decree, whereby the successor of St. Peter has taught us that this sublime mystery, revealed by our divine Lord, proclaimed in the Liturgy of the Church, and held by the Fathers and Doctors, is to be believed as an article and dogma of faith. Let us give thanks to our dear and loving Father for His goodness in reserving for our days and for our Holy Pontiff the glory of this definition, and the consolations which it will bring in the increased reverence and honour of the children of Mary to their beloved Mother.' And as joy softens the heart, and renders it accessible to the sorrows of others, opening the hand of charity, the Bishop seized this opportunity of saying a word for his dear orphans. The war had considerably swollen their ranks by sweeping off so many thousands of our brave soldiers; and the orphans at Norwood, showing themselves in this worthy children of their adopted father, of their own impulse threw their little earnings and savings into a common stock, in order that other children might be received into the home that was sheltering their own destitute childhood. Father Wheble, who left his flock in England to find an early death at Balaklava, sent from the scene of his apostolic labours a contribution to the touching store.

In a later pastoral, returning to the subject of the definition of Our Mother's Immaculate Coronation, the Bishop says :—

'When the shepherds awoke in the blue midnight to the songs of the angels, they said, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this word that has come to pass which the Lord hath showed to us" (Luke ii. 15); and when the shepherds of Our Lord's flocks saw in the gloom of irreligion and error the shining light of the Immaculate Conception, they rose and said, "Let us go to Rome and see about this message that invites us all to honour this mystery." Their words were welcome. The chief shepherd in his exile was longing to crown his sufferings as well as his joys by declaring this majestic truth to all nations. They knew that learned men in their universities had inherited this teaching from their forefathers; they remembered how religious orders had learned from their holy founders to pray that the day of its final manifestation might be hastened. As the faithful knelt before the Blessed Sacrament under their Father's Throne, they were already accustomed to sing: "*Regina sine labe originali concepta, ora pro nobis,*" and pray that He might gather them under His wings, and might bless His people. From the distant cities of Australia came the Bishops of churches recently founded, bearing, too, the golden medals on which the mystery was to be commemorated, and they sat amongst the successors of St. Ambrose and the Fathers of the ancient councils of the East, of Germany, France, and Spain. In those councils had been seen aged men who had borne chains and banishment for the faith, and in the circle of prelates that listened reverentially to the voice of Peter, speaking in his successor, were reckoned some who had been driven for the sake of justice from their Sees. Some belonged to the old monarchies of Europe, some came from the republican states of the New World. There was war

amongst the princes, whom many of them obeyed as their earthly sovereigns. But within that dome of St. Peter's all were at peace, and all had but one thought and one speech. They were all children of Mary, and they were eager to see the crown unveiled which it had so long been the happiness of their sainted predecessors, and of their angels to contemplate ; . . . whilst you bless God that you have lived in the age which the Dogmatic definition of this great mystery will make memorable, you must strive to make each festival of Mary's increase your admiration of the grace which made her exclaim : " My soul doth magnify the Lord." '

' Bear with us, beloved brethren and children in Christ,' he cries out on the first recurrence of Rosary Sunday after the promulgation of the Dogma, ' bear with us if we tell you again of the joy that flowed over our soul on that happy day, when first this most exalted of privileges was solemnly pronounced to belong to our dear mother.' Five years later<sup>1</sup> he again exclaims. ' It has been a mercy which surely each of us now living shall celebrate with loving praises until our death, that our lot has been cast upon the happy days which have witnessed that great glory of Jesus—the definition of our Blessed Mother's Immaculate Conception ! ' The 8th of December was always kept by the Bishop with the glad rejoicings of a bridal day, and henceforth he was never heard to speak publicly of our Lady without prefixing the title immaculate to her name ; ' our dear and Immaculate Mother ' is the way he habitually styles her from this time forth in all his letters. ' The very sound of the name of Mary immaculate makes us happy ! ' he exclaimed, with a sudden look of ecstasy on his face, when speaking to a religious

<sup>1</sup> Pastoral for the Nativity of Our Lady, 1858.



on a very different subject into which this sweet sound had unexpectedly broken. Mary was in truth his Beautiful one, his Dove, his 'vine in full flower,' his 'spice tree shaken by the wind,' for ever shedding its fragrance over all things to him, happy or adverse; the Lily of Israel was the lady of his love, and faithfully, from his childhood upwards, he had served her with a love that never wavered, never waned, a love that was nourished by its own fire, ardent, loyal, intrepid, and substantial.

On the occasion of the Definition in 1854 an effort was made to obtain from the Holy Father a decree declaring the venerable Bede doctor of the Universal Church. A petition to this effect was drawn up by nearly all the Bishops then in Rome, and Dr. Grant took an active part in the matter. He drew up a circular letter to the Bishops, which was signed by Cardinal Wiseman in the name of the English hierarchy, asking them to append their signatures to the petition.

Dr. Grant had always much at heart the return of the old English saints to their long vacant places in their native land. When the new church of Dartford was to be consecrated, the Bishop proposed to enshrine St. Anselm there. 'In order,' he writes (August 19, 1865) 'that time may restore something to our old saints, let us give Dartford to *St. Anselm*, as we have in the diocese, St. Augustine, St. Dunstan (Mayfield), St. Thomas of Canterbury.'

The new mission was accordingly placed under the protection of the gentle old saint, and Dr. Grant writes joyfully to the same friend: 'St. Anselm was in life a peacemaker, blessed be his name and his success<sup>1</sup> here!'

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to a misunderstanding which had been satisfactorily settled just after the consecration of the Church to St. Anselm.



Another event which marked this most eventful year 1854 was the transfer of The Jesuit Noviceship from Lancashire to Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor, thus bringing it within the jurisdiction of the See of Southwark. The advent of the Sons of St. Ignatius to his diocese was hailed by the Bishop as a special token of divine favour. Writing to a religious at the time he said :—

‘Our Blessed Lady has obtained me many great favours during my life ; but she has never obtained me so great a one as sending the Jesuit Noviceship into my diocese.’

How amply justified he was in rejoicing at the advent of the Jesuit Fathers into the midst of his people may be dimly seen by the following list, which, in the thankfulness of his heart, the Bishop sent off to a friend with a loud *Deo gratias* as soon as it came into his hands : ‘The Fathers S. J. ended their retreat at Bermondsey to-night. Results of three weeks.

Confessions . . . . .	5,867
Reclaimed negligent . . . . .	1,146
Communions . . . . .	4,439 (last year, 2,200)
Received Protestants, 3 ; and others are preparing.’	

The necessity for providing military chaplains for the Crimea had impoverished many of the home missions just at this time, so on his way to Rome, Dr. Grant made it a matter of earnest prayer through the mystery of the Immaculate Conception that some Religious Communities might be inspired to come to the diocese and fill up the vacant places in the ranks ; ‘for truly,’ he said, ‘the harvest is ready, but the labourers are few.’ While he was thus calling the workmen into the field, they, unawares, were making ready to come to him. The Capuchin Fathers were very

anxious to make a foundation in England; and their Superior went to confer with Cardinal Franzone to this effect, telling him at the same time they were so poor that the idea of a new foundation and at such a distance, seemed, humanly speaking, impossible. 'Go and talk to Monsignor Grant about it,' said the Cardinal, 'he is just arrived, and he will advise you.' To which F. Emedius replied: 'Monsignor Grant is as poor as a Capuchin himself.' 'I know that,' said His Eminence, 'but go and see him all the same.' F. Emedius went, and no sooner had he disclosed the motive of his visit than Dr. Grant burst out joyfully: 'Why see! I am just writing home to my clergy telling them to pray to Almighty God to send us some zealous priests to help in the diocese, and here you come in answer to the letter!' The Capuchin fathers came over at once, and established a community at Peckham, where in course of time, after many disappointments, and bafflings, and long struggles they built a beautiful church. Dr. Grant knew the difficulties they had to contend with, and lost no opportunity of testifying in every way his gratitude to the Fathers for the zeal and self-devotion with which they laboured amongst his people.

He longed to see religious orders take root in his diocese, especially contemplative ones. In olden days the district was blessed by the presence of several Carmelite monasteries, and the Bishop set his heart on having at least one of them return during his time. This wish was granted to him. Some English Carmelite nuns at Valognes were desirous of coming to England; Dr. Grant heard of it, and at once invited them to Southwark.

'I am very happy to-day,' he writes, when their coming was decided, 'I am to have some Carmelites

in Southwark to pray for us. *Deo gratias !*' Nothing could exceed his kindness to the little community, both during the painful period of their first installation, and through the many trials that awaited them later on : poverty amounting to destitution, and the desertion of friends whose promises, accepted in good faith and cruelly broken, led them into unforeseen and terrible difficulties. But God in His love bore the heroic daughters of the Seraphic Saint unharmed through the furnace they had entered for His sake. It was repeated to the Bishop that a person, lamenting that a contemplative community had come into his neighbourhood instead of an active one, had remarked that though the former were very edifying they were of no use ; ' Oh,' replied Dr. Grant, ' I suppose he considers the angels who stand before the throne saying Holy ! Holy ! to the God of Sabaoth ! are of no use.'

The foregoing remarks have interrupted the Crimean thread of our narrative, which we now resume. The Sisters needed truly all the solace and strength that the Bishop's advice and kindness could afford them, for their position was beset on every side with peculiar difficulties. Nuns, bound by vows and a strict religious rule, they were domesticated in the midst of three thousand soldiers, mixed up in hourly contact with foreigners of every clime ; accosted by the Turks with the familiar appellation of ' Johnny' which the latter give indiscriminately, though respectfully, to all English persons ; cut off from the enjoyment of a moment's solitude, or the possibility of performing any of their habitual devotions in common, all this, superadded to physical fatigue, and many grievous spiritual privations, rendered the task of the nuns no easy one. The laborious monotony of their life was indeed occasionally

enlivened by such accidents as the shock of an earthquake which lasted off and on for three days, and sent the patients darting out of their beds into the open space for safety ; or by a terrific thunder-storm, such as are frequent in those regions ; or by an alarm of fire in the middle of the night, as when Miss Nightingale, the first to descry the flames, rushed out to call up the fire-brigade, whose haste and energy proved however powerless to arrest the catastrophe.

These little incidents give but a faint idea of the reality of that prosaic life of active charity which we are so apt to invest with an imaginary garb of romance and poetry. A poem undoubtedly it was, 'mystic' and 'wonderful,' but not visible in its beauty to common eyes. It was a poem attuned to no earthly key, but to the voice of souls enamoured of the cross. Its echoes woke a kindred response in the heart of Dr. Grant. His letters to the Sisters all through this time breathe the tenderest sympathy for their trials, and at the same time a jealous desire that they should profit by them to the full, and not allow their hearts to be too much absorbed by surrounding cares, and thus drawn away from the life of interior union with their Crucified Spouse. 'You are first nuns, and then nurses,' he constantly reminds them. 'You will be cheerful,' he writes, 'and bear courageously all toil and suffering for the love of our sweet Lord, and to make amends for so many sinners who deny Him.' He implores them all to keep constantly before their eyes the remembrance of the passion . . . 'if we could only make all nuns, active and contemplative, feel that their vocation is to the interior and mysterious life of our Crucified Lord, and that their duties are only means to express love for Him, and to cultivate the spirit of that life, all



their duties would become holy, and they would never ask to have them altered . . . Suppose you have the solitude of the Prayer in the Garden for your meditation, even in the hurry and noise of the ward, an ejaculation will make you see *Him*, and you will forget the noise of the ward in that thought, and will stand near Him, and wish to gather up that holy stream that flows on the earth . . . I hear your children at Brighton have spread everywhere a devotion of three Aves in honour of the purity of Our Dear Lady, to beg that one mortal sin may be prevented in the world. They and the children in other convents are trying to sanctify this month by offerings for the holy souls in purgatory. I hope your sick love these dear souls, the spouses of Our Dear Lord. Make them think often of offering their sufferings for their sakes. Tell the sick and dying of our kind and affectionate St. Joseph . . . May He, who sends snow like wool, make the winter mild for your Sisters and your sick.'

His correspondence with the Sisters in the Crimea is as full and sustained as if it had been his chief business; he keeps them informed of every little incident of local interest, and of all that occurs in their respective communities; tells them of the events of the diocese, the priests that come and go, and those that die; the illnesses and little adventures of the children of the schools, are faithfully and minutely reported; he describes the clothing of a novice at one of the houses, and how 'it was great fun to see Sister —— in the fuss of her first ceremony.' If he reads a book of special interest, the absent ones must share it with him. At the end of a letter full of home news, and personal advice, he says:

'Lately I have been reading a book of Cardinal

Bellarmino's a summary of which I hope to give you on the next page,' and he then epitomises it as follows :

'The Seven Words on the Cross.

'These words teach all the virtues of a perfect religious :—

'1. Our Blessed Lord speaks after complete silence, and much suffering, and then only to pray.

'2. He preaches in poverty, having to ask even for a draught in thirst, and then receiving only vinegar.

'3. He preaches in mortification, and that preaching is :—

'4. On the Cross through obedience.

'5. What patience.

'6. See His humility. We ask for children to instruct, or sick to visit, who can appreciate our instruction, and reward us by their intelligence ; He comforts a poor and ignorant thief, who thus becomes my dear saint Dismas. Are not the dull children often our chief comfort ?

'See His humility in concealing His glory.

'His power is so concealed that He appears unable to come down from the Cross. "If Thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross.'

'His wisdom : see Him treated like a fool.

'His goodness and honour, crucified between two thieves.

'His glory, hidden under disgrace and ignominy.

'7. Can we be true religious unless we thirst for the glory of God, and the saving of children and sick ?  
*I thirst.*

'8. Ardent charity and love of God : "Father, into Thy hands."

'9. Perseverance, for which we must always pray.'

Every little annoyance, the changing vicissitudes

of the seasons, are noticed, and Dr. Grant always finds a point whereon to strike the *Sursum Corda* :—‘ I hope the Sisters will not suffer much in this summer heat,’ he writes, when the hot weather had set in, ‘ but when it oppresses them they will think of our Dear Lord going about the same Asia in which you are, healing the sick, and obliged to rest at the Well, and asking the Samaritan to give Him to drink. When you give out the linen you will think of Him who provides all our raiment as He clothes the lilies of the field.’

The fearful heat brought indeed a heavy addition to the burthen of the Sisters. Cholera came in its wake, and raged relentlessly during the summer months; the persecuting mosquitos buzzed and stung away all chance of sleep during the sultry nights, and the flies were nearly as bad by day. Two of the Sisters fell seriously ill, and it was considered impossible for them to remain at their post; as soon as they were out of danger Dr. Grant was informed of their probable return to England within a short time. The news greatly distressed him, and he wrote at once affectionately encouraging the invalids to ‘ fight to the last against illness and weariness,’ and beseeching them to do all that was humanly possible ‘ before retiring from such a glorious field.’ ‘ Tell Sister —— ’ he urges again, ‘ that it would be a great pity to spoil the holy number of *five* by losing strength. Mr. Bagshawe will perhaps find time to tell her what to read, or how to spend her time, as the nuns are taken up all day with their duties, and cannot leave them to nurse her when they would wish. Tell her *to take a resolution* to forget all her sickness, and she will find that all will be well in a day or two. But, if the medical authorities

press for her return, she must come home ; she would not be justified in risking her life or her health against their orders.' Other complications appeared at this time, and, for a moment, threatened to compel the return of the entire band of religious nurses. 'I have heard of Lord W. Paulett's threatened prohibition to you about speaking even to Catholics,' writes the Bishop ; ' . . . if he puts it in writing it will be contrary to the express agreement with Government, and as it will reduce you to mere nurses, and destroy your spiritual position, you will of course at once tell Miss Nightingale that it is your duty to return home.' Then again he was disturbed by reports which, insignificant at their rise, gathered importance in their transit from Scutari to England, and by the time they reached St. George's were magnified into serious entanglements. It was said that the nuns and the seculars 'were not pulling together ;' that the former resented very properly the indignity of being placed under the domination of Miss Nightingale, 'a secular and a heretic to boot,' whose rule was represented as neither so gentle nor so enlightened as it was. An evangelical pamphlet appeared denouncing the relative positions as a preposterous incongruity, and showing up the absurdity of 'Catholic nuns transferring their allegiance from the Pope of Rome to a Protestant lady.' The only result of this diatribe at Scutari was to give the objects of it a hearty laugh. One of the Sisters on hearing of it playfully addressed Miss Nightingale as 'Your Holiness,' and the latter retorted by dubbing her 'Cardinal.' But Dr. Grant, who was so far away from the scene of the supposed dissensions, was for a time much perplexed by these idle and malicious reports. They were, however, in due time entirely



dispelled by letters from the Sisters themselves. In answer to one full of cheerfulness and bearing good tidings, especially from the invalids, the Bishop answers in great spirits :—

‘ I thank our Blessed Mother for keeping you all in such good health and spirits. I am sure she will guard and bless you all in your work of charity and mercy. I should have been disposed to tell you to return when I found the uncertainty of all the Scutari plans, but I have decided upon allowing you to stay in order that you may answer the good purpose of protecting the nuns in England from Convent Bills, with which they have been so often threatened.

‘ It will be better that any act whereby you are led to return home should not come from yourselves, lest it should be said that we have abandoned our poor soldiers.’

A few weeks later, August 12, 1855, he writes : ‘ Bless the Sisters for me, and tell them that during this last session of Parliament no one has dared to say a single word against convents or religion, although the bigots have been otherwise very active. This silence is attributable, through the Divine blessing, to the Sisters.’

The Bishop’s heart was further consoled by a description of the fervour and festal pomp with which the glorious feast of Our Immaculate Mother’s Assumption was celebrated at Scutari by the nuns and the soldiers. Thanks to Miss Nightingale’s intervention, the largest room in the barrack was given up by the purveyor for a chapel. The Rev. Mr. Bagshawe was thus enabled to organise regular religious services, and the soldiers were assiduous in attending them, and in frequenting the sacraments. On the eve of the As-

sumption they assisted the nuns in decorating the chapel with boughs and flowers which they gathered themselves, and joined with fervour in the recital of the Rosary, and the chanting of the Litany of Our Lady. They also contributed with great generosity, of their own accord, gifts in the shape of candlesticks and other ornaments, as well as money to get a ciborium and thurible from London. The account of all this child-like piety in his dear soldiers brought joy to Dr. Grant. He writes to Scutari on September 3, 1855 :—

‘Your letter of the 2nd reached me yesterday. I am delighted with all your account of the progress of piety amongst the men. I am trying, tell Mr. Bagshawe, to send him a silver ciborium and thurible . . . and that I have sent to find a safe opportunity of getting them to him. . . . Please to tell Miss Nightingale we feel for her sorrow on account of the death of the nurse in charge of the 3rd and 4th divisional stores. . . . Mr. Clark said rightly that those who die of the fatigue of attending the sick will go speedily to their reward. Sickness from contagion or fatigue whilst you are attending the sick, will secure your crown, if you will only take care frequently to seek to do all in a spirit of charity.

‘The best way to avoid distractions will be to recollect as often as possible that Christ, our Dear Lord, lives in each of your sick flock ; think often how much St. Camillus de Lellis felt this truth since he prayed to the sick to forgive him his sins, to help him to hear Mass and to pray ; thus you will feel few distractions, because you will find yourselves living in the immediate presence of Him who has said : “Whatever you do to one of these little ones is done to me.” Or you

may renew the vision of St. Philip who saw the angel of each sick person whispering to the attendant priest the words to use and the thoughts to suggest. . . . By the time you receive this letter you will begin to prepare for the great feast of the Order of Mercy. May our sweet Mother send you all and your chaplain many joys on that day ! The eve will be the anniversary of my first visit to Bermondsey, four years ago.

‘Yours very respectfully,

‘ × THOMAS GRANT.’

It was nearly a year now since the little band had set out towards the East. ‘What a dream it all seems,’ exclaims one of them, writing home on October 14; ‘one can scarcely believe it will be a whole year next Wednesday, 17th, since we left dear old Bermondsey ! Well, who knows how soon we may be going back ? . . . Yesterday there were great rejoicings for something—a victory gained, we know not where, for we live happily ignorant of all that goes on beyond the walls, except that we see huts and tents springing up on all sides, as if they intended wintering here ; and we hear the cavalry bugles as well as the infantry. . . . Troops are going up to the Crimea every week, so that many of our old friends are now gone ; but we have many left ; all are good and ready to help us. They are greatly pleased to have a chapel, and have subscribed 6*l.*, with which Mr. Bagshawe thinks to buy a cope. He says we can easily make it—for that matter he could almost make one himself. Last week he resolved on reserving the most Blessed Sacrament in a poor tabernacle here, and we have a little lamp hung up beside the altar, and it is a great blessing to be able to go there *sometimes*. . . .’

‘You are happy now!’ exclaims the bishop hearing of this good news, ‘since you have *Him* living near you, and cheering you by His joyous presence! . . . I hope our dear Mother will give you all recollection and a spirit of union with the Immaculate Heart. It is nearly a year since she called you to the East . . . I am glad that Mr. Bagshawe’s work is so blessed, and that so many come to the Sacraments . . . Your year has been a year of grace and yet of suffering. May our dear Mother bless you all!’ Always mindful of the prisoners of purgatory, he occasionally bids the Sisters ‘help the souls in purgatory as much as they can.’

While the campaign lasted Dr. Grant never ceased reminding his flock to assist, both by prayers and generous and active work, the troops who were hourly meeting death in the many terrible forms of war, and also those who at home were waiting for the call to go forth and join them. He announces how ‘at<sup>1</sup> Sheerness our brave soldiers come to receive the Sacraments in a wooden chapel,’ and at Deal, how ‘the priest divides his life between care of the soldiers expecting to be summoned to the East, and sailors who, after they leave our ports, write to describe the want of Catholic books, and the anxiety with which as Sunday comes round they sigh for the opportunity of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice.’ ‘Without the generous aid of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, to whose Councils we can never be sufficiently grateful,’ adds the Bishop, ‘we must have closed as many as six or perhaps seven missions, and we could not have borne our share of the expense of sending chaplains and Sisters of Mercy to the hospitals and camps of Scutari

<sup>1</sup> Rosary Sunday, 1855.



and the Crimea.' In the same Pastoral he says : ' The gathering of troops at Aldershot has induced the military authorities to provide a chaplain for the Catholic officers and soldiers of the regiments stationed there.' The Bishop does not mention here or elsewhere how much he himself had to do in bringing about this measure, which was mainly due to his influence and exertions.

In November the cholera again broke out with great violence at Scutari. Many of the medical men were carried off, and the greatest alarm prevailed in the wards. The number of deaths from the terrible epidemic averaged from twenty to thirty a day. A hard-working and devoted lay Sister died at the general hospital, and was buried by the soldiers with every mark of gratitude and respect. Under this new pressure Miss Nightingale was naturally desirous of obtaining more helpmates from England, and wrote to Scutari from Balaklava, where she had gone for a few days, proposing that their staff should be strengthened from Bermondsey :

' November 19, 1855.

. . . ' If you think this desirable, will you write to me and also write home to your house ? I must communicate with the War Office, for it is not certain that they will sanction the measure.

' I cannot express to you, dear Reverend Mother, the gratitude which I and the whole country feel to you for your goodness. You have been one of our chief main-stays, and without you I do not know what would have become of the work. With love to all my sisters, believe me, dear Reverend Mother,

' Ever yours affectionately and gratefully,

' FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.'

This note being forwarded to the Bishop, brought the following reply :

‘ December 6.

‘ A happy Christmas and new year, and many blessings to yourselves and your sick !

‘ I am glad to think that Miss Nightingale prizes the help of the Sisters. I write at once to Mother Aloysius and I will consult Dr. Manning who acts for the Cardinal. . . . As soon as I receive both answers I will write again.’ The necessary permission was given, and on January 6, three Sisters from Bermondsey set out to join their companions in the East. Meantime the following letter came from Scutari to cheer the anxious hearts whom they had left behind them :

‘ December 27, 1855.

‘ We had our little chapel adorned very grandly on Christmas-day. Some of the police being Catholics, and some, not Catholics, being our friends, they took out fatigue parties of prisoners and brought us a quantity of lovely green boughs ; one of those men, who is really good and pious, decorated the chapel so that you might almost imagine the grotto of Bethlehem. The image of Our Lady which you sent us was fixed on a little side altar in a bower of green with white flowers ; and we had besides some beautiful bunches of real flowers procured for us by the same pious soldier. All the Catholic soldiers were waiting from 4 A.M. for the Mass which was celebrated at half-past six ; we had the second Mass, at half-past seven, and the troops were paraded for last Mass at nine o’clock. There was Benediction in the evening, and *The Adeste* was sung. . . . It was both temporally and spiritually a very different Christmas from the last. The men all

enjoyed themselves ; some of course a little too much, and so had the misfortune of being taken to the prison cells. . . . The prisoners are detained for a longer or shorter time according to their offences, and are employed daily in fatigue duty, that is in making roads, digging graves, &c. Father Bagshawe goes often to visit them, and has obtained leave for them to be marched to Mass on Sundays and to the devotions every evening. Several have been to the Sacraments this Christmas, and a great number of the other soldiers, thank God.' Shortly after Christmas, to the great regret of soldiers and Sisters, the Rev. Mr. Bagshawe resigned the chaplaincy at Scutari, to go and help the German regiments at Koukali, where his knowledge of their language stood them in good stead.

On January 22 the three new Sisters arrived at Scutari, and were placed at once in attendance on the Hospital Barrack. The extremes of the climate, joined to other fatigues, had begun to tell severely on the other Sisters. Their Superior fell dangerously ill. The Bishop therefore writes at the approach of Lent full of anxiety lest they should further tax their strength by fasting and abstinence ; he bids them moreover remember that ' Our dear Lord wishes us to look cheerful in Lent,' so they must take as much cheerful recreation as they possibly can during the penitential season. He concludes by hoping ' that the peace which is now so confidently promised (February 1, 1856), will soon bring them all safe home.'

On Good Friday three of the Sisters accompanied Miss Nightingale to the front, where she placed them on service at the Left Wing Hospital at Karain about five miles from Balaklava. They had a tent to themselves, open to the weather in many parts, and on awaking next morning they found themselves covered

with the snow that had fallen heavily all night. They were consoled for those little discomforts, by the arrival of a gentleman on horseback bearing them the princely present of some eggs tied up in a handkerchief. This benefactor proved to be the Protestant Chaplain<sup>1</sup> of the detachment, who showed the nuns many other acts of kindness and courtesy, which they strove to acknowledge by washing his neck-ties, a process performed under difficulties, the tea-pot filled with boiling water doing duty as a smoothing-iron.

A few days after their installation in these new quarters Miss Nightingale gives the following account of them to their friends at Scutari: 'March 28, 1856. . . . I want my Cardinal very much up here. . . . The Sisters are all quite well and cheerful, thank God for it. They have made their hut look quite tidy, and put up with their cold and inconveniences with the utmost self-abnegation. Everything, even the ink, freezes in our huts every night. . . . All yesterday I was in Balaklava with the purveyors and doctors, and could not see our 'Sisters. But I was able to send them up from our stores everything they wanted, and to settle with the doctors, which was the main thing, that we should be allowed to do the needful for the sick, give them all the extras (and cook them), all the medicines, &c., and see to the cleanliness of the patients. . . . each Sister has got her ward, and her arrangements with the doctors.' It was not long before an appeal came to Scutari for more Sisters, the immense increase of patients in the Balaklava Hospitals making it necessary to enlarge the number of nurses at any cost. The letter asking them to come reached Scutari at noon, and at 3 o'clock in the same afternoon three Sisters sailed for Bala-

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Mr. Holt.



klava, where they were warmly welcomed by their chief. 'Sister A——,' she writes, 'is such a very steady worker; she has seven sick huts; Sister C—— is commanding and courageous, and not easily daunted; Sister S—— is very brave, and has charge of the extra Diets which are very disorderly here.' One of the nuns caught a feverish cold, which culminated in a dangerous attack of fever, through which Miss Nightingale insisted on nursing her herself. One night, while watching by the sick bed, she beheld a huge rat disporting itself along the rafters right over the patient's head; she quietly caught hold of an umbrella, knocked down the rat and killed it without disturbing the invalid.

But the end of their mission was drawing near. Peace was proclaimed in April. We can imagine how joyfully the news was hailed by those who had learned amidst the ghastly sights of war to prize it and to long for it. The Sisters, however, were to remain some time longer at their post, for wounds and sickness did not end with battles. The Superior alone was recalled by a direct order from the Bishop. She had continued on, in spite of the serious illness already alluded to, and from which she had never fully rallied; but at last the medical officer took upon himself to write to Dr. Grant, assuring him that nothing but an immediate return to England could restore a health of which he had learned the value. The next post brought a peremptory command from the Bishop that she should leave Scutari by the first vessel that sailed for England. Accordingly, on April 28, 1856, the Superior went on board the 'Victoria,' homeward bound. 'Work away merrily!' are her parting words to the companions she left behind her at Balaklava and

Scutari, 'and what a hearty welcome I shall have for you all when you come home !'

We will close our brief outline of their common work by the following letter written from Balaklava by Miss Nightingale on the day her fellow-labourer left for England : ' . . . You know that I shall do everything I can for the Sisters whom you have left me. But it will not be like you. . . . I will try to remain in the Crimea for their sakes as long as we any of us are there. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Reverend Mother, because it would look as if I thought you had done the work, not unto God but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency both in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a superior ; my being placed over you was my misfortune not my fault. . . . I have now only to say that I hope you will not withdraw any of the Sisters now here till the work of the hospitals ceases to require their presence, and that I may be authorised to be judge of this : unless the health of any of them should make her return desirable, in which case I will faithfully inform you. I will care for them as if they were my own children. But that you know, and now it is a sacred trust from you.

' Sister M—— is, thank God, quite convalescent. . . . What you have done for the work no one can ever say. . . . If I thought that your valuable health would be restored by a return home, I should not regret it ; but I fear that unless you give up work for a time, which I do not well see how you can at home, your return to Bermondsey will only be the signal for greater calls upon your strength. However, it matters little, provided we spend our lives for God, whether,

like our Blessed Lord's, they are concluded in three and thirty years, or whether they are prolonged to old age. . . . I do not presume to give you any other tribute but my tears, and as I shall soon want a "character" from you, as my respected Sister G—— would say, I am not going to give you a "character." But I should be glad that the Bishop of Southwark should know, and Dr. Manning (although my "recommendation" is not likely to be of value to you but the contrary), that you were valued here as you deserve, and that the gratitude of the army is yours. . . . Will you thank the Bishop of Southwark, with my respectful remembrances, for his very kind letter to me? . . .'

The remaining Sisters sailed early in July from Balaklava in the 'Ottawa,' and reached England on the 27th.

The Sultan having placed at the disposal of the Government a sum of money to be distributed, as a token of gratitude from himself personally, amongst the ladies and nurses, Lord Panmure wrote to the Bishop of Southwark asking how he advised this gift to be divided, and concludes his letter with the following remarks: 'and further that you will express to the sisterhood the sense entertained by Her Majesty's Government of the devotion displayed by them in attending and mitigating the suffering of the sick and wounded soldiers in the British hospitals in the East.'

Lord Panmure's letter to Miss Nightingale contained a like graceful recognition. 'I am bound,' said his Lordship, 'to express our heartfelt acknowledgement to those ladies, Protestant and Roman Catholic, who were associated with you in your labours, and who have not shrunk in encountering privations, disease, and, unhappily in some instances, death itself, in ministering

to the relief and consolation of those who have fought and suffered in the late war.'

In reply to the official communication above named, the Bishop wrote, at the Sisters' request, declining all personal share in the gift, and begging that it might be otherwise bestowed. 'The Sisters feel,' he said, 'that in being permitted to distribute the gift of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan amongst the poor and infirm, they will not lose the honour which they so highly prized of having been allowed to devote their services without a hope of any earthly reward to the alleviation of the sufferings and to the care of the sick and dying soldiers of the Eastern Expeditionary army.' The money allotted to them was accordingly distributed amongst the poor and the sick of their district.

The happy return of the Missionaries was thus commemorated by the Bishop in his pastoral of the Rosary Sunday following: 'The close of the war has brought back to us the Sisters, whose devoted charity carried them to the encampment of the Crimea and the hospitals of Scutari, and who have earned for themselves, not indeed the perishable glory of earthly victory, but the promise of everlasting reward, and of unfading crowns.'



## CHAPTER VIII.

1856-59.

DR. GRANT'S solicitude for the spiritual welfare of our soldiers did not slacken with the end of the campaign which had so specially called it forth. His most arduous endeavours in their behalf may rather be said to date from this period. It was a great deal to have obtained Catholic chaplains during time of war, but as soldiers die and have souls to save equally in times of peace, it was only less pressing to secure them the help of religious instruction and the Sacraments permanently. The Crimean appointments of assistant chaplains came to an end with the war, and the question was now to obtain from Government a certain number of official appointments, securing to Catholic chaplains a fixed emolument with relative rank in the army. It would be wearisome and useless to recapitulate all the steps taken by the Bishop of Southwark in this cause, and the long series of efforts and failures that led to final success. We will content ourselves with summing them up in the Bishop of Birmingham's words. 'All our really successful negotiations with the Government in his time,' says Dr. Ullathorne, 'for military chaplains, and for navy chaplains, for mitigating oppressive laws, for Government prison chaplains, have been directly or indirectly owing to his tact and wisdom.' This tact and wisdom which he exercised to such good

purpose on one side were equalled on the other by his delicacy and conscientiousness.

Dr. Grant carried his proverbial scrupulosity into his dealings with the Government, and was most careful not to claim from the State one fraction more than was absolutely necessary in each case.

‘As you will, I suppose, meet the Hants clergy on Tuesday,’ he writes to one whose zeal seconded his own exertions, ‘four of the military chaplains will be there together, and it will therefore be easy for you to ascertain their opinion respecting the contingent allowances in order that a uniform charge may be made. I will consult all the chaplains likewise. I believe the only two items hitherto named are wine, and washing of surplices.

‘With regard to the first, I beg to ask the chaplains whether they agree in thinking that the charge ought to apply to all Masses which the priest says, or only to those which he is bound in conscience to say?’

‘If all do not charge alike, it will be supposed that some are more grasping, or others less exact and faithful than their brother chaplains. Again, if we charge uniformly the same sum as if we said Mass every day, we shall be bound either to say Mass daily, or to refund a portion of the money. Hence I think that all that ought to be claimed is an allowance for the Masses which every chaplain considers himself and other chaplains *bound* to say for the military. Starting with this uniform principle of obligation, we have in the course of the year :—

Fifty-two Sundays, with two masses usually . . .	104
Eight days of obligation, with one mass usually . . .	8
Twenty two days <i>pro populo</i> . . . . .	22

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134

This gives  $4 \div 134$ ,  $33\frac{1}{2}$  every quarter.

‘If any priest says only one Mass on the Sundays, his proportion would be diminished.

‘The authorities at the War Office notice that we do not give wine to the laity, and therefore they feel that our claim must be peculiar, and not as extensive as that of the established clergy . . .’ In conclusion the Bishop says that as soon as he has heard the opinion of the various military chaplains in England he will proceed to make similar enquiries in Ireland concerning the uniform charges to be adopted. ‘The War Office,’ he says, ‘has asked my opinion, and I am obliged to give some answer.’

When the War Office had acceded to the reasonable demands of the Catholics, and appointed military chaplains on terms honourable to themselves and to the Church they represented, when all obstacles had been overcome, and conflicting opinions reconciled on every side, when in fact the pacific battle was won, and the meek champion of the cause was entoning his *Te Deum* from a full heart, an opponent started up in a most unexpected quarter. The decree for the nomination of army and navy chaplains did not for some reason or other give satisfaction in Ireland, and its rejection came from a quarter where it was extremely painful for a Catholic Bishop to meet with opposition. Dr. Grant’s equanimity was so much ruffled that he for a moment included the whole nation in his displeasure, and dearly as he loved ‘those brave and loyal brethren, the vigorous hearted sons of St. Patrick,’ he could not resist venting his vexation against them *en masse* in a trusty Saxon ear: ‘*Questi Irlandesi* are occasionally *seccanti*,’ he writes, ‘they abuse the government till they get something, and then they frustrate it if they can.’ ‘There is nothing so fatal to a priest’s influence

amongst an Irish flock,' he says again, 'as the feeling that whilst the clergy in Ireland are opposed to any measure, their priest in England is supporting that measure. You will find this amongst your soldiers.' He set to work, however, at his old mission of pouring out oil upon the waters, and after a while they subsided, and there was peace once more between the sister arks.

The following letter shows Dr. Grant's practical zeal concerning the morality of the troops :—

'On conferring with several military chaplains about marriages performed for soldiers in the various camps, I have been much distressed by discovering that whenever there is no place registered for marriages in the neighbourhood of the camps, soldiers have been unfortunately obliged to go to the Registrar's Office in the first instance in order that the clergyman might escape the danger of being tried for felony, on account of the offence of celebrating the religious marriage before the civil contract had taken place.

'Again, I have found that in several of these instances the religious ceremony has been entirely omitted as the soldiers have been content with the mere civil contract. This practice is contrary, as you are well aware, to our principles, as we feel that it is disrespectful to the Sacrament of Matrimony to neglect the solemn and religious ceremony which ought to honour its reception. The legislature wisely recognizes the feelings of Catholics and of all denominations by allowing their places of worship to be registered for marriages, and I hope you will use every effort to obtain the permission of the military authorities for the registration of a place of worship at Aldershot for this purpose. I need not explain to you that it will not give us any power or standing, other or greater



than each denomination possesses at present, to have the church registered for the solemnisation of marriages. If you have occasion to make any representation to General Knollys, please to offer my respectful thanks for his kindness to me at Aldershot, and to yourself and your flocks.'

It is pleasant to be able to put on record the almost unvarying kindness which Dr. Grant met with in his personal intercourse with the military authorities as well as from the ministers of the crown, a circumstance which softened down many asperities, and contributed, we may fairly hope, to tighten the bonds of charity and loyalty between opposite parties and widely distant classes. The special occasion to which he here refers, was that of the consecration of the Catholic cemetery at Aldershot. General Knollys invited him to lunch, the invitation being conveyed by the military chaplain of the camp. The Bishop accepted it, but in his reply to this effect, said: 'I hope you won't be bothering me to wear the purple collar and that sort of thing at this fine luncheon;' his humility making him shrink almost unreasonably from any outward exhibition of his episcopal rank. His correspondent, with the cunning of a serpent under the seeming simplicity of the dove, replied that he would be very sorry indeed to press his Lordship on the subject, as he was sure to do whatever was most becoming the dignity of a Catholic bishop under the circumstances, and that if he thought the example of his own humility would edify the Protestants, he would be quite right to discard all signs of his rank. Dr. Grant fell blindly into the trap, and arrived at the camp in full glory of purple. 'General Knollys was most gracious,' remarks a guest on the occasion, 'and treated our

Bishop with as much respect as he could have shown to a prelate of his own Church.'

In the various chains of his correspondence, we find numberless allusions to the courtesy and often real kindness that he received from English statesmen in the course of his protracted and difficult negotiations at the War Office and the Horse-Guards. He was always loud himself in proclaiming this fact. In his most intimate letters to his clergy, where there was no necessity to mince his words, or restrain any expression of annoyance or disappointment, the Bishop again and again alludes to it with genuine pleasure. In one of these confidential letters, where he denounces the inability of the War Office to deal with certain requirements of the Catholic chaplains, he adds hastily : 'Mind when I speak of the War Office in these terms I don't speak of the kind-hearted men with whom I come in contact. I speak of every public office as it works under fear of Parliamentary pressure of economy.' This was written in 1863, after long years of intercourse had qualified him to judge of the 'kind-hearted men' in question. Later still, in 1869, only a year before his death, he says : 'The War Office has always stood out for true and zealous priests for the army.' A few names recur very frequently coupled with these grateful encomiums ; amongst them, that of Sir Edward Lugard is perhaps the most prominent. 'I have mentioned to Sir E. Lugard, who always attends to our ecclesiastical wants with so much kindness and fairness . . .' 'Sir E. Lugard is sure to act justly and considerately in this matter . . .' and similar remarks might be picked out in scores from his private correspondence.

When the Indian mutiny called our soldiers to the

dangers of that remote and terrible warfare, Dr. Grant's zeal was again manifested on their behalf. He ordered Retreats to be preached in the various military stations, in order 'that the soldiers might have every possible help in preparing for the sacraments, and that the faithful might with pure hearts invoke a blessing on the brave men who were going to defend the possessions of the Sovereign under those burning skies.' He multiplied himself in every direction, confessing and confirming. His intense faith in the Sacrament of the Holy Ghost made him anxious that every soldier who had not already received it, and was now willing to do so, should be instructed and prepared. Public prayers were prescribed in all the churches through the diocese, and 'our soldiers in India and their afflicted relatives at home' were earnestly commended to the prayers of religious communities and the orphans. These zealous efforts were visibly blessed; the concourse of penitents amongst the troops was so great that the chaplains could not suffice, although they attended the confessionals all day long, and often through great part of the night. The Bishop himself came to their assistance, and spent an entire day at Chatham, where his confessional was thronged all the time. The sight of this faith and penitence filled him with unspeakable consolation. In his Pastoral, Rosary Sunday (1857), he records his 'humble thanks to God and to His priests' for the joy that was vouchsafed to him of administering confirmation to numbers of the soldiers at Chatham; 'and we heard with delight,' adds the Bishop, 'that some of their number had induced members of their family to embrace our holy Faith.' But these touching scenes were not without their alloy. While Dr. Grant was



giving Confirmation, he saw a number of soldiers marched away from the door of the poor chapel, little better than a shed, because there was no room for them within. Such a sight was a downright anguish to his apostolic heart, and he declared he would know no rest until a church of commodious size should have been provided for them.

The spring of 1857 found him working hard to obtain a military chaplain for the Chinese expedition. He first went to Cardinal Wiseman, and having received approval and encouragement from him, he opened an attack on the War Office. The authorities at first demurred. 'Lord Panmure supposes,' writes the Bishop, 'that there is a priest at Hong Kong *as* there is a Presbyterian, and will not grant us a priest, or a minister to the Calvinists. I am trying to discover whether Hong Kong has a priest or not.' He found that it had not, and again appealed to the War Office. After considerable exertions, he obtained a promise of the desired appointment; but here the Crimean dilemma repeated itself. 'I am very sad, writes Dr. Grant, 'after persuading Panmure, I have no priest to send, unless I take M——, and send a younger man to Aldershot. I know not where to turn to look for a priest for the expedition.' His search was at last rewarded, and early in December the Rev. Mr. Mahé sailed for Hong Kong.

This dearth of labourers made itself more and more felt as the field of labour widened. The Bishop laid great stress on annual Retreats for the soldiers at the various camps and garrison towns, and as the appropriate season for this spiritual exercise came round, there was always a great difficulty in procuring preach-



ers. 'The Redemptorist Fathers are helping the troops at Chatham,' he writes in 1857 to a chaplain who was clamouring for a preacher; 'why don't you go to Hyde and besiege the Fathers there until you have *made* one of them accompany you to preach to your soldiers?' And to the same he says in the following year, in answer to a similar demand, 'So difficult is it to find priests that I have been again obliged to do morning duties at Webb Street, and I know not where to turn for any one to help you. *Pazienza!* They are seventeen at the Oratory, and yet one cannot get a lift in these cases. I don't know where to look. Our eldest deacon is not yet twenty-three.' The claims of the soldiers were paramount in his eyes, and divided his heart with the little ones. 'I confess,' he says almost penitently, 'that my great anxiety and my chief longing are to see the soldiers and the children instructed and coming to the Sacraments.' A military chaplain relates how, on one occasion, when the Bishop at his request came to give Confirmation to some prisoners at Aldershot, he begged that the soldiers might assist at the ceremony, as many as could, 'and bring all their children with them.' The Confirmation took place in the prison chapel; it was densely crowded by the wives of the soldiers and warders; there was also a great concourse of children, 'and there was not a single child present,' says the chaplain, 'on whose head the Bishop did not lay his hand with a blessing, his countenance all the time expressing the greatest delight in the presence of those innocents. His fondness for children was well known, but he had a more than ordinary fondness for the children of soldiers.' The year 1859 witnessed a warm discussion concerning the relative merits of two manuals of devotion, an English

one and one translated from the French, to be adopted for the use of the Catholic soldiers. Dr. Grant called it 'the battle of the prayer-books.' Though continually appealed to by the contending parties he declared he would have nothing to do with it, and steadfastly kept himself aloof. The English 'Garden of the Soul' was finally chosen, some additions suitable to soldiers being made by Monsignore Virtue, and it remains the favourite book of devotion of our Catholic military men.

In the month of September, when on his way to give Confirmation at the North Camp, the Bishop met with an accident that nearly cost him his life. An Irish jaunting-car had been sent to meet him; unaccustomed to that primitive conveyance he did not take the precaution of holding on, and at a sudden bump of the car over a stone he was thrown off head-foremost, and lay insensible on the road, while the driver, suspecting nothing, went bumping on till he came to his destination, and then discovered that the Bishop was gone. Everyone was alarmed; Canon Ringrose rushed back to look for him, and found him where he had fallen, still insensible. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but for some time fears were apprehended that the accident might have serious results; it was even reported that he was killed. The announcement of his death in the newspapers was received with an outburst of lamentation on all sides, which showed how wide and universal was the esteem in which the Bishop of Southwark was held even by those far removed from his own sphere. The Portuguese ambassador had occasion to see the Queen just at the time, and her Majesty expressed very touchingly her sincere regret at the loss of 'so good a

man, whose death would be so bitterly felt by all her Catholic subjects.' Amongst the poor it was a universal wail of despair. The reaction of joy produced by the denial of the false rumour can readily be imagined. Letters of congratulation poured in upon the Bishop from all sides. To one from the Reading congregation he sent the following answer :—

'To the Congregation at Reading,—Kind and welcome as is your address I may be allowed to say it is only just as I might have expected from a congregation directed by my respected friend, Canon Ringrose. He was with me soon after the accident which has secured this proof of your goodness for me, and to him I am indebted for the assistance that was rendered me by one of the experienced medical officers of the Camp.

'It has pleased God to keep me with you, and I hope you will pray that my care of the diocese may not show that my life has been spared in vain, and that I may endeavour to make amends in the years that may remain for the eight years that have passed since I first saw the good and hospitable Catholics of Reading.

'Wishing you every blessing, I remain

'Yours sincerely in Christ,

'X THOMAS GRANT.'

'St George's, October 6, 1859.'

Dr. Grant was zealous in procuring suitable books for the amusement of the soldiers, a matter in which he met with a great deal of irritating opposition from minor functionaries, but in which he eventually triumphed through perseverance, and also owing to that spirit of fair play which he loved to applaud in the higher authorities. All books likely to provoke religious discussion in the ranks were tabooed, and for-

bidden the military libraries, but the Bishop declared himself satisfied provided the lives of the Saints were admitted. 'If they allow Butler,' he says, 'we save the principle of Saints as an example.'

The Retreat at Aldershot this year, 1859, was given by the Passionist Fathers and blessed with great fruit; 524 soldiers received Holy Communion on the closing day, and the Bishop confirmed 141 of the number and twenty-six women; he finished the day's work by confirming ten who were laid up at the Hospital. The soldiers used to say in their military parlance that 'the Bishop enjoyed nothing better than a field-day of this sort.'

It was customary in many regiments, especially cavalry, for the band to play the men to church on Sundays, and as there were often many Catholics amongst the bandsmen, this caused them to lose Mass. It struck Dr. Grant that playing to church hardly came under the head of military duties, and that the Catholics might legitimately object to it as contrary to the Queen's regulations regarding Divine Service. He consulted some high military authorities who backed him up in this opinion, and he then addressed a letter of protest to the Horse Guards. 'When you are in town,' he writes to the chaplain of the forces at Southsea, 'speak, with my respects, to Colonel Clifford, and see if the Horse Guards is likely to answer fairly my letter concerning the bandsmen hearing Mass on Sundays.' The request was too reasonable to be denied, and after a short delay the irksome practice was abolished. The difficulty, sometimes amounting to impossibility, under which the soldiers laboured of hearing Mass on Holidays of obligation was a subject of pain and anxiety to the Bishop, and not long before his last illness put an



end to his exertions in their behalf he expressed to one of the chaplains his intention of applying to the Holy See for a dispensation to exempt them altogether from an obligation which they could seldom comply with, and whose violation was a cause of sorrow to many devout Catholics among them. Much, however, as Dr. Grant loved the red-coats, not even to them would he sacrifice voluntarily one tittle of the independence or dignity of the clergy. A report was set afloat soon after the appointment of the chaplains, in 1859, that they were to be condemned to a military uniform. The Bishop in great alarm writes to Monsignore Virtue : ‘ I have just heard that a chaplain’s uniform is being talked of. Is there any truth in it ? When the chaplains had a uniform in France <sup>1</sup> they had to attend parade, and it will do more than anything to subject them to military authorities. How could you, a Monsignore, wear a military uniform ? Try to find out if this news be true. I shall hate the sight of soldiers for ever if priests are to be thus reduced.’ His fears were dissipated by return of post. The report proved to be totally unfounded. Had it been otherwise we venture to doubt the Bishop’s power of carrying out his threat of ‘ hating the soldiers for ever.’ He was never happier than when he had a group of red-coats about him. He was constantly running down to Aldershot to hear their confessions, and when these were over he was to be seen strolling about the camp with a body-guard of soldiers pressing round him familiarly, listening to his instructions on the great truths of religion, or drawing on his ever-ready sympathy by the recital of their troubles : hard times in the service, regimental

<sup>1</sup> Probably owing to the inconvenient fashion of the Soutane for long marches and for riding.

grievances, or sorrows of a deeper kind. Often too would a ringing peal of laughter from the group proclaim the success of one of the Bishop's stories, or the solution of some riddle that struck his audience as particularly good. The soldiers went to him without shyness or fear whenever they wanted help or counsel, and there is abundant evidence in his letters that 'the soldiers' friend' as he was called in the camp, never failed them. 'Ask some colonel, *uomo versato*,' he writes, 'what is to be done to get a soldier, who has the money ready, leave to purchase his discharge under the circumstances detailed in the officer's letter. Who can be applied to? It lies with the Horse Guards and *not* with the War Office.' Another coolly begs the Bishop to get his mother's baptismal certificate for him; she was a Frenchwoman, and the said certificate was supposed to be lying in some remote provincial registry; but 'of course his Lordship would understand how and where to get at it.' His good nature, which made him so easy of access to all, often brought him strange commissions. He was constantly on the look out for situations and employment for all sorts of people, from classical tutors and finishing governesses down to needlewomen and charwomen. It is amusing to see him in the midst of an episcopal Synod opening a long list of the qualities and accomplishments of a young lady whom he has heard play and who 'performs very prettily indeed;' but on this point he adds cautiously: 'perhaps you would do well to take another opinion.' 'I cannot find anybody who wants a nice and clever needlewoman,' he writes to the chaplain of the forces at Southsea, rather an unlikely patron in such an emergency one would fancy.

We see him full of anxiety to know whether the

soldiers get their beef at contract price, and to ascertain how they manage on Fridays and Fast days, and if he ought not to relieve them from the rule of abstinence by a general dispensation.

At home or abroad, if a soldier was in trouble, the Bishop was always ready to help him. One poor fellow lay under sentence of death in the prison of Winchester. His crime was the murder of an officer, committed in a fit of passion ; his life had hitherto been free from anything that could have led those who knew him to expect so terrible an ending ; the unhappy man was himself horror-stricken at his deed, and fully resigned to die in expiation of it ; he approached the Sacraments in a spirit of humble repentance, and expressed his regret to the worthy priest who assisted him that he had never received Confirmation. The priest wrote to Dr. Grant telling him of the circumstances, and the Bishop immediately replied that if the authorities gave leave he would come at once and administer it to him. The magistrates demurred at first, but finally gave the permission, extending it at the same time to three other criminals in the prisons who had never been confirmed, and were desirous of profiting by the Bishop's visit to repair their loss. Dr. Grant accordingly went to Winchester, and confirmed first the condemned soldier, and then the other prisoners, going from cell to cell, for the magistrates adhered to their rule of not allowing more than one to be present at a time. Before leaving Winchester he also confirmed a young man of the congregation who was dangerously ill. An anecdote is recorded of this occasion which, amongst scores of similar ones, we may quote as an instance of the Bishop's meekness. He was starting, bag in hand, to meet the train (he



always carried his own bag), when a small street Arab accosted him with, 'Carry your bag, sir?' 'No, my dear; no,' said the Bishop. 'Then you ain't no gentleman!' was the disgusted retort. 'Perhaps not, my dear; perhaps not,' assented Dr. Grant, smilingly.

The good pastor's zeal for our soldiers was manifested in a touching manner when the military prison was opened at Borough Road. The prisoners of course required a chaplain; but the Bishop, instead of delegating the office to one of his priests, constituted himself their chaplain for a considerable time, during which he visited them regularly, taught them to say the Rosary, joining himself in the recital of it and other devotions, instructed them on stated days in the catechism, and left nothing undone to win their hearts to God and prepare them to receive the sacraments.

When the soldiers whom he had confessed, or spiritually assisted, went abroad, he sometimes kept up his influence over them by letter. In the midst of his multifarious correspondence he found time to write to some of them in India. A private, named Peter Canon, of the 19th Regiment, who had made his confession to the Bishop just before starting, wrote to him soon after his arrival, and received a prompt reply, full of kindness and consideration. When the poor fellow was sent home invalided to die, this letter was found amongst his few treasures, and came back into the hands of Monsignor Virtue, who, as chaplain to the forces, had, at Dr Grant's request, forwarded it to him.

It will, perhaps, provoke a smile of incredulity in some of our readers if we tell them that Dr. Grant was indirectly, but by no means insignificantly, concerned in the success of our rapid and brilliant campaign in Abyssinia. Many years before the event, a missionary,



who had spent some time there, came to see him, and, amongst other peculiarities of the country, happened to mention that the only European coin current amongst King Theodore's people was the old silver Maria Teresa dollar, a number of which had been left in the country nearly a hundred years ago by some Portuguese settlers, and which, owing either to its size, weight, and ugliness, or to the fact of its being the first they had ever seen, approved itself to the savage mind, and continued to be the only one they accepted, the native circulating medium being blocks of salt. The fact engraved itself on Dr. Grant's faithful memory, and, when the expedition was decided, he went to ask if they were aware of it at the War Office. It so happened that they were not. After many changes and much anxious discussion, two other coins had been adopted;<sup>1</sup> the Bishop's information led to further enquiry, and, being proved accurate, all the Maria Teresa dollars within call were bought up. It turned out, however, that the natives exacted, over and above the Bourbon-like effigy of the queen-king, that the coins should be bright new ones, and bear the date of 1787: this latter point was indispensable. The only way of compassing these difficult conditions was to obtain the die from the Austrian Government, upon which the needful supply was immediately coined at the Indian mint. It would be idle to speculate how far, meantime, the absence of available money might have changed the course of events with our troops; but we may safely affirm that, had they arrived in the midst of a savage enemy's country unprovided with the sinews of war, they would have found the situation uncomfortable.

<sup>1</sup> The Spanish dollar and the silver five-franc piece, as far as we can ascertain.

## CHAPTER IX.

1856-1861.

THE year 1856 brought a great sorrow to Dr. Grant in the death of his father. Captain Grant had been in declining health but for a short time, and his son was not prepared for the pain of losing him so soon. On May 14 he received a letter informing him that the end was at hand. He immediately set out to the north, and had the sad consolation of being in time to soothe the last moments of that venerable parent to whose early training he was wont with filial gratitude to attribute in a great measure the blessing of the faith which he possessed. Captain Grant was sixty-nine years of age when he died. He was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Lytham, the Bishop himself performing the funeral service. His emotion, strenuously kept within bounds while he needed his self-possession to carry him decorously through this last tribute of duty, was allowed full vent as soon as the pressure was removed. His tears flowed unchecked ; and he accepted the tender consolations of sympathy and kindness that were offered him, with a readiness and a gratitude which showed that the beautiful and sacred instincts of nature in that sensitive heart had not been killed by the severity of its self-discipline, but only purified in the consuming fire of his supreme love of God. In the midst of his grief, one of the

Bishop's first thoughts was that his bereavement would bind him with a new tie to those orphans who already claimed so large a share of his tenderness. 'Now, I am an orphan myself!' he exclaimed, with a sort of mournful joy, as the grave closed upon his last remaining parent. And as soon as he returned to St. George's he wrote to the orphans of Norwood, claiming this kindred bond with them :—

‘ St. George's : May 23, 1856.

‘ My Dear Children in Christ,—When I was on my way to the place where my good and kind father was dying, I thought that, if he were to be taken from me, I should learn to feel more than before for orphan children, since I should be myself an orphan.

‘ That lot is now mine, and I must try to be resigned to the all-kind and merciful disposition of our dear God who has called him away.

‘ I am sincerely grateful to you and to the nuns for praying for his soul, and I bless you and them for your charity and your kindness. May he and his parents rest in peace!

‘ I hope to see you all next week, and I am

‘ Yours very sincerely in Christ,

‘ THOMAS GRANT.’

Captain Grant left a legacy of 300*l.* to the Bishop, one half of which the latter divided amongst his brothers and sister, and the other amongst the poor.

The first time he went to visit his father, after his return to England in 1850, the worthy Captain was in some anxiety as to how he should receive and entertain so distinguished a guest. ‘ Thomas is a Bishop, now, a Prince of the Church,’ he observed, with a certain trepidation, to his younger son and his daughter, ‘ and

it's a great honour for simple folk like us to have him in our house ; I wonder, will he be much changed from what he used to be.' His doubts were soon dispelled on the Bishop's arrival. He was not an iota changed, but just as simple, as respectfully son-like, and as ready for a joke as in the old days ; so little changed, in fact, that his father thought it advisable after his departure to write him a letter of gentle remonstrance on the subject, reminding him that 'now he was a Bishop, it would be better to take a little more on himself, and be more dignified in his manners.' To which the Bishop replied, that he thought 'dignity in such a little man as he was would be very unsuitable, and there would be no use in his trying to play at it.' Much as he loved his father, the Bishop never tried to bring him forward on any occasion, or to draw upon him any part of the consideration that was so largely shown to himself ; even at Norwood, where he felt so thoroughly at home, he never departed from this rule. His father once drove out there with him when he had a short visit to pay the children ; Dr. Grant left him in the cab, observing to the Superior that there was a gentleman waiting for him, but that she was not to mind him. Some one passing at the moment having recognised Captain Grant, the Superior was informed of it, and immediately sent to invite him in ; when the Bishop saw his father enter the room, he turned round to the Superior, and said, 'Will you ever learn to obey !' 'It was the only time I ever heard him administer so sharp a correction,' observes the narrator ; 'but at the same time he went forward, and presented his father to us all, and seemed pleased at the respect shown him by everybody present. We all felt it was his humility that had prevented



him from bringing Captain Grant in with him ; he was so afraid of unnecessary honour being paid to any one on his account. His own manner to his father was that of the most affectionate and respectful son.'

In the same way, when a cousin of his was going to enter the Community, the Bishop's emphatic injunction to the Superior was : ' Now, remember you would disobey me if you ever granted my cousin the smallest exception from the rule, or made any exception for her on my account ; if anything, you must be stricter with her than with the others.'

He had it frequently in his power to render services to his two brothers and to advance their worldly interests through influential friends, as well as through the ministers and other authorities that he held friendly intercourse with ; but he never sought the patronage even of the humblest for any member of his family. His brother Bernard, hearing that the medical man attached to Norwood was looking out for a partner to reside there, asked the Bishop to recommend him to the position. Dr. Grant asked the Superior whether the report was true or not, ' because a friend of his was anxious to know.' On enquiry she found that it was not ; the Bishop thanked her, and then said : ' My brother told me to make the enquiry, and I promised him I would.' He refrained out of delicacy from saying this at first, lest it should have unduly influenced the choice, or given the Superior the pain of conveying a refusal.

In reply to a friend who urged him to ask for a vacant appointment for Bernard, the Bishop says : ' If I could speak to M—— for any one it would be to try to help my brother to one of their medical situations ; but I cannot mention these subjects in any public

department. We never could have kept the military chaplains *free* if any minister had ever given me a sheet of paper and been able to remind me of it.' This was in 1869, when all his negotiations with the War Office and other public departments were at an end.

Prayers and spiritual advantages he was ready enough to beg for his family. He made a special request to the Holy Father for his blessing for Bernard when he was married, and for his sister Winifred ; nor could he refrain from recommending to the loving charity of the Sovereign Pontiff the departed souls of his parents.

No act of charity touched the Bishop's heart more than prayers offered for his father's soul. The orphans made a point of celebrating the anniversary by offering their Mass for him, and many by going to Communion, sometimes writing an affectionate little letter of condolence which never failed to bring a word of warm acknowledgment. 'I bless you with all my heart for your charity in remembering my dear, good father,' he writes. In 1861 he says to the Superior : 'I sincerely thank the dear children for their good and pious thought of my kind and venerable father.' His priests could not show him a kindness that went more to his heart than that of saying Mass for his father on May 16. The death of a parent was of all sorrows the one which drew forth most abundantly that ready stream of sympathy that it needed but a light touch to send flowing from his heart. The mere sight of a newly made orphan has moved him to tears. Once, after meeting with one of these lonely little creatures that abound in the great desert of our metropolis, the Bishop wrote to the orphans of Norwood :—

‘ December 21.

‘ My Dear Children in Christ,—I received your letter yesterday; I have not left the house, and so have been unable to thank you for your kind wishes, which are very welcome to me, because I know that you are all of you such good and obedient children.

‘ I have just been speaking to a poor child who has come to-day from the funeral of her mother, and is now feeling for the first time that loneliness which so many of you have felt. Our dear Immaculate Mother has taken care of her and placed her in a convent some months ago, and she is therefore under kind care at this moment when her sorrow is most trying. But you must ask our Blessed Mother to dry her tears and take her mother to heaven.

‘ One of our priests has just come from the dying bed of a pious and good man who met with an accident on the railway some days ago. He was much esteemed by his superior on the railway, and loved by many poor people for whom he obtained employment. He is suffering a great deal; but the Protestant nurse who is attending him says she never saw such a peaceful death-bed. If we are faithful to God in life, how peaceful will our last hours be! This good man will have the prayers of many poor people, and St. Ambrose says that the Blessed Virgin placed great confidence in the prayers of the poor.

‘ There is a story told of a child found frozen to death on Christmas Eve at the door of a palace while listening to the sound of rejoicing from within, and when he was dead they found he was the heir to that great palace and vast estates; he had been stolen away in his infancy.

“ They buried him under the almond-tree,  
That spring’s first blossoms might over him be.”

‘ Have great pity on poor children who during this hard frost are wandering about without food or shelter. Is it not very wrong to complain when others suffer so much? Pray that the hungry may be fed, and the houseless find shelter and rest. May our good St. Thomas pray for you that you may spend Christmas piously and fervently, and may love your infant Saviour with all the affection His little sisters ought to have for Him! His Immaculate Mother is your mother too. May she teach you to love and honour Him with your whole hearts !

‘ THOMAS GRANT.’

The following also will be read with interest :—

‘ St. George’s : February 19, 1853.

‘ My Dear Children in Christ,—I thank you very much for your prayers for the Duke of Norfolk, and I bless you all for them.

‘ It will be a comfort to you to know that, although he died early on Monday morning, he had the assistance of Canon Tierney on Sunday morning, and did not die without the sacraments, which our Blessed Immaculate Mother obtained for him. You know his children, Lord Arundel and Lord Edward Howard, are very charitable and good to the poor, and our dear Mother has sent them this consolation as a blessing to encourage them more and more to acts of charity towards the suffering and the destitute.

‘ I hope that each of us may never forget the lesson of this death of one holding the first rank, possessing immense wealth, and yet dying almost suddenly and without speech.

‘ Let us be anxious to receive the sacraments during



life, and be exact, and regular, and unfailing in frequenting them. Where will each of you be at that time? Some in one city, some in another, alone and poor, and perhaps without a friend to sit beside you and tell you of the mercy of God! But through life, and most of all at the hour of death, you will have our dear Mother to watch over you, if you will only love her now and imitate the purity of her immaculate heart. Pray for the two sons whom I have named to you, that they may have the joy of always being kind and compassionate to the poor.

‘I went this afternoon to give confirmation to a poor father whom I found surrounded by a party of little children. He had fifteen weeks of sickness last year, and their home was broken up for want of means to keep it together. His wife had long urged him to become a Catholic, and late last night he was baptized. But I fear he cannot have the support and consolation of Holy Communion without many prayers, as he is too weak to swallow even a drop of water. His eldest little girl is a servant. A few days ago her Protestant mistress wished her to eat meat on Friday; she refused, and her refusal shamed a bad Catholic who was on the point of eating meat.

‘Is it not a sad pity that, recollecting how many evils have come into the world through Adam’s eating when it was forbidden, so many of us should invite fresh punishments by our disobedience to the law of checking our desire to eat!

‘With my blessing to the Community,

‘Yours sincerely in Christ,

‘THOMAS GRANT.’

Perhaps no part of Dr. Grant’s promiscuous correspondence was so full as that which included letters

of condolence. His intense sympathy for sorrow and that gift of consolation which is its natural, in his case we should say rather its supernatural, consequence, drew multitudes of sufferers of every description to his room and his confessional, and he was prodigal of letters to them when they were at a distance from him. We have unfortunately been able to obtain but few specimens of these. Those that would be most precious the owners are naturally most reluctant to give up.

letters were answers to the outpourings of our souls into his ; they are too sacred to be read by any third person.' Such answers as this have met us at every step ;<sup>1</sup> and while recognising their justice we cannot but deplore the result which deprives us of an insight into those depths of compassion for human woes and weaknesses that are so beautiful in a soul like the Bishop of Southwark's, and always so full of instruction. 'I often read over his letters now,' says an austere religious, 'and they speak to me like a living voice. When I am in trial they say more to me than almost any spiritual book. I feel at such times as if the holy Bishop were watching me and speaking to me still.' 'His knowledge of the human heart was wonderful,' says another ; 'and, oh ! what a power he had for drawing the sting out of sorrow ! His words lived in you like a balm long after they were written.' Another who long enjoyed his friendship and direction says : 'Though he was so much in my life, there is very little I can tell of him. His influence was like a perfume ; you cannot describe it, but it was always present and always felt.'

The following links from this part of his correspond-

<sup>1</sup> A curious argument which has met the writer frequently, especially from religious, is that 'Dr. Grant was so humble it would annoy him to be talked about.'

ence, though so short, give us a faint idea of this rich and tender gift of sympathy. The little son of a dear friend of the Bishop's was dangerously ill. After sharing the anxiety of the family from day to day, sending every morning to ask for tidings, and assuring them of his constant prayers for the little sufferer, the 'good news' came that the pure spirit had joined its kindred angels in heaven. 'May the Holy Will of our Heavenly Father be adored, blessed, and sought by us all!' exclaims the Bishop. 'This is a deep sorrow, but it is a joy compared to the grief that would have been lasting if the child had not secured heaven in a longer life. Let me come and sing the Mass on the parting day—the Mass of the Angels.' A few days after the grave had closed on the happy child, he says: 'I feel comforted amidst so much sorrow by the thought that my sacred office enabled me to support you and your dear wife in this first and deep grief.' While the wound was fresh he was ceaseless in his endeavours to pour the balm of his sympathy upon it. Three weeks after 'the parting day,' as he gently designates it, he writes to the bereaved father:—

'January 27.

'My dear Friend,—On this day you will feel, because it is Saturday, your return to your home; and yet, because it is Saturday, you and your pious wife must be more resigned.

'It is our Immaculate and Blessed Mother's day, and she has chosen to make it ever dear to your son and to her own Divine Son.

'On Saturday she was meditating on His death, and was lonely and sorrowful, although His resurrection was to come. Think of the resurrection after which there will be one home without change or

separation; and, when you enter your little chapel, renew the gift that you asked me to bless for you on the day of our meeting there.

‘ Blessing you all affectionately,

‘ THOMAS GRANT.’

On the recurrence of the first anniversary of the parting, he writes: ‘ How well I recollect our journey of January 3, last year, and the prayers we said around him, and the hopes and fears that we shared when Dr. Morley was with us at the station !

‘ May his innocent prayers make all your family resigned, and even happy, to-morrow !

‘ I hope the weather will not keep me from you on Sunday, when we hope to pray together that he may become more and more pleasing to our infant Saviour in our lasting home.’

But the grief that above all others stirred his heart to its depths was that of a child for a mother. With all his ascetic esteem for the spirit of detachment in religious, he did not refuse even to them the full due of nature in this greatest of all earthly trials. ‘ The loss of a mother is so deep a sorrow,’ he says to a Superior who was experiencing it, ‘ that our dear Lord kept it for His last sacrifice : may she, the Immaculate Mother of Sorrows, whose grief we now honour and feel, pray for you, and obtain rest and peace for your excellent mother ! What she was to you, be you now to the children under your care.’

Dr. Grant’s faith in the power of a mother’s prayers was almost unlimited. He used to say that they held their children’s souls in their arms all through life, as they did their bodies in infancy. To a friend who consulted him anxiously about her little son’s vocation



to the priesthood, he replied : ‘ It depends on yourself. A mother’s prayers are a power with God. She can do almost anything for a son’s vocation.’

Joyful events, in their turn, brought out his kindly sympathy : ‘ I will say a *Te Deum* for the safety of your good and pious wife,’ he writes, a year later, to the same friend, ‘ praying that this little child may have every grace and blessing to make her worthy of your care, and to make her a comfort to you both in a distant old age. I send her an *Agnus Dei* for the day of her baptism.’ On this happy day he is again present in kindly thought with them : ‘ By the time this reaches you I hope your dear child and her good angel will be smiling over the fresh and fragrant gifts of her baptism—Innocence, Faith, Hope, and Charity.’ The next day he says : ‘ May your dear child possess the faith of St. Winifred, the courage of St. Charles, and deserve ever the guardianship of our Immaculate Mother !

‘ It was well and right to let her receive baptism amongst the poor, who were and will be our Lord’s representatives to her in all future times.’

The little visitor was called home with the ‘ fragrance of her baptism ’ still fresh upon her soul ; she died on January 14, ten days after the anniversary of her brother’s death, and Dr. Grant comes with his words of loving comfort to the father :—

‘ January 15.

‘ My very dear Friend,—Dear Winifred fulfilled her mission, coming on St. Charles’s Eve to comfort you for the first anniversary, and called away by her brother as soon as it was over.

‘ If we had been prophetically inspired she might have been confirmed, but she is full of brightness and

glory, and possesses now the joyful vision of her Heavenly Father, and knows the wonderful graces of our Immaculate Mother's love, and her power to console her parents in this grief and bereavement.

‘ And you will let me come once more to lead you in singing the chaunt of triumph over an angel's earthly resting-place ? ’

Three days afterwards he sends a letter full of the deepest sympathy to the father, and ends it thus affectionately :—

‘ United as we have been in grief, may we never be separated on earth, or in the joys to come which are already present to your dear children ! May their prayers, powerful as they now are, sustain their parents, and draw your mother and brothers to the clear light of that truth in which they are for ever happy ! ’

Little children were the only souls for whom Dr. Grant did not ask and offer up prayers long after death. He blamed severely the facility with which we cease our intercessions for parents and relations under the delusive pretence, so flattering to our hearts, that they are sure to be in heaven, and no longer need our prayers. He stigmatised this practice as a cruelty, which had its source in weakness of faith and the absence of habitual meditation on the attributes of God. ‘ Oh ! if we knew what the purity of God is, we would never leave off praying for the holiest souls ! ’ he would exclaim, in awe-stricken tones ; ‘ it is our want of faith that makes us so ready to canonise good people.’ It would be presumptuous, were it not impossible, to attempt to assign the first or the last place to the various devotions of our holy religion as they ranged in Thomas Grant's heart. Spiritual gifts are

not to be reduced to rule and compass like mathematical facts, or measured by external signs. With a full sense, nevertheless, of our incompetency to gauge those mystic depths, we dare to suggest that, after the supreme and unapproachable worship of the Blessed Sacrament, love of the Immaculate Mother of God stood out as the cardinal characteristic of his soul ; and, next to Mary, we will venture to place his devotion to the suffering souls in Purgatory. The word 'devotion,' as we commonly understand it, is almost too tame to express the vividness of his feelings towards them, his faith in their power, and his intense pity for their sufferings. The Holy Souls were a living presence that he never lost sight of ; in all his actions, his prayers, instructions, works of mercy, they were continually before him. He was never tired adjuring his flock, children above all, to make devotion to them a practical part of their religion. He would dwell with fear-inspiring unction on their claims on our compassion, and on the terrific intensity of their torments, striking in turn every chord calculated to make a response of faith and charity in the hearts of his hearers. He would urge the service we do ourselves in helping the blessed Dead, affirming that they are all-powerful in obtaining graces for those who stretch out a hand of mercy to shorten their delay amid the penal fires, and assuring us that when our turn comes to fill up the scanty measure of our penance, and to take in Purgatory the place whence our prayers shall have hastened their deliverance, they will put it into the hearts of others to do by us as we had done by them, only more abundantly. 'Mercy to those who show mercy ; this is the Divine rule,' the Bishop was fond of repeating ; and his memory was brimful of examples

and quotations from the lives and writings of the Saints illustrating this divine rule. He frequently quoted St. Catherine of Genoa, who has been called the apostle of Purgatory, and who declared that she had never failed to obtain any favour which she asked through the intercession of the Holy Souls, and that often after the Saints in heaven had been deaf to her cries, she had turned to them and been answered without delay. He would quote the same authority and many others to combat the lax ideas prevalent in these days of easy-going faith concerning the length of time which most souls are liable to be detained in the purifying flames, thus making irreverently light of the claims of divine justice; for beautiful and unspeakably merciful as the redeemed have found it, those claims must still be satisfied, and however ready we may be to hope and believe in the sweet miracles of mercy whereby numbers are enabled to make an act of perfect contrition at the hour of death, we may not without culpable presumption trust to this unknown possibility as a pretext for leaving off praying even for those who have led most holy lives. Least of all may we do it in a land like ours. Dr. Grant could not speak without emotion of that happy long-ago when England was the scene of Catholic worship, and of those multiplied offices of charity towards the dead which the Church makes incumbent on her children; when 'from the morning's watch even until night,' the *De Profundis* and the *Ave Maria* swept like the notes of a heavenly dirge over ancestral tombs and through the Cross-shadowed gloom of our cemeteries, each generation taking up the echoes as the other passed out and entered into the flames which they had striven to mitigate for those who had gone before. This old



sweet order of things is changed. Heresy has put out the lamps of our sanctuaries and muffled the chimes of our belfries ; pious foundations where for centuries the Holy Sacrifice went up daily for the dead have been abolished. Once all the land was a great fountain whence the torrent of the Precious Blood was for ever flowing in great waves towards that shore of blessedness and pain on the other side of heaven ; but now it trickles thither in thin streams from altars few and far between, and from a small band of Catholics, who dole out to the dead a scanty measure of tepid remembrance. But Dr. Grant had higher motives to urge than even the forcible and true ones of charity towards the dead and towards ourselves. He maintained that we can perform no act of worship more grateful to the Sacred Heart than the liberation of a soul from Purgatory ; that those whose special attraction is the glory of God should cultivate this devotion, because they would thereby quicken and satisfy their own. He was fond of showing how those saints who most shone by their devotion to our Blessed Lady, have been pre-eminent also for their devotion to the souls in Purgatory. 'And this is only natural,' he would exclaim ; 'for nothing can rejoice the heart of the Mother of Mercy more than to welcome to heaven one of those souls redeemed by her Son.'

He had a variety of little devices for remembering to pray for them. One of these was to say the *De Profundis* whenever he passed through a railway tunnel, a thing he particularly disliked. He made a point of going round to the orphanages and schools before All Souls Day to entreat the children to intercede fervently for the Holy Souls during the month of November. He generally gave them a little instruc-

tion on Purgatory at the same time, and taught them a number of pious practices whereby by acts of obedience and mortification, as well as prayers, they might help the Holy Souls. Coming into St. George's schools one day while they were at the writing lesson, he said, 'I am going to set you a copy;' and he dictated to them one of his favourite invocations, 'Dear Immaculate Mother, open the door of heaven to the suffering Souls!'

Though St. Joseph is enthroned as the official patron of the dying, Dr. Grant, without robbing the dear and gentle Foster-father of one iota of his benign prerogative, was wont to say that the Souls in Purgatory are incomparable helpmates at the death hour, making it their duty to repay at this awful crisis much of the kindness shown them by the departing soul during life. In an instruction to his flock on the eve of All Souls, the Bishop says:

'I can faithfully promise you on the part of God that you will not dedicate yourself to the service of the Holy Souls without many graces and blessings following which you would not otherwise have obtained. This holy practice will become, too, in some measure a part of your spiritual life, drawing you closer to our dearest Lord, giving you a fresh claim on the maternal love of the Immaculate Mary, interesting angels and saints in your behalf, smoothing your own pillow when you lie down to die, and laying sweet constraints on the heart and lips of Jesus when He comes to judge you and pass upon you the fixed and final sentence of eternity.' He could never expatiate on the glory of Paradise and the joys of the blessed without glancing, as it were involuntarily, towards that realm of serene and mysterious anguish which lies so near, and yet so

distant from its gates. 'In the Gospel of All Saints Day,' writes the Bishop,<sup>1</sup> 'the blessed appear before us arrayed in glory . . . As the last tones of the solemn Vespers of the festival are dying away, we hear the sighs of the souls in Purgatory. Because their Father's home is so near, all the more bitter is their delay ere the door shall be opened to them. Why do they linger? . . . why do they mourn? . . . Their virtues appeared fair and wonderful to our eyes, but their efforts were marred by the restless world around them; their grapes were not fully ripened when the Lord of the Vineyard came to gather them. They were merciful, but at times vanity and earthly motives quickened their mercy, or sloth deferred it . . . They wished to be peace-makers, but they did not hold the balance evenly; they were swayed by fear or human respect. Perhaps they received our dear Lord frequently in the Holy Communion; but they failed to recollect His words, "With desire have I desired to eat this Passover," and they went to His banquet without that longing and lingering eagerness which He wished to inculcate, and is ever willing to bestow.' He loved to speak of the jealous fidelity with which the Church has always guarded the rights and privileges of her departed children, legislating for them in solemn decrees, as at the Councils of Lyons, Florence, and Trent, and fulminating in her tones of motherful, majestic wrath against the cruel heresy which denied with the existence of Purgatory the efficacy of prayers for the dead. He wrote a pastoral regularly every year for the feast of All Souls. In one of his latest, after adducing every argument of faith to compel his flock to assist the sufferers in Purgatory by alms deeds and Masses, the Bishop said, '*We could relate wonder-*

<sup>1</sup> Pastoral of All Saints, 1868.



*ful instances of the temporal blessings which have been showered down upon friends of the departed as the reward of Masses obtained for them.'* The pastoral was a powerful one, and produced a great effect on many souls. A firm of Catholic lawyers were particularly struck by the sentence we have quoted, and forthwith promised a certain number of Masses to the Holy Souls, if a complicated and unpromising suit in which they were engaged were successfully terminated. They gained it, and so much more happily than they could have anticipated, that the promised offering to the Holy Souls was proportionately increased.

Every feast of Our Lady, as it came round, brought out an appeal from the Bishop on behalf of her children in the empire of Purgatory ; it was a necessary part of the day's festivity, there could be no rejoicing for him without the Holy Souls having their share in it. In the same way, on the festivals of Saints he would make it an opportunity of catering amongst the nuns and the children for an alms for them. On one All Saints Eve, he writes to Norwood : ' Amongst the glorious saints whose names are unknown on earth, there are many orphans, and you must thank Our dear Lord for their crown, and for His love to them and to yourselves. Amongst the Holy Souls there are many orphans for whom no parents live to pray, and no brothers and sisters to offer indulgences and stations of the Cross and Visits ; I commend them to your charity every day of November. Every day when you are called, say, " My Jesus, Mercy ! " This short prayer will gain a hundred days' indulgence for the Holy Souls.' No corner in the wide realm of souls escaped the ubiquitous vigilance of the pastor. He had great compassion for travellers on the sea, and fre-



quently made their safety in the perils of the deep a matter of public prayer ; those who died in shipwreck were also tenderly remembered. ‘Pray for the living,’ he pleads, ‘who may be shipwrecked before the briefest voyage is over, for the dying who will sink under illness without a priest, and whose bodies will be cast into the sullen waves ; and for the dead who have been lost at sea and have none to remember them.’<sup>1</sup> Dr. Grant looked upon alms to the dead as the first amongst the works of mercy, the crown and supplement of all others. ‘Do not grieve,’ he says to one who was hindered by ill-health from the favourite devotion of visiting prisoners ; ‘you must love the will of God in this privation. If you cannot visit the poor in their earthly prison, you can perform a still higher work of mercy by relieving the captive souls in Purgatory ; you can soothe them by your prayers, and open the door of heaven to them : thus you will still deserve to hear from Our Divine Lord these words, “When I was in prison you came to me.”’

It has been asserted by persons well fitted to pronounce on the subject, that the Bishop of Southwark was never intimate with any one, not even with those whom he trusted implicitly, and to whom, beyond any doubt, he was sincerely attached. ‘You always felt,’ says one of those witnesses, ‘that there was a point beyond which you could never get with him ; it was not that at a given point he repelled you, or that you felt as if you came upon a hardness or a coldness, but simply, you felt you could go no farther.’ He was the most genial of men, endowed with a rich gift of tenderness and almost boundless powers of sympathy, his heart was responsive and susceptible to an extra-

<sup>1</sup> Pastoral, 1869.

ordinary degree ; he could sympathise genuinely with pains and anxieties far removed from his own experience, and which could never come within its range ; yet with all this he kept his own inner gate closed against the entrance of his nearest friends. ‘ I never heard of Dr. Grant’s having said to any one,’ observes a priest who knew him well and revered him deeply, ‘ such a word as, “ I felt such or such a thing very keenly,” or “ such a person was a great loss to me.” ’ Yet that he did suffer, and that intensely, from such losses and separations, it was not always in his power to conceal. Perhaps he did not care about concealing it, but aimed simply at standing aloof in his pain, without seeking to soothe it by any complaint or any demand upon that human sympathy which he poured out himself so lavishly to others. It has been often repeated that he was ‘ the same to every one,’ that he was as ready to spend himself in the service of any unknown stranger who made a demand on his self-devotion as on a friend of long standing. If this be said as a reproach, we hardly know how to meet it. If it cannot be read as praise, we know not how to frame his panegyric ; for surely there can be none higher spoken of any Christian, than to say that he made himself all in all to all men out of pure love of God. In one sense it was true that the Bishop did not discriminate between friends and strangers, for the simple reason that his charity knew no such invidious distinction. Amongst the pagans of old Rome stranger was only another name for enemy. No fellow-creature was a stranger to Dr. Grant. Every one who wanted him was his friend. Yet in another sense he cannot be accused of confounding those who claimed his personal friendship with that larger circle

of friends composed of the poor, the sorrowful, and the sick. When Robert Hostage (the brother of the friend of his childhood, and fellow acolyte at Chester, afterwards the Rev. James Hostage), came to see Dr. Grant at St. George's, the Bishop, who had not seen him for many years, was so delighted as to be quite overcome; and after accompanying his visitor to the door, turned back with the exclamation, 'I declare I believe I'm as fond of Robert as ever I was!' At any time the sight of an old friend after a lapse of years was a source of such pleasure to him that it would keep him elated for the rest of the day. But if further proof be necessary to show how tenderly his heart could love, we have it in the example of his friendship for the Abbé Vesque. This friendship may be said to have dated from the first day of their meeting; they were drawn towards one another by the magnet of their common zeal for souls, and their special devotion to the souls of children; but apart from this spiritual bond, there was a strong human sympathy that attracted their hearts with a gentle and irresistible force. 'They seemed to know each other from the first like old friends,' say the Sisters of Norwood who witnessed the birth and growth of this friendship between their two Fathers; 'they were very like each other, they were both so wonderful in their humility, their self-denial and poverty, and their tenderness for orphans.'

In his humble and retiring French brother, Dr. Grant was moreover quick to discern a man of remarkable ability, gifted with a rare talent for administration. He who was proverbially slow to surrender his confidence, granted it fully and spontaneously to the Abbé Vesque, and the latter responded so unreservedly to

this feeling that very soon after their first meeting he asked the Bishop to be his confessor. The request was of course complied with, and regularly every week when Dr. Grant came to Norwood the two would vanish from amidst the nuns and orphans, and then after a while as suddenly re-appear. The motive of this disappearance was never suspected until one day a sister opening the door of the parlour suddenly, beheld the Bishop on his knees beside the chaplain whose humble accusations he had just heard.

Daily confession we have already said was the practice of his whole life. His sensitive soul could not always rest satisfied even with this, and if a passing breath raised a ripple on the serenity of his conscience he knew no peace until he had steeped it in the purifying waters of the Sacrament. Human respect was a dead letter, an unstrung chord within him; no matter how inopportune the time or place, if he felt the want of receiving sacramental absolution, down he was on his knees to the first priest he met. Once walking through a common in the neighbourhood of London with a priest who did not belong to his diocese, the Bishop suddenly gave him faculties for hearing his confession, and then fell on his knees in the grass, accused himself, and having received absolution, rose, and went on with the conversation. Such incidents may raise a smile in some of our readers, but to many they will be an earnest of that lily-like purity of soul which smarted under the presence of the most involuntary offence against God as we do under a physical pain.

One of the great points of resemblance between the friends was, as the nuns remarked, their love and practice of poverty. Observing the rapid growth of their affection, of which they made no secret from their



beloved little ones, the orphans were seriously alarmed lest, as they said, 'the Bishop would make Father Vesque as bad as himself, and that he would soon be stealing his own clothes to give them away.' On these remarks being repeated to the Bishop, he was highly amused, and in his next visit playfully twitted the children, saying, 'So I am a bad man, and I am going to spoil Father Vesque and make him as bad as myself!' Nor would he listen to their cries of 'Oh, my Lord, we meant . . .' but cut them short, repeating as he walked off in high dudgeon, 'Oh yes, as bad as myself!'

In the year 1855, the two friends made their wills, and therein stated their desire to be buried at Norwood in two contiguous spots which they pointed out in the convent cemetery. This incident, which belongs to what we may term the romance of friendship, was not disclosed until a change in the circumstances of one of them made it necessary to reveal it.

On the termination of the Crimean war, Dr. Grant took up vigorously the plan previously adopted of building a new Orphanage at Norwood. The Abbé Vesque, as a preliminary step in the necessary direction, set off on a begging tour in France.

His appeal was largely responded to by St. Vincent de Paul's native land, to whose generous charity the Catholics of the whole world are so deeply indebted; the result nevertheless was not such as to justify the nuns in beginning the work yet. The Bishop retained still that salutary horror of debt which in his precocious childhood he had been anxious to convey to his father. He was strongly opposed to what he called 'rash starts,' beginning an enterprise without reasonable conditions of success already in hand.

Yet it would convey a very false estimate of his character to suppose that this prudent and just regard for the value of human means, implied in him a weakness of trust in Divine Providence. Nothing was more foreign to him than such a failing. In proportion to the difficulties of an undertaking, where God's glory and the salvation of souls were concerned, his faith and courage rose. Obstacles only stimulated him to superhuman efforts. He who was so prudent, and, as some thought, so almost unreasonably terrified at the bare idea of getting into debt, grew bold with the boldness of an apostle when the question, for instance, was one of rescuing children from the workhouse, 'from infidelity and vice,' as he termed it. He would even depart from his habitual gentleness of manner when persons of less daring faith met his confident proposals with the word 'impossible.' 'God knows no such word as impossible,' he exclaimed sharply to one of these timid counsellors; 'Christ has died for these souls, and they *must* be saved.' On such occasions, indeed, he had sometimes a summary way of dismissing the question of possibilities which was rather startling to those who did not know how sternly his zeal was ruled by the queenly virtue of prudence.

The mother-house of La Délivrande, on hearing how necessary the construction of a new and large orphanage had become, contributed the munificent sum of 6,600*l.*, and the following year again came forward with an almost similar sum. These generous acts of their community the Sisters of the Faithful Virgin kept a profound secret amongst themselves; but the Bishop thought fit to overrule the pleadings of their humility, and in his Quinquagesima Pastoral (1857), proclaimed the facts as an example and an incentive to his flock.

‘It is right,’ he said, ‘that the truth should be made known, and that the faithful should be allowed to appreciate the noble example of generosity which the mother-house of France has set before them. After expending 6,600*l.* upon the purchase of the grounds and house, that community cheerfully and willingly sent 6,200*l.* more towards the new building. To this sum His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, by whom the Sisters were originally invited to England, has lately added a gift of 1,000*l.* We trust therefore that you will not allow the zeal which prompted your gifts last year to grow cold, but that you will make the opening of the new house such as you would desire to see it, a day on which many additional orphans may be received.’ His flock proved by their liberal response to this appeal, that their zeal had not grown cold. The buildings were commenced and proceeding prosperously, when there came a hitch in the carrying out of the architectural scheme. Besides the desire to procure wider space in order to take in a greater number of orphans, the necessity of a larger house was keenly felt by the nuns themselves, as we have shown ; and in the plans for the new convent the Bishop was emphatic in exacting that ample space should be secured for cells for the religious. Much as he valued the ready self-sacrifice which had thus far given up all personal convenience for the sake of the little outcasts who crowded in upon the community, he was by no means willing that such a state of things should continue, for Dr. Grant laid great stress upon the strict observance of conventual rules, in external arrangements as well as in all that related to interior things. But in setting aside the cells for the Sisters, he had reckoned, not indeed without his other hosts, but short



of them. According as the building rose, the orphans multiplied, and when the builders had arrived at the point of beginning the much desired cells, there were between seventy and eighty fresh applicants clamouring for admittance, over and above what even the new house when completed could accommodate. The Superior in dismay sent to inform the Bishop of this alarming fact, and asked what was to be done. Dr. Grant was at first perplexed; but after a moment's reflection he returned an answer that he 'did not feel justified in asking any further sacrifice of conventual rule and individual convenience from the community, but it was evident that if they took the room allotted for themselves, they would have to refuse admittance to between seventy and eighty poor children.' This was sufficient. The room was laid out for the orphans, and there was no more question of cells this time. Nor has this primary arrangement of Community life been since supplied, though happily the Sisters have never again been driven to the sleeping devices described at an earlier period. Every time the funds appeared to warrant the building of cells, fresh orphans poured in and snatched away the prospect, which bids fair to remain a dream until some one inspired with a happy thought, leaves a sum of money to the Orphanage, on the condition of its being expended, under pain of forfeiture, on the said cells. In 1857 a portion of the new house was opened. But notwithstanding the large sums already collected, there remained still a considerable deficit in the amount necessary for the payment of what was already begun. One sum of 1,600*l.* was pressingly needed by a given time, and the community knew not where to turn for it. The pay-day was drawing near, and the Bishop's anxiety was



great. He had been just at this time reading and meditating on the life of Blessed Benedict Labre, and had conceived a strong devotion to that holy soul, so divinely smitten with the love of abjection and the sublime folly of the Cross. He determined to make a novena to him for the purpose of obtaining the 1,600*l.* Eight days went by, and no money, or promise or prospect of it appeared, but the Bishop, not the least shaken in his confidence, stoutly maintained that it would still come in time. On the ninth day, accordingly, a person to whom he had not spoken of the matter, and who had no knowledge whatever of his pressing need of the moment, sent him this precise sum of 1,600*l.* Many stories are told of great sums of money being miraculously furnished to Dr. Grant on various occasions; but, though some of these are too well authenticated to be doubted by any but the perversely sceptical, we refrain from inserting them in our narrative, lest we should seem to be anticipating the judgment of that tribunal which is alone competent to deal with facts of this nature. We have, however, no hesitation in giving notable answers to prayer, whether in the temporal or spiritual order; for while they strike our tepid faith with something of a sense of awe, as when we come in contact with any vivid manifestation of the supernatural, they are of too simple and frequent occurrence amongst Christians to excite any feeling of wonder beyond that of humble surprise at God's goodness and condescension to the prayers of such poor creatures as ourselves. Alluding to the frequent recurrence in Dr. Grant's experience of incidents like the foregoing, Father Hathaway says: 'Although always poor, I imagine he got money by praying for it like other very holy people when there

was a special need. I have been told in confidence of his having given sums on emergencies that astonished the recipients. Like the saints, too, he had a wonderful talent for concealing all that was extraordinary about him. When people were converted or cured, he would always put it on the relic of the true Cross which he carried about him.'

The belief in his holiness and the efficacy of his prayers which prevailed so generally, was often a source of trial to the Bishop's humility. Sometimes he contrived to take refuge in a joke. As once, for instance, when a black cow, which was the chief prop of the Norwood dairy, died, and the Sister who had charge of that department announced the catastrophe to Dr. Grant on his next arrival, adding like Martha, whose words she almost unconsciously used, 'Oh, my Lord, if you had been here, the cow would not have died!' They were near the wash-house where the children were all assembled. Dr. Grant threw open the door, and pointing indignantly to the Sister, cried out, 'Listen to this, children! She wants to make out that I killed the black cow!' And under cover of the roars of laughter which greeted the denunciation, he made his escape.

One day in the beginning of August, Dr. Grant came to Norwood, and after hearing the confessions of the community, repaired to the school-room, where all the children were assembled for an instruction; they noticed that he wore a preoccupied air, and were not reassured when he desired them to pray very fervently for the Abbé Vesque, 'because,' continued the Bishop, 'he has told me, that every eight years something extraordinary happens to him, and if you do not pray well, you will be sorry for it.' Whether either or both

the friends had any presentiment of the event which was to mark the term of the present eighth year, we do not know ; but before the month had expired it was made manifest to all. On the 28th the children received the news of the Abbé Vesque's nomination to the distant See of Roseau, in the West Indies ; but as the same letter informed them of Dr. Grant's having written an earnest appeal to the Holy Father to allow the Abbé Vesque to decline the episcopal charge, hope for the moment rose dominant over dismay, and the orphans, refusing to believe that so terrible a calamity could ever go beyond a threat, wrote the following letter to Dr. Grant :

‘ My Lord,—Your Lordship had reason to say that if we were not good we would be sorry ; for now we do repent of not having done all we could to obtain the grace Mr. Vesque wanted so much, but now we are making up for it. We thank your Lordship for your kindness in writing to the Holy Father to ask him to leave us our dear father ; he is dearer to us now than ever he was, because we feel his kindness now more than ever. He came to see us this morning in the class, and gave us an account of his journey, but nothing interested us, for we were too sad. Seeing us crying so much, Mr. Vesque said, “ I will run away and hide myself to weep in a corner, if you cry like this ; I cannot bear it . . . ” ’

But, alas ! no reprieve came from the Holy Father ; early in September the Bishop told the children that he could not give them any hope, but bade them continue to pray earnestly that God's will might be done. ‘ We have not always been good,’ he said, ‘ and so God is taking him away from us ; this is our punish-



ment ; and, besides, the good angels of the little negroes have been praying to have him, so we must be content to give him up.' But it was not possible even yet to bring home to those little hearts, unused to facing sacrifice, that this renunciation would be demanded of them, and they would only promise the Bishop to pray conditionally, ' that it might please God Almighty to make their will His,' just for a little while longer. Such language might be a scandal to some, but the holy prelate who had so much of the child in his own nature, saw no irreverence in this childlike freedom of the innocent little ones with their heavenly Father ; he liked to see them go to God just as to a living friend who could and would help them if it was for their good in all ways, and any evidence of the reality of their faith, however faulty its mode of expression, was a subject of thankfulness to him. He contented himself with a smiling shake of the head, and warned them that if they put too much of their own will in it, God might listen to their prayer, but that He would have to punish them in some other way, perhaps by sending them a still greater affliction. The feast of St. Michael being that of the Abbé Vesque was always kept as a gala day. In offering his congratulations to his friend, Dr. Grant loved to repeat the celestial warrior's war-cry : ' Who is like unto God ! ' Often during the year he would greet him with this exclamation. To-day in spite of, or perhaps because of the sword that was hanging over their heads, and forcing on them the unacknowledged possibility that this night be their last *fête* together, the community and the children did their utmost to make it brilliant. A luncheon was spread for the orphans on the lawn, and the Bishop was to do the honours. All passed off



very happily ; but the day that had dawned so brightly was to close in sorrow. Dr. Grant was conversing apart with the Abbé Vesque when a letter was handed to the latter. A pang shot through his heart ; he had not the courage to open it, but handed it to his companion. He had guessed right ; it was the final command nominating him to the see of Roseau. Dr. Grant went at once towards the merry groups still assembled on the play ground, and announced the dreaded intelligence to them. They received it with floods of tears, and the unmitigated despair of their age, and broke into passionate entreaties that the Bishop would still beg the Pope to change his mind, and leave their good father with them, 'if only for a little while longer.' Dr. Grant listened with his usual paternal indulgence to these innocent and foolish pleadings, but, while sharing their regrets, and moved to deeper sympathy with the more touching and resigned sorrow of the sisterhood, whose loss in such a friend and counsellor he best knew how to appreciate, he pointed to duty, and bade them look beyond selfish and personal thoughts, to the glory of God and the good of souls. 'If the Holy Father were to listen to this sort of thing,' said Dr. Grant, 'no bishop would ever be appointed ; they are always grudging when they are good, and they shrink from it themselves most of all ; it is an awful responsibility, and they fear not being efficient.'

Seeing them still sobbing and inconsolable, 'well, well,' continued the Bishop laughing, trying to make a diversion in their minds, 'nobody cried for me when I was named to be a bishop ; I know some people who wanted to run away when I came.' He would sometimes bring this up to the nuns when any circumstance

occurred to excite their alarms at his possible removal from the diocese, and would tell the children how frightened they had been, and how they had begged to be taken away to Westminster, out of the jurisdiction of the hardhearted Bishop of Southwark. But it would not do ; neither Sisters nor children were to be lured into even a passing forgetfulness of their grief. 'Now you must promise me,' insisted Dr. Grant, 'that you will be generous to our dear Lord, and that you will make this sacrifice to His holy will without rebelling and complaining. Remember, too, that to your kind Father it is also a sacrifice, and a very painful one ; he is going away to a great distance, to a very laborious mission, far from all whom he loves, and from you, troublesome little people that he is so fond of, and you must not make it harder to him ; on the contrary you must help him by your courage and by your prayers. The early Christians gave praise and thanks to those who encouraged the martyrs in their sufferings.' These last words held a prophetic note, which, had his hearers understood it, would have made the parting even more bitter than it was. If to be a martyr is to go forth to our appointed task full of the spirit of sacrifice, ready to lay down our life for God, whether it be accepted at once as a holocaust, or consumed slowly through years of toil and suffering in His service and that of His creatures, if this is to be a martyr, then truly the humble brother in arms of the Bishop of Southwark may with justice claim a place in the ranks of the palm-bearers. The Abbé Vesque was consecrated by his friend on October 26. Early in January he went to Rome to receive the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff, and pay the accustomed tribute of allegiance to the Holy See in his new episcopal

capacity. From the Eternal City, he continued to direct the orphanage as usual, taking a great interest in the distribution of prizes which took place during his absence. On the traveller's return Dr. Grant occupied himself seriously with the question of his trousseau, seeing to the details of his scanty wardrobe with a minutiae that was too touching to be matter for laughter, though the two had many a laugh together over the question of hosiery and broad cloth, and the number of articles that were absolutely indispensable in these departments, Monseigneur Vesque protesting vehemently at what he called Monseigneur Grant's extravagance; but for once Monseigneur Grant had his own way with his friend. When the Sisters of Norwood thanked him for 'the kind and useful presents' he had provided for their dear Father, he cut them short in his usual manner, with, 'yes, yes, I *was* very kind to him; I gave him a night-cap and a pocket-hankerchief; he will find them useful out there!'

The day of departure was fixed for the middle of March. The 'Magdalena,' in which the Bishop's place had been taken, sailed from Southampton on the 17th, St. Patrick's day, a coincidence which Dr. Grant insisted on regarding of most cheerful omen. He determined to accompany his friend to Southampton; they were to meet at the Waterloo Station and proceed hence together. But at the last it seemed as if he were going to be too late. 'On arriving at the station,' writes Monseigneur Vesque to Norwood, 'we did not see Monseigneur, and for a moment I thought he would not come, and that I should go without having even said adieu to him. I offered up the sacrifice to God. It was only one more added to all the others . . . He

told us that the nuns had delayed him, and nearly made him miss the train !

‘ Messieurs A—— and J. P—— were there, waiting to say a last good-bye to me. They had been the first to welcome me when I disembarked for the first time in London, and it was only just that they should receive my last farewell; I will never forget them until I forget my arrival in England and my departure from Norwood ! . . . Nothing of interest marked the journey from London to Southampton; formerly it was a journey that I loved; I was on my way to France, to see my mother, and La Délivrande, or to welcome some one coming thence to help us in our labours here. But now it was no longer this . . . Monseigneur said a few words to the station-master at Winchester where he was to take up a little orphan on his way back, to bring her to you in my place. Let us love our good God who thus permits my journey to be useful to a poor orphan; poor child! yet I own that I envied her. At Southampton we were met by Mr. Mount . . . and thanks to him I had no need to torment myself about my baggage; he and Mr. Morel saved me all that trouble. I only looked on at things with an absent eye, mechanically. The “Magdalena” was lying at anchor a couple of miles out in the Southampton waters. At half past eleven we embarked on the little steamer which was to take me on board. The moment for parting with Monseigneur had come . . . there was an emigrant ship in the docks which he was going to visit with Mr. Mount . . . One more wrench and we were off . . . I looked back and waved my hand to him who had loved me so dearly (*celui qui m’avait tant aimé*) and caught a last glimpse of him as he was ascending the emigrant ship. At 2 P.M. the



signal sounded for all those to quit the vessel who were not bound for the voyage. I hear yet the sound of the *Tam-Tam* that seemed to say to me : "enfin, tout est fini !" I embraced Mr. Morel. The vessel began to move, and we pushed off. I fixed my eyes on that kind *confrère* as long as I could distinguish him amongst the passengers on the deck of the little steamer, then I turned away, and said to myself again : "tout est fini !" . . . The ship which bore the emigrants whom Monseigneur Grant had visited was under weigh before us, but as she was a sailing ship, we soon left her behind us.'

The incident above alluded to was an appropriate close to the parting scene. The great emigrant ship was freighted with souls who had a special claim on the Bishop's sympathy, some four hundred Irish, men and women, driven mostly by want, but let us hope in some cases by that spirit of enterprise and love of adventure characteristic of the Celtic race, to seek a home and fortunes beyond the seas. These exodi are too common in Southampton to attract more than a passing glance from the inhabitants, but to a stranger they are full of pathos and a sort of rude romance. The emigrants are almost exclusively from Ireland ; 'splendid young fellows largely recruited in Tipperary,' observes the zealous priest whose mission it is to speed them with blessings on their perilous way over the deep ; 'and innocent girls with their shawls drawn modestly over their heads, and the grace of God written all over their faces ; and who, one and all, when you ask them what sort of crossing they had, invariably reply, whether the waves ran mountains high, or the sea were as smooth as a milk pond : "Indeed your riverence, we were near going to the

bottom!" And if you attempt by so much as a look to challenge the accuracy of this statement, they are ready with the unanswerable testimony: "Sure and the sailors themselves said we were!" Which no doubt they did.' All those who know how faithfully those loyal hearts cherish the old Irish spirit of reverence for 'the priest,' can imagine what sort of a welcome a real live bishop got from them on board the ship, where he came with blessings and kind words, giving them his cross to kiss all round; on St. Patrick's Day in the morning, too! No scene was better calculated to cheer his own aching heart than the sight of their simple and loving faith. At the close of the year Dr. Grant, writing to the orphans at Norwood, thus alludes to their loss and his own:

'December 31.

'You have sent me a letter full of good wishes, and in return I send you a beautiful letter from your little Sisters in France, and all the blessings that our dear and Immaculate Mother wishes you to have.

'I hope you may have many consolations in the New Year to make up for the affliction of the year that is ending. These very afflictions prove the goodness of Our Blessed Lord, who must have loved you very much to allow you to have as your teacher one who was all the time worthy to be chosen Bishop of a difficult and arduous mission. For your good he was spared to you for eight years . . .

'I hope there will be soon orphans enough to fill the new house. When I saw the picture of it I looked for some addition to the scene, but I do not find it:—Monseigneur Vesque returning to cheer you all, especially your instructors, and

'Yours very sincerely,

'X THOMAS GRANT.'

The Bishop of Roseau's parting words to his friend were, 'I bequeath my orphans to you!' The trust was accepted, and never was charge more faithfully fulfilled.

Just eight months after Monseigneur Vesque had reached the Antilles, a devoted little band of six Sisters from Norwood followed him to share his apostolic labours, and assist him in civilising the little negroes who had replaced the orphans in his solicitude. The kindness of the Bishop of Southwark to the nuns on this occasion was only a repetition of his conduct on so many others. He saw to everything, thought of everything; every trifling thing that could be a solace to them, morally or physically, was anticipated with instinctive tenderness, and many little comforts they would not have granted themselves, were provided for them. He could not accompany the missionaries to Southampton, but he was at the railway station to speed them on the first stage of the journey, and to cheer them with a last blessing. On his return from seeing them off, he writes to the orphans that the good Sisters 'had so much trouble with their luggage at the station that it broke the grief they would otherwise have felt and shown at their departure; their habit was also a subject of curiosity.' He concludes his letter by desiring them to pray hard that he may get through his work in order to be able to come to see them, and adds: 'I hope too that St. Joseph will help me, as I have more wants than I have money, and more are likely to come before the winter is over.'

The Bishop's letters to the orphans are full of these recommendations to 'pray hard' for some intention he has at heart, and are worded with a characteristic peremptoriness and simplicity that are the outcome of his

practical, child-like faith. 'Why do you not obtain the conversion of that family of which I told you the mother sent me help for the poor some time ago?' he writes; and again, 'make haste and pray for your benefactor . . . he has asked your prayers for an important intention. *Pray fervently my dear children.*'

In January, 1856, he writes to them from Abbotsford: 'A very kind lady, Mrs. Bowden, whose son is an Oratorian, wishes you to join a novena for a conversion about which she is very anxious, so begin as soon as you get this letter. She trusts much to the prayers of the nuns and orphans of Norwood. You must write to her, and promise to pray very hard, especially on the Epiphany, and you must ask the three kings to tell our Immaculate Mother and St. Joseph to obtain for her the conversion for which she asks your prayers.' The Bishop even condescends to bribe them to greater fervour by the promise of some little pleasure on the grant of the petition. 'A good and very kind Catholic is expecting to get a situation, and if he obtains it through your prayers, he has promised to come to Norwood to show you some amusing games.' Some of our readers may be scandalised at what will appear to them, the low principle inculcated in such teaching; but we would remind them that there is higher authority than that of the humble Bishop of Southwark to justify our striving to do well, 'for sake of the reward.' And what are we that we should scorn to be influenced by that natural desire for happiness upon which the whole divinely appointed system of future reward and punishment is based? If our heavenly Father has not disdained to lure His children back to himself by the promise of future bliss, are we not justified in enticing those little ones into the path of



duty and of earnest endeavour by the promise of such pleasures as it is in our power to bestow ?

The year 1858 witnessed the opening of the new house at Norwood ; but the rejoicings over this event were soon to be followed by mourning. The venerable Mère Sainte Marie, the Superior and foundress of the order of the Faithful Virgin in England, had for some years been failing in health. The decline was so gradual, and the physical weakness was so successfully triumphed over by the vigorous energy of her soul, and the cheerful heartiness of her spirit and temperament, that the sisterhood were unconscious of any cause for uneasiness. Even when, in the February of this year, the malady which was slowly consuming her vital powers, resulted in total loss of voice, a painful deafness and an attack of gout in the eyes which obliged her to remain in complete darkness, they refused to see anything more alarming than a severe temporary illness. Mère Sainte Marie however was under no such delusion, and, though loath to dispel the sanguine hopes of her religious children, she warned them frequently that they must soon prepare to see her leave them. While compelled to comparative inaction by her infirmities, this admirable woman, who, in simplicity of character and frank heartiness of manner, but above all her consuming zeal for souls and her brave spirit of self-sacrifice, closely resembled her two spiritual fathers—the Bishop of Southwark and Monseigneur Vesque—found ways of occupying herself in the service of her adopted children ; she contrived, by means of an ingenious and simple system of measurement, to cut out the clothes for the orphans, though entirely deprived of the use of her eyes. When thus employed she caused verses from Scripture and from

the Imitation of Christ, her two favourite sources of meditation, to be read aloud to her. In the midst of her accumulated infirmities, intensified as bodily suffering was by the pressure of mental anxieties, her cheerfulness never for a moment deserted her. This serenity of spirit, amounting even to gaiety, contributed perhaps more than anything else to feed the false hopes of her Sisters; they could not bring themselves to believe that so much energy and vitality could be where death was near. At Easter a great change took place for the better in her health. She partially recovered the use of her eyes, and profited by this in order to resume her usual occupations with renewed activity. But the improvement which filled everyone else with hopes amounting to certainty, never for a moment deceived *Mère Sainte Marie*. She began to speak more directly and emphatically about her approaching end, often observing that she would 'be taken suddenly.' The thought of death had no fear for her. It came to the mother of the orphans and the poor like a blessed summons borne on the wings of love. 'I should be happy to go,' she sometimes exclaimed; 'I would regret nothing were it not for you, my children!' Then she would add in a sort of absent way, as if answering her own thoughts: 'But, perhaps, when I am gone, it will be all the better for you!' She continued in the same state, neither improving nor growing worse, until almost the last. Five days before her death, she spent the whole afternoon in the great dormitory of the orphans, where some new arrangements were being made under her directions; she assisted herself in moving the beds, and placing them as she desired. When the usual hour for the children's retiring to rest had arrived, she was still there, and remained to preside over them,

with her habitual motherly predilection, attending more especially to the little ones. It was only when all were settled down for the night that she could be induced to come away, and take the rest she so much needed. On Sunday, the last she was to spend on earth, Mère Sainte Marie was present at High Mass, and remarked that the words of the Gospel, 'Yet a little while and you shall not see me,' seemed to point appropriately to herself. Her Sisters still refused to share these forebodings, but she persisted gently in reproving their incredulity, repeating, as she had so often done of late : 'I shall be taken suddenly.' On the following day, Monday, she devoted many hours to writing letters on various matters connected with the affairs of the community ; she visited every part of the house in detail, like one anxious to leave all in order before going on a long journey. To the children whom she met during her rounds of inspection she spoke some words full of a strange force and unction, which came back upon them afterwards with a mysterious significance that had escaped them at the time. Many times throughout this day that found her so active, so serene, and apparently full of many days of life yet, she expressed a conviction that 'death was coming quickly ;' once she said in a sort of half-reverie that she should 'never again behold those absent ones whom she loved.' In the evening she went to the school-room, and with her own hands distributed rewards to those who had deserved them, speaking with more than her wonted warmth of affection to all. She then gave them her blessing, and withdrew. Her last act in life may be said to have been this blessing bestowed upon the orphan children to whose service her entire life had been devoted. Immediately on reaching her room,

she was seized with what was in truth her agony. The doctor was sent for ; but the remedies he prescribed were of little use. She breathed with immense difficulty, and seemed at moments as if about to suffocate. All through that night her sufferings continued to increase. She had insisted on the community's retiring to rest, and only allowed one Sister to sit up with her ; and her great anxiety was the pain and trouble she was causing her ; she repeatedly entreated her to go and lie down, urging that she felt better and wanted nothing. When the Sister asked if she was in great pain, and what she felt, Mère Sainte Marie would only reply : ' My child, pray for me ; ask that I may do the will of God . . . as the angels and saints do it in heaven.' Towards morning the symptoms grew so unmistakeably alarming that the medical man was again summoned, while the orphans and the community assembled in the chapel in prayer. Mère Sainte Marie smiled her thanks on hearing of this, and expressed a sort of humble and touching surprise at every fresh proof of her children's love and anxiety. She herself requested that the confessor of the house might be called. Through Tuesday and Wednesday night her sufferings were excruciating, and her breathing so difficult, that it seemed as if each gasp must be the last. At eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, she asked to receive the last Sacraments of the Church. The Bishop meanwhile had been sent for to St. George's. Her presence of mind never forsook her for an instant ; during the painful intervals of suffocation, she directed herself all the preparations for the ceremony ; nothing escaped her. Seeing her children sobbing as they went about the room, obeying her calm directions, she said in a tone of tender reproach : '*mes enfans,*



*pourquoi vous désolez-vous ?*' The expression of her countenance was one of peaceful joy, as if this great act of passing into eternity were a simple function of her daily life. After receiving extreme unction, she reminded the community that the rule desires a religious, at the point of death, to pronounce a renewal of the vows, and ask pardon of the sisterhood for all bad example ; and in spite of their remonstrances and her extreme weakness, she insisted on conforming to this part of the rule, restricting herself to as few words as possible, on account of the pain it gave her to speak. But these words, brief as they were, and broken by her efforts gasping for breath, were suffused with the tenderest maternal love, and a humility that went to every heart. After receiving the Holy Viaticum, she remained for a few minutes absorbed in silent thanksgiving ; then hearing that the doctor was coming in, she called out for her veil which had been removed to give her more freedom in breathing ; the nuns hesitated, fearing the fatigue it would cause her to re-adjust it, but with a surprisingly clear voice and great vivacity she cried out : ' The rule, my daughters, the rule ! ' A sister caught it up, but just as the symbol of the religious life was once more placed upon her head, Mère Sainte Marie's eyes opened wide, and filled with a strange and sweet expression that sent a shudder of awe through the beholders, and caused the assistants to exclaim almost unconsciously : ' Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit ; Jesus, Mary, Joseph ! ' . . . A slight quivering of the features showed that the words were understood and responded to. There were three soft, faint sighs, and then her head fell gently forward. Mère Sainte Marie had gone to finish her thanksgiving in the bosom of God.

She was fifty-five years of age, and was the first to take her flight from Norwood, where she had arrived ten years before. The absence of the Bishop from her death-bed was bitterly felt by all, perhaps still more so by Dr. Grant himself. He was very ill at the time, and confined to his bed ; he had been sent for only at the last moment, and though he rose in all possible haste as soon as the message reached him, he arrived too late. Mère Sainte Marie had just expired as he entered the room. He knelt for some time beside the empty tabernacle of the pure and valiant spirit that was fled ; and then rose and addressed to the religious a few words of consolation, such as he so well knew how to draw from his heart on the like occasions.

The next day, ill and suffering as he was, he came and officiated at a requiem mass and solemn service for the departed soul in the chapel of the convent. His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman came on the following day, and added his tribute of affection and esteem for one who had been for ten years a devoted helpmate of his clergy in the service of the poor and many of the orphan children of his own diocese. At the time of her death, one hundred and thirty orphans were sheltered in the convent Mère Sainte Marie had founded. The grief of these little ones, now doubly orphans, was too touching to be described. While the remains of their Mother were in the convent, they could not be torn from the room where she lay ; it was with difficulty that even at night they could be induced to withdraw, all, to the smallest of them, imploring to be allowed to stay and watch by the coffin. The sight of their tears and their innocent despair was more than Dr. Grant could endure. They almost accused him, and even our dear Lord Himself, of being cruel and

unfaithful to them. 'But we *did* pray with all our hearts!' they insisted; 'and yet you see, my Lord, she has died!' The Bishop could at first only answer these passionate appeals of their poor little untutored hearts, by letting his own tears flow with theirs, and laying his hands upon their upturned heads as they pressed round him for an explanation of a mystery beyond the reach of their child-like and literal belief in the efficacy of 'good prayers for obtaining everything.'

The body was to be conveyed to France, and rest in the little cemetery of La Délivrande, where Mère Sainte Marie had spent the greater portion of her religious life; the nuns and orphans were desirous, however, that her heart at least should be left to Norwood; but on hearing that she had always expressed a great horror at the idea of the body of a religious being subjected to surgical manipulation after death, Dr. Grant decided that this feeling should be respected, and that the pure virgin frame should be spared the profanation which her instinctive delicacy had shrunk from even in thought. 'We may not have her heart,' he said to the religious, 'but we can still retain her spirit.'

The Bishop himself made all the necessary preparations for the transport of the remains to France; he saw all the authorities whose assistance or consent was needed, and relieved the community of the painful and irksome details connected with the voyage. On the day of her death, though he had risen from a sick-bed himself to come to Norwood, he made the journey to and from London three times on matters of business, seeing trades-people, and making all the material arrangements, so as to save the community as much expense as possible. When all was over, he came and

consoled the sorrowing hearts of the mourners by a beautiful and impressive discourse on the life and holiness of the gentle, apostolic heart that had been for so long the animating spirit of that little world. He who was so reluctant to bestow the title of 'saint' on anyone, and so emphatic in denouncing the irreverence and weak faith which prompts what he called 'private canonization,' did not hesitate to speak of Mère Sainte-Marie as the mirror of all the religious virtues, one whose life was in every throb consecrated to God, to the poor, and to orphans, whose soul was consumed by the love of her spouse and zeal for the salvation of souls. 'Her zeal was such,' affirmed the Bishop, 'that when she saw the honour of her Lord outraged, her tears flowed abundantly, and her prayers rose without ceasing to the Throne of Mercy for the sinners who were offending against it. . . . Of her sufferings who may speak? God took away all who were dear to her, those who were best entitled to her love and confidence, even her spiritual guides in the great work undertaken for His glory. Some seemed to abandon her, some were sent away to foreign missions, death deprived her of others. . . . Yet in the midst of all her trials no word of complaint ever escaped her. She pursued alone for God the work she had undertaken for Him alone. Like her Divine Master, her kindness and charity were often repaid by ingratitude; like Him, she loved those who sought to injure her; after His example, she gave the best tenderness of her heart to the poor and the suffering.'

The work 'undertaken for God's glory' by such a soul could not fail to strike deep root and prosper; it was not dependent on the life of its founder, or of any individual; it had in it the principle of life that can



not die, but flourishes, and brings forth good fruit even after the parent stem is broken. 'Works that are tainted with self have a germ of death in them,' was a maxim of the Bishop's that he repeated often to those engaged in good works of any sort; but he did not hesitate to pronounce Mère Sainte-Marie's work free from this corrupting element. 'Her work will live after her,' he declared; 'it will live and thrive in the hearts and deeds of her children.'

Yet this high opinion of her holiness did not prevent his offering up prayers for her, and exhorting her religious children to do the same. 'She was a great blessing lent to us—a model of charity,' he said; 'yet this consoling thought must not make us forget the awful purity—the unsearchable judgments of God. It may be that her soul is not yet enjoying the bliss of the beatific vision; her great indulgence, the extraordinary tenderness of her heart to others during life, may have left some speck upon that pure soul; we cannot know. . . . Our duty is to pray.' 'Alas!' he exclaims with a visible shudder at the thought, 'what have we not to fear, miserable sinners, if such a soul as this be not found pure enough to be admitted at once into the presence of the All Holy?'

How well those words reveal the Bishop's abiding sense of the sanctity of God, which stimulated to that ardent and unceasing intercession for the souls in Purgatory that he was for ever striving to encourage in others. The children immediately asked and obtained permission to make a general communion for the departed soul of their mother; and Dr. Grant, full of joy, writes to them on hearing of it:—

'My dear Children in Christ,—I thank you all very sincerely for the delightful news of the communion

which you have made as an offering for the soul of your departed mother. May she rest in peace! And may we all have the grace to be grateful to God for having allowed us to witness her example during life!

‘I hope that all will approach the sacraments at this time, since the time of affliction is the time of grace and mercy.

‘Yours very sincerely in Christ,

‘ × THOMAS GRANT.

‘I obeyed your request, and wrote on Sunday to your good father, Monseigneur Vesque.’

But the measure of this year’s sacrifice was not yet complete. Before it closed another death-knell sounded with a far bitterer pang to the Bishop’s heart.

After two short years spent under the burning skies of his remote Indian See, Monseigneur Vesque was called to his reward. The news of his death affected Dr. Grant deeply; but, as usual, his first thought was for others. He went at once to Norwood to break the intelligence to the nuns and the children. On entering the class-room all noticed that his countenance was overcast, and that his manner had none of its habitual brightness. He went straight towards the portrait of Monseigneur Vesque, which was suspended over the mantlepiece, pointed to it in silence, and then knelt down and gave out the first verse of the ‘*De Profundis*.’ There was no need for further explanation. Sobs broke from every part of the room; the Bishop continued the psalm with an unfaltering voice to the end; then rising, he sat down and gathered the orphans round him. At first his heart was too full for speech; he could not find any words of comfort, but took up Father Faber’s ‘*Tales of the Angels*,’ and read it aloud from beginning to end, pausing at intervals to

draw some consoling thought from the page; he dwelt a long time on the exquisite picture of Philip's death. 'God,' he said, 'never plucks a flower unless He wants it—never to throw it away. When He cuts off an apostle apparently in the midst of his apostolic career, it is a sign that the career is in reality finished, and the time come for the reward.' He remained till evening, alternately praying with them and consoling them. It was of Monseigneur Vesque that Cardinal Wiseman spoke these words, in themselves a compendious oration:—'His lips were never opened but to speak the truth.' On hearing of his death he wept bitterly—a circumstance most unusual with the Cardinal, of whom Dr. Grant declared that in all the long years of their acquaintance he had never seen him shed tears but once before.\* Monseigneur Vesque before leaving Norwood had promised the orphans and the Sisters that, wherever he was, when God called him away he would come back, and let his body rest in the midst of them. This sad consolation they hastened to claim. When he gave the promise, neither he nor they had any presentiment that he would so soon be called upon to redeem it. Dr. Grant, who knew him better than any one, assured the nuns he would never come back. 'It is no use expecting him,' protested the Bishop; 'his humility will keep him away; if we could look for him in heaven, we would find him hiding under some angel's wing.' But this prediction proved untrue. Monseigneur Vesque kept them waiting, but he kept his word. Two years after his death Norwood had the joy of receiving back the earthly tabernacle of the holy priest who had fostered its first growth. Dr. Grant paid the last sorrowful tribute of affection to his

\* Probably on the occasion of the First Synod at Oscott.

friend by consecrating his grave; he performed the funeral ceremony with an emotion that he did not even try to dissemble. 'No one who beheld it,' says an eyewitness of the touching scene, 'will forget the movement with which the Bishop laid his hand upon the coffin as it was about to be lowered into the grave; it was the farewell of a beloved friend, looking forward to a reunion at no far-distant time with him to whom it was spoken.'

Dr. Grant signified on this occasion his desire to be buried, not merely by the side of, but in the same grave, with his fellow-labourer, 'that in death he might not be parted from one whom in life he had loved so well.' His place was accordingly made ready. The Bishop himself gave all the necessary directions, and entered with great spirit into the matter, as if the prospect of this posthumous hospitality were something pleasant—as indeed he declared it was—and henceforth, whenever the subject of his burial was alluded to, he would brighten up, and speak with lively satisfaction of the arrangement which secured him 'a quiet corner, with the children playing in the field close by.'

The orphans had commenced to work a cotta for the Bishop of Roseau; but as he died before it was finished, they gave it to Dr. Grant. He knew for whom it had been originally intended, and was greatly affected on receiving it. 'I do not know how to accept the cotta,' he writes; 'it is too fine to be worn, and too dear to be paid for. I thank the children for their work. I hope to see Norwood with four hundred children, and one hundred Sisters, before I want the purple silk ornament for the coffin.' This was an allusion to a letter he had written to the Superior asking her to give him a set of vestments for his burial!



On the death of Dr. Briggs, in January 1861, it was rumoured that the Bishop of Southwark was to be transferred to the vacant see of Beverley. The greatest alarm prevailed both in religious communities and all through the diocese. In answer to one of his clergy, formerly a student under him in Rome, who wrote to ask him if the report was true, Dr. Grant says, 'I am very grateful for your kind wishes about keeping me in the South, and I assure you that the goodness and patience of my clergy tempt me to hope that I may never be asked to leave them. You alone of the number saw my promotion, and I wish you to survive the honours it brought me, and to see me placed in a quiet tomb in Southwark, in some five, or ten, or fifteen years hence, as God wills. . . .'

## CHAPTER X.

1862-1864.

IN the first days of June 1862, Dr. Grant repaired to Rome, for the solemnity of the canonization of the Japanese martyrs. A few days after his arrival he wrote the following account of the aspect of things in the Eternal City to the Superior of a convent in his diocese :—

‘ Rome, June 7, 1862.

‘ I should have been anxious to write to you *after* the canonization, but our duties, till the next post day, are so many that I fear a disappointment, and therefore I write to-day, promising to pray hard for all the community during the solemnities. It is thought that three hundred Bishops and three thousand foreign ecclesiastics will surround his Holiness on this occasion. The saints will be twenty-two Franciscan martyrs, three martyrs of the Society of Jesus, and Blessed Michael de Sanctis of the Order of the Redemption of Captives. I hope they will pray much for the Institute of Mercy, that the Sisters may be fervent, the novices many, and the love of the holy rule earnest and persevering. An effort will be made soon to ask leave to keep festivals in honour of the martyrs in England since the change of religion. We must pray that we may obtain this privilege, and thus secure to ourselves the help and protection of the martyrs.

‘His Holiness is wonderfully well, and intends after the procession to sing Mass himself for the canonization. I believe that never before have so many been canonized at once, or with such a large attendance from every part of the Church.’

One of the orphans, who was ill when the Bishop left England, died just as he reached Rome; on hearing the news of her happy death, he says:—

‘My dear Children in Christ,—As soon as I heard that it had pleased our dear and Immaculate Mother to consecrate her month by asking for one of the orphans to present to her Divine Son, I caused the adorable sacrifice to be offered for Cecilia, that she might not be delayed on her way, but might be at once admitted into the presence of the glorious Queen of the orphans, the holy and faithful Virgin. Let us hope that she will witness the triumph of the canonization to-morrow, and that she will pray ardently for the children and the nuns at Norwood.

‘How majestic must be the joy of the Heavenly Court during the glorious solemnity! And how many holy martyrs will thank our Queen for having obtained such joy for them!

‘In the month of May she has shown her delight here at being able to help her children. In the diocese of Spoleto there is a ruined sanctuary, to which a child of four years old was several times miraculously called. No one heeded the child’s words until a lame man felt a strong inspiration to go and pray at the altar of Our Lady in the ruins. He was speedily cured, and since that time, three or four weeks ago, crowds of people have flocked to the place, and other favours in behalf of sufferers have been granted. The Piedmontese hold that place, which they usurped from the Holy

See, and some of their adherents went to the shrine for the purpose of proving that the faithful were deceived, and they have come away converted, and proclaiming the wonderful power of Mary Immaculate manifested in that spot.

‘The Bishop is collecting funds to restore the chapel round the shrine. Deo Gratias !

‘We believe there are three hundred Bishops now in Rome, and about *two thousand French priests*, who are full of ardour and enthusiasm for the Holy Father. They wait for his carriage, and throw bouquets into it. On St. Philip’s Day some of them ran more than a mile by the side of the carriage. The cheers of the people are as loud and hearty as the cheers of an English crowd, which is more remarkable as foreigners are not accustomed to cheer much.

‘On Monday his Holiness will dine with all the Bishops in the Vatican Library, which has been prepared for the purpose. I shall, perhaps, meet the Bishop of Bayeux, whom I have not yet seen, at the ceremony to-morrow, and he will be able to tell me about your mother at the Délivrande.

‘It is said that quite lately thirty Christians have been cast into prison in Japan ; thus there may be new martyrs at the very moment you are reading this letter.

‘Amongst the martyrs who will be canonized is a child of eleven, St. Anthony. I hope he will condescend to protect the children at Norwood, and so make them faithful to the example of our dear Immaculate Mother. He was remarkable for his love of the Holy Mass. I trust he will obtain *for all of you* a deep and affectionate love of the Lamb of God, offering Himself daily in the Mass. May he obtain



for you the grace of dying before you ever lose the grace of God, and may he make you generous in suffering everything for the sake of the faith.

‘ Blessings to all,

‘ × THOMAS GRANT.’

In the midst of these scenes so full of interest, the Bishop was not unmindful of such of his absent children as were in need of his advice. One of his penitents, who was about to carry out a vocation to an austere contemplative Order, and had just at this time many trials, received a letter full of affectionate counsel and encouragement, from which we take the following extract :—

‘ June 1862—Rome.

‘ . . . One of the martyrs whom his Holiness has just canonized was aged twelve, and when he saw the crosses prepared for their martyrdom, he ran to his cross, and clung to it till he was nailed to it. Yet home, and friends, and life must have been dear to him as — are to you ; but our Lord had been crucified, and he could refuse nothing to His adorable Heart. . . . As life goes on we must try to get near and more near to being crucified, since it is through the Cross—mind a hard, rough, bitter Cross, not made of rosewood, or polished as *we* would wish it to be—that we were saved.’

To the same person, when the day of her sacrifice had come, he wrote that she might receive his letter at the moment of parting with her beloved ones :—

‘ . . . You must ask St. Stephen to obtain for you the ardent and generous love which made the heavens open to his eyes with Jesus at the right hand of the Father. It is the same Jesus for whom you are

leaving home ; and in leaving your earthly home, you will see the Eternal Father, who wishes to espouse you to His own dear Son, and to give you power to help, and support, and strengthen your Father in all his sacrifices. May St. Alphonsus, whose love for St. Teresa was so great, help you and your relations in this parting. May our Immaculate Mother bless you all !'

It is touching to see how, under all circumstances, at home or abroad, the good pastor's thoughts are busy in the interest of his orphans. In a letter of business, written home during this absence, we find the following tender mention of them :—

' . . . Poor children ! How very sad is their fate ! They are snatched from the workhouses to be sent out amidst the dangers of London. We must try, therefore, to help them. So you will oblige me by sending them a kind and *patient* father for their retreat.'

It was Dr. Grant's custom, when about to make any distant visitation, or to take a journey to the Continent, to enquire beforehand whether there lived in the villages or towns through which he was to pass any former orphans or poor members of his diocese whom he had once known, and who might be in want of help or advice ; and if so, he made a point of going to see them, often turning considerably out of his way for the purpose if they were ill, or in any trouble. On the occasion of this journey to Rome the Sisters of Norwood gave him the name of a girl whom they had had charge of some years before, and who was now living in France ; she had dropped all correspondence with them, and they had reason to fear she had not kept up the good practices of her early youth. On coming to the town where she resided, Dr. Grant made enquiries, and

great was his distress to learn that his former child had not only left off practising her religious duties, but that she had renounced every semblance of virtue, had left her situation three years before, and been living since then in a manner which was a scandal to the town. His charity was, however, only stimulated to more eager desire to save her ; with great difficulty he succeeded in getting her address, and going at once to the place, he found the girl at home. Her surprise at receiving such a visitor was very great, but so also was her pleasure. There was no avowal to make ; report had been beforehand with it ; the Bishop knew the worst. She owned to him that her sin had found her out, and that she was already expiating it in bitter humiliation and misery. The partner of her guilt treated her, not alone with that contempt which is the inevitable retribution of such criminal weakness, but with a harshness amounting to downright cruelty. Still she would not go away. Her chains, for all their heaviness and their burnings, were dear to her, and she was determined not to break loose from them. All this miserable story the poor creature poured out with the unrestrained confidence of the old days, when, as an innocent child, she had gone to the Bishop with her little sins and sorrows. He heard her to the end without a word of reproach or a sign of disgust ; then, when it was all told, he began to plead with her for her soul. What arguments he found, what words of solemn warning and tender supplication he drew from his heart, we must try to imagine ; but it was in vain. She had chosen her lot, and she would abide by it. Seeing he could obtain nothing from man, the Bishop turned to God. He knelt down, and clasping his crucifix, while the tears ran down his

cheeks, he poured out a prayer to the Father of Mercy, and implored the Immaculate Mother of Jesus to plead for this poor blind soul. It was not possible to resist longer. The girl fell on her knees, and sobbing passionately, 'Take me away!' she cried, 'I will go with you! I will do whatever you tell me!' There was no time for deliberation. The Bishop bade her come with him at once. She threw on a bonnet and shawl, and they sallied forth together. Dr. Grant was at all times singularly oblivious of what the world thought of him, and quite impenetrable to its ridicule; least of all at such a moment as this, when his heart was bounding with joy at the conquest of a soul to God, was he likely to trouble himself as to what might be said of him when seen walking through the streets with a woman at whom the finger of scorn was publicly pointed; or, if the thought occurred to him, he probably remembered how the Pharisees had murmured when, at Simon's feast, Magdalen came and clasped the feet of Jesus; and, rejoicing in the parallel, went his way unmoved. He took his companion to the house of a charitable lady, who gave her some suitable clothing, for it was impossible to let her accompany the Bishop in her present tawdry gear. All this was done very quickly, but meantime her flight had been discovered, and her associate, furious, and resolved not to let his victim escape, was in hot pursuit of her. Just as Dr. Grant and his *protégée* were crossing the platform of the railway station, she beheld her pursuer hastening towards them with a gesture of triumph. He was accompanied by another man, both determined to use force, if necessary, to take her back. With a cry of terror she clung to the Bishop; he saw all at a glance, hurried her into the nearest carriage, and jump-



ing in himself, banged the door just as the two men came up. The train moved on, and left them swearing and gesticulating on the platform. All through the journey Dr. Grant's kindness and attention to the unhappy girl were unremitting. He left nothing undone to soothe her, to fortify her against herself, and brace her to courageous perseverance in her sacrifice and good resolutions. He who was so tremulously scrupulous, who never raised his eyes to a woman's face, travelled the greater part of that night alone with a poor outcast whose soul was polluted as a leper, and was as gentle and respectful in his manner to her, and probably much more conversational, than if she had been a princess or a mother-abbess. He brought her back to England, and placed her in safe keeping till suitable employment was found for her.\* All this story she related herself. Dr. Grant was never heard to say anything of it beyond once observing to a religious, 'How kind God has been to her!'

A somewhat similar trait of his charity towards one of these prodigal children is related by Dr. Guéneau de Mussy, who had taken her from Norwood as children's maid. While the girl remained in his service the Bishop went frequently to see her. She left Dr. de Mussy's family after a time, and went to a situation, where she made the acquaintance of a workman, many years older than herself, and with whom she one morning suddenly disappeared. The Bishop gave himself no rest until he found the fugitives and married them. The man was a drunkard. Dr. Grant set to work to reclaim him. He made a practice of coming for him on Sunday between last mass and vespers, and carrying

\* Some time afterwards Dr. Grant had the satisfaction of marrying her to the man from whom he had rescued her.

him off to the country, so as to keep him out of harm's way on the day when he was most beset with temptations. The poor fellow was soon completely conquered by this persevering charity; he gave up drink, and became an excellent husband and father of a family. 'What struck us most in it all,' observes Monsieur de Mussy, 'is that the Bishop should have found time to occupy himself so much with the case amidst his numerous other calls and duties.'

We may introduce here a few reminiscences of one who long enjoyed Dr. Grant's friendship. 'It was remarkable,' says this gentleman, 'how instantaneously his countenance, usually so sweet and bright, could change to a look of anguish, such as *Moralis* threw into his paintings of the "Man of Sorrows." It was when grievous sin was brought strongly before him. I shall not easily forget a walk with him one night from (I think) the house of the late Serjeant Bellasis to his own door in Southwark. Although conversing cheerfully, he walked with almost closed eyes and face bent down, so as not to see individuals or groups about whose vocation charity itself could not be deceived. But once or twice this became impossible. Then, as I watched him, the shadow of others' sin, and of that despair described in Hood's wonderful verses, fell over him like a shock of pain. I particularly recall the effect on him of some of that wild laughter which is not from joy, but from the effort to seem and to forget. He passed, making frequently and very rapidly, and as he thought secretly, the sign of the Cross, while looking almost as he did when mortal disease was consuming him in those last days in Rome.'

On his return to St. George's, the Bishop writes to Mr. Arnold :—

‘ June 27, 1862.

‘ When I went to his Holiness, a few days after I reached Rome, I asked his blessing for our chief benefactors, of whom I had a list, and your name was, of course, of the number. . . .

‘ There were 265 Bishops ; at the Council of Trent there were 300 ; but none were there from America, or Australia, or Africa, and we had some from all these territories. His Holiness was quite well when we saw him on the 14th, a fortnight to-morrow. *He spoke of England as the most precious stone in the Church's diadem.*’

These concluding words of the Holy Father were a source of joy to Dr. Grant, who often repeated them to those who spoke despondingly of the future prospects of England concerning the re-establishment of the faith in this country. But, confident as were his hopes, he nevertheless kept in practice strictly within the bounds of actual facts. Writing to his lawyer with reference to a balance-sheet which had been sent to him for revisal, Dr. Grant says :—‘ It is very clear and satisfactory. Only we avoid the term *parish* and *parish priest*, in order to keep ourselves in mind that we are missionaries always stretching out our tents until England is converted, and that no one has a *home* and a *parish* until then. *Until then ! When ?*’

He was always quick to see any promise of the distant *when*, as visible in the signs and symbols of the times, and the language of their leaders. ‘ The Queen's speech,’ he writes, in November 19, 1867, ‘ speaks of the *Sovereign Pontiff*, which is a decided gain on the older phrases.’

Almost immediately on his return from Rome, Dr. Grant performed the marriage ceremony of the Duc de

Chartres with the daughter of the Prince de Joinville (June 20).

Queen Marie Amélie had the deepest respect and affection for the Bishop of Southwark, and made a point of consulting him on every occasion, not merely in regard to spiritual things, but on temporal questions of importance. Her great esteem for his holiness, and her confidence in his sound judgment and practical wisdom, made her anxious to see him at Claremont as much as possible, but his extreme modesty held him persistently aloof, although he entertained a great esteem for the Queen personally, and always spoke of her as 'good Queen Marie Amélie.' All she was able to obtain after many persevering endeavours was, that the Bishop should go every Sunday and give benediction in the little chapel at Claremont, and dine with her afterwards, by which means she had an opportunity of conversing with him at her ease. For many years Dr. Grant continued this practice, unless prevented by some necessary attendance elsewhere. The Queen had a lively devotion to the souls in Purgatory, and was in the habit of offering frequent prayers and good works in their behalf. She asked the Bishop to give her some short ejaculatory prayer for constant use, and he repeated the one which he taught the orphans: 'Dear Immaculate Mother, open the door of heaven to the suffering souls in Purgatory!' Marie Amélie wrote it down from his dictation, and made a practice of saying it continually.

Dr. Grant officiated at the marriage of the Comte de Paris with the daughter of the Duc de Montpensier (May 1864). We may mention as a sign of the social position allotted to a Catholic bishop so recently



as nine years back, that he was not invited by the princes of the Orleans family to join the guests at the wedding breakfast, but sent off after the ceremony to get some food at an hotel, where a separate meal had been ordered for him. Contrasted with the demeanour of royal personages nearer home to a distinguished Catholic prelate of the present day, the incident is not without its due measure of significance. Early in the summer of this year (1862) Dr. Grant began first to suffer intense pains from the internal disease that was ultimately to destroy him. From this time forth his life may be said to have been a protracted martyrdom. That he was a great sufferer for years before the fact of his terrible malady became known, even to those most intimate with him, is now a certainty, but so complete was his command over himself, that he was able to control all outward expression of pain, and conceal his tortures from the closest observer. It was not until his strength quite broke down under the burning pains of the disease that his inward throes could be read upon his features. 'I have seen him at all times,' says Father Hathaway, 'often exhausted, full of pain, even fainting with it, but I never detected a shadow of impatience in his countenance, in his manner, or in the tone of his voice.'

Several years before these sufferings reached their climax and found release in death, Dr. Grant was at Norwood one day for a distribution of prizes; after the ceremony, one of the orphans came up and asked if he would hear her confession; the Bishop desired her to come presently to his room. After knocking several times, and getting no answer, she opened the door, fancying that he had not yet come up; great was her terror on beholding him who had been presiding at the long

festive ceremony with such spirit and cheerfulness, now crouching in his chair, his head bent down, his hands clenched, and his whole body convulsed in agony ; the child stood for a moment rooted to the spot by pity and terror, and then turned to run away ; but the noise of her retreating steps aroused the Bishop ; he looked up, and with a sudden and total change of countenance, desired her to come and kneel down. Every symptom of suffering was gone in an instant, his voice was quite calm, and he proceeded to hear her confession as if nothing were amiss. The penitent, however, did not recover so quickly from the painful surprise, and was bent on making short work of the confession ; but Dr. Grant perceived this and prevented it ; he spoke to her at great length, and with an earnestness that showed how entirely he had lost sight of himself in the thought of her soul.

We will close this year by one of the Bishop's characteristic letters to the orphans :—

‘ December 19, 1862.

‘ My dear Children,—I cannot spend St. Thomas' Day with you as I have to travel to Arundel, and thence to Midhurst, for the funeral of a very aged priest who was always very kind to me, the Rev. Francis Bowland. He had been a priest nearly fifty-four years. He was a man of great simplicity of character. May he rest in peace !

‘ How good is our dear Lord to the orphan children ! Lately, the orphanage of Madras fell down, and no one was hurt. The wonderful thing was that that morning the priest, contrary to the usual custom, called all instead of only half of them to the church ; and thus when the walls fell down the house was empty. Thank

our dear Immaculate Mother for watching over your little sisters, and ask her to get them a new house. I heard the account from the priest at Madras, whose letter came yesterday. I have not yet obtained what you have been praying for, and it is most urgent that I should know the will of God.

‘Yours sincerely in Christ,

‘T. GRANT.’

During the session of 1862, it had been conceded by Parliament that Catholic orphanages and schools might receive Catholic children, boys and girls alike, from the workhouses; provided that, upon inspection by the Poor Law Board, the said schools and orphanages were found suitable for the reception of poor children. The Act further decreed that in such cases the workhouse authorities were to pay, for the maintenance of the children in a Catholic establishment, as much as they would cost in their respective unions; but it made no provision for the erection or repair of these schools, the expenses of which had to be met entirely by the Catholic community. The building of a sufficient number of schools to make the concession of the legislature available seemed to human eyes a rash and impossible undertaking; but to incur the responsibility of leaving Catholic children in the workhouse, after the State had authorized their removal, was in the eyes of faith still more rash and more impossible. Orphanages were already working at Greenwich, Ore, Deal, and Hastings; but they were already overflowing, and still the stream poured in, and the demand grew more and more imperious for larger space and larger funds. Dr. Grant determined to build a new wing to Norwood, which should be exclusively set

apart for the promised inmates from the unions. Abundant alms were necessary, and for these he appealed confidently to his flock ; but his chief trust lay higher than in any human agency—‘ He who gives the little birds their nests, will build a house for His own little ones,’ he said, and set the orphans praying vigorously for the needful funds. He placed the diocese, and this department of it specially, under the protection of the Sacred Heart, and looked with confidence to this Divine protection for wonderful results. Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, the grateful souls in Purgatory, the guardian Angels of the diocese, all the forces of heaven, in fine, were requisitioned to the service ; novenas succeeded each other from feast to feast ; the Bishop literally besieged the Mercy Seat, and constrained his flock to do so with him in imploring the means for receiving and keeping the Catholic orphans all over the land. Heaven was not deaf to this importunity. Money poured in from every quarter, often in ways that could only be regarded as direct and manifest answers to prayer. Schools rose up in towns, and in the rural districts, and the harvest of souls was everywhere rich. Before the expiration of two years, the Bishop invited his people to rejoice and give thanks with him for the opening of a large and commodious school at Vauxhall, and another at Littlehampton. Melior Street and Bermondsey were working well, and a new school was in process of arrangement in Paradise Row ; Stoke and Dartford also saw schools rising in their midst. An orphanage was added to the convent at Roehampton. The society of St. Vincent of Paul established reading rooms in many districts, and these were working with admirable results. The Poor School Committee was proving itself of increased



value, collecting alms, the great bulk of which were given by its own members, for the benefit of the poor children, and obtaining grants for the erection of new, or the support of existing schools. Two large orphanages were opened at Mayfield by a noble gift of private charity. Sites were secured for new schools at Deptford, Rotherhithe, Southampton, Dover, and Havant. Two orphanages were endowed and opened near Bletchingley. Splendid new schools were opened at Jersey.

His visitations to the Channel Islands were always a great trial to the Bishop, who was a victim to that most ignominious of ills, sea-sickness. He used to declare that the first phase commenced when he took up Bradshaw, and began to look out the hours of the boats, and, for days before he started, the horrors of the purgatorial steamer pursued him like a nightmare. Yet for all this he contrived most times to get some fun out of his misery, and had many a droll story to tell of himself after these expeditions. Once, on his way to Guernsey, he was piling the agony stretched on one of the benches on deck, when the collector came round for the tickets. Dr. Grant, who had already given his, took no notice, but remained quietly with his head buried in his arm, until the official gave him a push with a peremptory 'ticket, please!' 'I've given it to you,' gasped the Bishop, without lifting his head. 'Come along now,' sneered the man, giving him another push; 'none of this! I'm up to your tricks. The money or the ticket!' Thus adjured, Dr. Grant rose to the occasion; he sat up, and pointing to a red or some other coloured ticket in the man's hand, 'See if that is not mine?' he said. It proved to be so; and the collector, nodding to him with a satisfied

air, bade him 'sleep on, sweet babe!' and went his way, leaving the Bishop in peace and laughing in spite of himself.

On July 8, 1863, Dr. Grant writes from Guernsey: 'I found the weather very favourable in my voyage hither on Monday night, and to and from Alderney to-day.

'I was afraid of missing Alderney, as there are now few steamers going, but an excursion boat took me across (two hours and a half each way) and back; and as there were only four ready for confirmation, all the others having been confirmed three years ago, it was quite enough to allow me time to do all that could have been done if I had had a week to spare. After our visitation and confirmation here on Friday, I hope to sail on Saturday, and to give part of each of the next three days to the three churches of Jersey. The opening of the new Church of St. Martin's, at which the Bishop of Coutances wishes to be present, will be the chief ceremony. The Emperor lends him a ship for his trip to and from France, and several ecclesiastics will be with him.

'The church of Alderney is very plain, but is sufficient, especially if the Government, tired of building fortifications on a rock and a breakwater round the harbour,\* should close the works, and compel all the Irish to go away. I recollect the time when the legal profession was represented here by the judge, the Queen's advocate, and the policeman, who pleaded against the Queen's advocate when two counsel were necessary!

\* The question of throwing down the works just then being erected at such cost of labour and expense was mooted in Parliament during the present Session.

‘In Guernsey we have one of the most beautiful churches in the diocese, the work of the elder Pugin.’

A little later he writes from Jersey: ‘This church must be enlarged. After the second retreat, so many were prepared for Holy Communion that they encircled the church outside waiting for their turn.’ It was not until two years later—July, 1865—that the Bishop had the satisfaction of going to the island to lay the first stone of the new church, on which occasion he says: ‘We have just laid the first stone of the new church (St. Peter’s extended) just as you are beginning at Stoke. Let us not despond! Religion is advancing here amongst ourselves through good schools.’ As a proof of this, he relates that at the close of the recent retreat, given by the Redemptorist Fathers, fifteen converts were received, and everywhere the effect of the schools opened in 1863 was visible in the fervour and number of those frequenting the sacraments.

The year of the dedication to the Sacred Heart, and the two ensuing ones, saw churches and chapels springing up through the diocese with great rapidity simultaneously with the schools. The Chapel of Mount Carmel was opened at Greenhithe, near the spot where St. Simon Stock so often prayed that love and devotion to the Mother of God might live and increase in England. Churches were nearly ready for consecration at Horsham, Slindon, Hale’s Place, and Abingdon; an offshoot of Croydon appeared in the projected new church at Epsom. East Hendred was consecrated. The pretty Church of St. Teresa, at Ashford, was finished, and blessed. Likewise Stoke and St. Joseph’s Convent of Christian Retreat at Kennington Gate, S.W.; the Church of Manresa, at Roehampton; and the church at Mayfield, Hawkhurst, dedicated to the

Sacred Heart. A noble church, dedicated also to the Sacred Heart, was commenced at Lewes. At Peckham, the Capuchin Fathers were bravely struggling to continue the Church of Our Lady of Dolors. The new temporary chapel was consecrated at Norwood. A cemetery was opened and consecrated at Burton Park, and a gift of land made for a cemetery at Havant.

Buildings were added to the College of St. Stanislas. A community of Benedictine Nuns, and of Dominicanesses were established at Ramsgate.

Altars to the Sacred Heart rose up in every direction. A magnificent one was presented to the beautiful Church of St. Mary Magdalen at Brighton, and another very fine one was consecrated in the Church of St. Joseph in Guernsey.

Viewing the harvest of these two years, of which the foregoing is but an incomplete summary, Dr. Grant attributed with grateful emotion the visible blessing which had come upon the diocese to the loving protection of the Sacred Heart of our Lord. The success of the schools was above all a source of joy and thankfulness to him. 'Let any one compare,' he exclaims, 'the present state of our education with the condition of our schools when they were commended to the Sacred Heart, and he will own that only He who sends the early and the latter rain, and who blesses the seed time and the gathering, can have produced such a wonderful contrast. This contrast is clearly due to Him, since the improved spiritual training of our children has been the most cheering feature of every new school, and has materially lessened the anxiety of the clergy for the souls of our little ones. Every year we collect fresh evidence of the effect of piety and religion amongst



them, of the graces vouchsafed in answer to their simple prayers, and of the sinners brought to repentance through their affection. How can it be otherwise when they come so willingly to the sacraments, and when they are so eager to be allowed to take their turn in adoring the most Blessed Sacrament? Truly they could not have thus come to the Son unless the Father had drawn them, and had revealed to them things which He has hidden from the wise and the learned. When we watch them visiting the Stations of the Cross, or crowding round the throne of our dear Saviour during the Exposition, we know how affectionately He is whispering to them, and how many messages of mercy He gives to their angels that they may be kept in innocence and purity before His face, on which these blessed spirits are looking.'

But while deeply thankful for the work that was done, the Bishop could not but see how small it still was compared to what was yet to be done; well might he say with the Apostle, 'What are these amongst so many?' But he too had witnessed the constant miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, and his heart was proof against despair or cowardly recoil. The fruitful year, 1863, which was furthermore blessed by the grant of the Jubilee, was one of arduous toil and almost perpetual locomotion to the Bishop. He may be said to have spent it on the railway; the constant need of his presence overlooking the various works that were in progress, added to his frequent journeys for confirmations and the usual visitations in every part of the diocese, scarcely left him breathing time between coming and going. His letters show him on the move from day to day. 'If I had not to visit Canterbury on Wednesday,' he writes, towards the

close of this laborious year, 'and to confirm that night at Dover, and next day at Shorncliffe, I should be delighted to come at once and confirm the poor lady whose case you mention. Thank Mrs. A—— for her goodness, and ask Mr. O'S—— to prepare the patient, so that if any sudden change comes I may get to Gravesend and confirm her.' Then, in a postscript, he adds, 'If I finish early at Shorncliffe, I can come *via* Paddock Wood to Gravesend on Thursday, and get home late at night. *Bradshaw* seems to say this is impossible.' But, in spite of *Bradshaw*, he achieved the feat. The next week we see him starting for Jersey, and immediately on his return he is flying off to Scotland. On his return from this expedition, in bitter cold weather, the Bishop met with an accident which, in reply to the anxious enquiries of his friend, he thus mentions: 'It would have been very wrong to trouble you, overworked as you already are, with such a trifle as my health. I strained a tendon by getting from a carriage that was too high, and I was obliged to neglect it in Scotland, and thus it has kept me at home ever since my return. Our Lord wanted to give me rest after so much travelling, but I hope to be all right next week. . . . I am very much obliged for all your kind anxiety about me.' Some time later he narrowly escaped an accident of a more serious nature. 'I travelled on the Great Western,' he says, 'returning from Fr. Maher's Retreat and Confirmation at Bucklands, a few hours before the terrible accident took place on Wednesday. *Deo Gratias!*'

Sorrow visited the Bishop in the midst of these labours. His brother William died at Agra, on the 20th of May, 1863. He had held a professorship at St. Peter's College there for some years, and had

started a paper called the *Agra Weekly Register*. Dr. Grant felt his loss deeply, and yearned for some little token from the distant grave. A friend remembered this years afterwards, and sent him home some leaves from a flowering shrub that grew beside it; but they came too late; the brothers had met in that better world where there are neither graves nor partings.

This busy year saw Dr. Grant, in spite of his constant presence on the railway, a frequent visitor amongst the poor, both at their own homes and in the hospitals. 'I have been all this week with the sick and the dying,' he writes in March, 'and have been obliged to delay until now my thanks for your goodness in sending to my care the offering which you and Mrs. A—— are presenting to God our Father in Heaven. Tell me your child's name, for if we can find a church needing a chalice dedicated to his patron, there the chalice ought to go.' He delighted to see gifts offered to God by parents in the name of their children, and warmly commended this pious practice to those who had the means of adopting it. 'The late Duke of Norfolk,' he writes to a Catholic Father, 'always made every gift to the Church a special prayer for some good that he wished to obtain for his children.'

In July Dr. Grant inaugurated a part of the old house at Norwood, which had been prepared as a home for former orphans out of place. He considered the interval spent in looking for a new situation a very dangerous one for servants, especially very young ones, and he was anxious by the above expedient to save them from lodging in some equivocal neighbourhood, and most likely in perilous company. The following month, August 22, he says, 'Next Monday (D.V.) I give prizes at Norwood to former orphans who

bring certificates from the families in which they have married or gone as servants. The title of the convent is "Of the Faithful Virgin," and the nuns seek to honour our dear and Immaculate Mother by being faithful to their orphans received from Her through life.' He made a point of going to give these prizes himself as long as his health permitted it, and the device proved most salutary, acting not only as a supervision, but as an encouragement to the candidates, who were thus affectionately kept under the watchful thralldom of the nuns even when far removed from them.

Dr. Grant had a great respect for servants, and a grateful sense of personal obligation towards them. He regarded them with much of the old patriarchal feeling: rather as humble friends of the house than as an inferior class. His manner to his own servants was paternal; he pushed his considerateness towards them almost to excess, often going without something he very much wanted—as coals, for instance, when the fire was low—rather than ring and disturb them when they were at meals, or otherwise particularly occupied. When they had a holiday, he liked them to have it as free as possible, and would put himself to considerable inconvenience to spare them any work on these occasions. One Christmas Day he went to give benediction at the Convent of Notre Dame, and, when it was over, he asked very humbly if he might have a 'cup of tea and a little cold meat, provided it was not too much trouble.' The nuns learned afterwards that the clergy were all dining out that day, and the Bishop would not have any dinner cooked for himself, but took his chance of getting something at the convent; he had refused several invitations to dinner for the



sake of being able to go and cheer some poor people by visiting them during the evening.

At eleven o'clock one winter's night, as the servant was passing by his room, she saw him on his knees trying to relight his fire. 'Oh, my lord, why did you not ring for me?' she cried out greatly distressed. Dr. Grant smiled, and replied: 'I knew you were very tired, and I didn't like to bring you up stairs for that.' He seemed quite grateful to her for 'taking so much trouble' for him. When he went to stay with friends he would ask, before leaving, to see all the servants that he might thank them, and give them his blessing. A servant, whom he had had for many years, was ill when the Bishop was starting on a visitation to Jersey. It was not supposed to be a serious illness; but he wrote home full of anxious enquiries about her, and when, soon after his return, she died, he thus sings her dirge: 'Our worthy and faithful servant, Mary, died last evening at Margate. Of all the people I have ever seen, she had the most earnest determination to uphold charity even to persons unkind to herself. May she rest in peace!' To the same person he writes two days later: 'I went last evening to comfort poor Mary's mother, who is at the Little Sisters. She says, and her Protestant sister-in-law says the same, that Mary gave away everything she had to help her relatives, and even strangers, if they were poor. And the orphans at Norwood have been telling their superior of her many kindnesses to them. May she rest in peace! She will be buried on Thursday at Margate.'

The education of the poorer classes, and the rescue of children from the faith-destroying precincts of the unions, continued to the last, above all other work, to

be Dr. Grant's absorbing pre-occupation. Scarcely a pastoral came to delight his flock with its mixture of familiar paternal converse and high spiritual teaching, but there came with it a word of affectionate reminder for the little ones. He was not content with begging the alms of money for them, but continually sought the spiritual alms of prayer and kindness and sympathy from their richer brethren. 'Who can forget our deserted children in workhouses or workhouse schools,' cries the Bishop in an Easter letter of 1866; 'our orphans who are deprived of their faith, and not allowed to receive instruction from their own pastors, or to attend the services of our Holy Religion? In every communion, at every mass, pray for these little ones of Christ.' He repeatedly urged, both in his letters and by word of mouth and through the medium of their superiors, on the more favoured children of the orphanages, to pray always and earnestly for their little brothers and sisters who were condemned to remain in the cheerless home of the union from the inability of the nuns or the brothers to receive them. A kind friend of the poor, who was much afflicted at seeing several wretched little creatures reluctantly turned away from one of these refuges, said, in relating the circumstances to Dr. Grant, 'I always feel so much for a child; everyone is moved to pity for the aged, because they carry an appeal to charity in their faces; but so many pass by a child without notice; we forget that a whole life of happiness or wretchedness may turn upon an alms, or an act of kindness to it.' The Bishop was so struck by the words that he introduced them into the pastoral which he was writing at the time.

The space which the training and instruction of

poor children filled in Dr. Grant's life would seem excessive to those who did not consider the importance of the work from his point of view. His love for children, which was one of the strongest of the many sweet primitive sympathies of his nature, no doubt rendered the toils he underwent for them, and the trouble that he took personally with them, a labour of love ; but he was upheld in his ministry amongst the little ones by far higher motives than this. A favoured Catholic mother, speaking once to the writer of Father Faber's influence with her children, said, 'He set their faces heavenwards, and they never looked back.' These beautiful words well describe the aim and effect of Dr. Grant's teaching on the young. His desire was to set their faces so firmly towards God, the faith and duty, that they should never look back. The catechising of the poor was to him a sacred function of paramount importance. He saw in each little individual out-cast not only one soul to be saved, one innocence to be guarded, and one faith to be kindled, but many other souls that might possibly be committed to the keeping of this particular one. For the poor are fruitful apostles amongst each other ; every Catholic orphan is of the stuff out of which apostles are made, such as God chooses from the ranks that have furnished His best recruits. Dr. Grant saw in each little waif rescued from the slums and the workhouse a vessel of election destined to carry the name of Jesus into many places where it was unknown, and where none but they could introduce it ; into dark dens of sin, into godless and immoral homes. A Catholic servant, well instructed in her religion, and practising it loyally, was in his eyes a little ark sent afloat on the waters of the world, to rescue many souls, untaught, and perhaps unbaptized,

drowning in the outer deluge of sin and unbelief. Viewing them in this light, it is not surprising that the Bishop of Southwark grudged neither time, nor trouble, nor fatigue to the bringing up of the poor ; but it is a matter of wonder, when we come to see the amount of each that he lavished on them, how he was able to combine such unremitting attention to the poor children of his Orphanages with the rest of his diocesan work. We see him, for instance, one day at St. George's in the busiest time of the year, the middle of Lent, devoting four hours one afternoon to the instruction and confession of a little child whom Providence had sent straying into his nets. We see him during the next fifteen days writing seven long letters to her, completing his verbal instructions, and encouraging and fortifying her against the perils of her position. He went one day to Norwood to assist at the Christmas rejoicings, and spying out in the crowd of happy faces a girl whom he had not seen for several months, he went up to her, and, after the usual kindly enquiries about her health, and how she got on in her situation, &c., he asked what care she was taking of her soul. The girl at first tried to evade a direct answer, but finally acknowledged that she had not been to the Sacraments since she had left Norwood. The Bishop drew her quietly into one of the parlours, and asked her if she would not make up for this negligence by coming to confession now. She assented without a word, and knelt down beside him. He interrupted her frequently, to pray aloud with her, and spoke with an unction that melted her to tears. Remembering that the others were waiting for him, she several times begged him to leave her and rejoin them, and that she would come



another day to finish her confession, but Dr. Grant only replied, 'Go on, my child, go on ; your soul is of more importance than anything.' The confession lasted two hours. No one except the Superior and one other nun knew where the Bishop was, or how he was engaged, so the girl was distressed by no questions or comments when she rejoined her companions.

Dr. Grant never forgot a benefit or a kindness shown either to the Orphanage or to one of its members, and he would speak of such an act years after as of a personal obligation conferred upon him. He continually reminded the nuns and the children themselves that every kindness they received should be repaid by prayer, and that these debts were as binding as material ones, which honesty and the law compelled them to pay. Prayers for benefactors he held to be not only binding, but most pleasing to God, and efficacious. 'God loves a grateful heart,' he would often exclaim. He was always anxious that gratitude, moreover, should be kept alive by affectionate and grateful expression of it, and when the feast of some benefactor was coming round, no matter how busy he might be, he would remember it, and write betimes reminding the community to take proper notice of the day by offering up prayers for the person, and, if opportune, by making the children write a pretty letter of congratulation. If sickness or trouble befel one of these kind patrons, Dr. Grant would immediately send word of it to the orphans, as a piece of intelligence that personally concerned them, and desire that they should set to work at once in prayer. In one of these missives he says, 'God, who loves the orphans, kindly takes upon Himself to pay their debts for them, because He knows they cannot pay them ; but they do well to

remind Him often that they look to Him for it; He likes to be reminded of these debts.' If a benefactor died, the Bishop expected their soul to be long and specially prayed for by the Sisters and the children, and would take care that they did not forget this last and most precious tribute of gratitude. On the death of Monseigneur Robin, Bishop of Bayeux, which occurred in January, 1856, Dr. Grant, who heard the news in Scotland, writes at once to condole with the orphans, and remind them of the debt still owing to their lost friend. 'I am very much grieved for you, my dear, dear children in Christ, on account of the death of your dear and kind father, the Bishop of Bayeux. May he rest in peace! *Pray much for him*, for he thought much and often of the orphans of Norwood. Pray also that our dear and Immaculate Mother may intercede for a successor as charitable to you and to the Délivrande as he always was.'

Gratitude was a very strong feeling with Dr. Grant, and extended to persons and services that usually come in for a very small share of it. Who, for instance, ever dreams of being grateful to the cook who prepares the good dinner we eat at a friend's table? Who ever casts a thought upon that important and often much-tried functionary? Who but Dr. Grant. He made it a point, when he could do so without eccentricity, as when enjoying the hospitality of a community or of one of his priests, to ask to see the cook before leaving, that he might give her his blessing in return for the good dinner she had given him. He always found it good. But the Bishop's judgment was, it must be owned, less discriminating on this point than on most others. The gratitude which remembered the cook was not likely to

forget that other important, but to most of us rather abstract, personage, the postman. Dr. Grant was most considerate for him, and careful never to add an unnecessary straw to his burthen. When there was a great budget of circulars to be sent out from St. George's, he would beg the Sisters of Notre Dame, who took on themselves the task of directing them, to be particular in putting all those that were for the London district in one bundle, and so on for the others, sorting them with care, so as to save the postman.

Sometimes he was obliged to go out on a sick call before mass, but he would first call at the convent to give notice that he might possibly be detained past the exact hour ; or, if it was too pressing to admit of his doing so himself, he would send in word by the servant. If he was a few minutes late he would express his regret, and apologize humbly for having kept the community waiting. In his constant railway journeys it often occurred that the Bishop returned home at four or five in the morning, and on such occasions it would have seemed natural and fitting that he should take some rest, and say mass an hour or so later, but he never once did so ; he was at the convent door just as punctually as if he had not been from home. When remonstrated with on this excess of strictness, his answer was, 'It would disturb the community, and interfere with the regularity of the duties if I delayed ; and it makes no real difference to me whether I say my mass a little earlier or later.' For years the Bishop was in the habit of saying mass for the Sisters at half-past six, and it was not till shortly before his death, and at the urgent entreaties of the nuns themselves, and of his clergy, that he consented to take half-an-hour's

extra rest, and say it at seven, so reluctant was he to inconvenience the community, or cause any infraction of their rules concerning hours. Hail, rain, or snow, punctual as a clock, he was at the convent gate every morning. If, as it sometimes happened, he was a little before his time, he would walk up and down the street saying his rosary, or else stand waiting at the gate till the exact moment, lest by ringing too soon he should disturb the portress ; the Sisters, hearing of this, made a point of opening the gate earlier. On rainy days, to save the portress the inconvenience of crossing the garden to open the front gate for him, he used to go out by the back door, though by so doing he lengthened his own walk home in the wet. His thoughtfulness embraced the minutest opportunity for saving others trouble. If there was to be a second mass at the convent he would mark the places in the missal, and leave everything ready for the next priest. The same forethought was visible on the occasion of the ordinations at St. George's. The Bishop saw to everything himself, directing all the details for the comfort of the young ecclesiastics, and for their families and friends who came to assist at the ceremony. It was believed by many that he had taken a vow, or at least formed a solemn resolution, never to lose an opportunity of doing a kindness that was asked of him ; whether Dr. Grant bound himself to such a line of conduct by any definite vow or not, he certainly acted as if he had done so. Even walking in the streets, and when hurrying on some business of his own, he would stop or turn aside to accommodate any stranger who might be in want of him. He was walking one day in the City when a ragged little boy came up and asked him the way to a



certain street; the Bishop told him how to get there, but then, fearing the child would not find it from the directions, he turned from his own course and walked with him to the place; it was a good distance out of his way, and at the time he was suffering acute bodily pain.

Coming out of St. George's one day, he saw a cab drawn up at the convent door, and the cabman struggling to lift a heavy box from the roof; the Bishop ran towards him, and with great agility helped him to get it down, and then assisted him to bring it into the house. When the cabman thanked him, he replied gaily, 'Oh, I'm so glad I happened to be within reach at the right moment!' And he hurried away, quite pleased with his good luck.

It sometimes happened that these impulses of humility and kindness awoke a deeper response than the passing emotion of gratitude, which they seldom failed to call forth. An orange-woman was trundling a cart in a crowded street one day, when a cab, dashing by, upset it, and sent the contents spinning about the street. The passers-by, with an exclamation of pity, or an involuntary laugh at the old woman's dismay and fury, passed on; but one gentleman, who was walking quickly, as if bent on some errand of haste, turned at the sound of her wailing, and, seeing what had occurred, ran to her assistance; he helped her to set the cart upright, and then, stooping down, picked up the oranges from the pavement, and out of the gutter, wiping them as well as he could with his handkerchief, and arranging them tidily in the cart, meanwhile soothing the old woman's wrath by kindly words. Several persons, arrested by the novelty of the scene, stood looking on,

passive and amused. One spectator, however, was struck by it in a different way. Hearing from a policeman (a Catholic, from the Green Isle most likely), who came up at the moment, that the gentleman thus strangely employed was the Bishop of Southwark, his respectful admiration deepened to reverence. He was not a Catholic, but, moved by some irresistible impulse, he followed the Bishop, and walked behind him till they came to St. George's. Here he accosted him, and they went in together. Very soon after this incident he was received by Dr. Grant into the Church.

The Bishop had a genial sympathy with all animals, but he liked them in their proper place, viz., out of doors. He had a great admiration for horses, not that he judged them with the cultivated eye of a connoisseur—his peculiar admiration was for that boast of the British race, the dray horse. He could never see a team of these pass before him without following the powerful build and ponderous gait, the heavy hoofs and shaggy flowing manes of the meek and docile giants with a fond and admiring glance. The song of birds was always a great delight to him. He used to declare that the sound of their brilliant, fresh-tuned notes in early Spring infused new life into him. Many a time he would suspend his work under the oak tree at Norwood to listen, like one spell-bound, to the nightingale striking his loud lyre high above the choir of common songsters. For dogs the Bishop professed a great respect—that is, for the nobler type of animal, the faithful, intelligent, and serviceable dog; but little lapdogs were his abomination. The sight of a lapdog on a lady's knee, or even a child's, was most offensive to him; it was as much as he could do to control his feelings when he

saw them kissed and caressed like human beings, and pampered with delicate and expensive food that would have been health and life to a poor sick child. He was visiting one day at the house of a lady whose heart was given up to a pug named 'Gip'; she was lavishing the utmost tenderness on it, plying it vigorously on a cushion beside her with some favourite delicacy; the Bishop watched the performance for some time with ill-concealed disgust, and then said in his dry way, 'That dog will die.' This was a simple proposition, and ought to have been a safe one; but, as fate would have it, the dog died that night, probably from a fit of apoplexy engendered by over-stuffing; his disconsolate mistress, however, claimed a higher destiny for her favourite, and would have it that 'Gip' had fallen a victim to the Bishop's prophecy. The report went abroad that Dr. Grant had only to look at a dog to kill it, and the consequence was that for some time his presence in every family that counted a Gip amongst its members was hailed with mixed satisfaction. The announcement, 'Here is the Bishop!' was the signal for 'Hide the dog!' and 'Gip' would be seized and bundled out of sight before its life was endangered by a glance from the enemy's eye. 'You want a mouse-trap!' he says to a priest; 'and what about that pet cat I saw? Like all pets, good for nothing, I suppose.'

That sense of humour which is seldom absent from a great mind, or a great character, and which, perhaps, more than any other purely mental gift, acts as a balance to the mind, was not wanting in Dr. Grant. He had the reputation of being highly humorous, and even witty, but we do not find in his writings, or in the notes of his conversations, evidence enough to endorse this verdict of popular opinion. We should say rather that

he possessed the comic vein peculiar to his nation, a gentle current of fun that flowed beneath the grave thoughtfulness of his character, and was continually rippling up to the surface, giving a charm and a brightness to his conversation, and which, in the normal atmosphere of care and dulness around him, might easily pass for the flash and sparkle of wit. It was the quaint, dry way he said things that provoked laughter, rather than the things themselves, for when others repeated them they fell flat enough often. It was part of his bright and genial system that we should all try our best to make life pleasant to each other, and that to give our fellow creatures a good, hearty laugh is sometimes as much an act of kindness, nay, of charity, as to do him a more substantial service. We have seen how from the first years of his apostolate he inculcated the necessity of cultivating cheerfulness, almost raising it to the rank of a virtue. He was blessed himself with that first element of cheerfulness, the sun-shiny power of being innocently amused. He rather shrank from what we call society, but was eminently sociable, and wherever he went he carried his sunbeams with him. 'When duty brought him into society,' says Dr. Ullathorne, 'he talked from duty, and was a singularly cheerful and entertaining companion. If he entered an office on business, he relieved the dulness as with a ray of light, for he made the driest subject sparkle now and then with some cheery and well-pointed anecdote. Even at critical moments, that drew doctors to his bedside with grave faces, they went away both entertained by his remarks and little stories, and edified with his simple and cheerful piety.' His fund of anecdote on all imaginable persons and things, and his store of riddles, was inexhaustible; he



sprinkled them over his animated talk with point and *apropos*; they always seemed to crop up on the spur of the moment, and neither in riddles nor anecdotes did he repeat himself. Many of his best riddles were indeed supposed to be his own, though he never himself pleaded guilty to the fact. A riddle was often a device with him for changing the conversation when it inclined to be censorious, or was otherwise tending dangerously. If he noticed any one growing uncomfortable he would come to the rescue with some comical 'Why is so-and-so like so-and-so?' On one occasion a person was being rallied too pointedly on the carelessness of his dress, and showed signs of not liking it; Dr. Grant suddenly enquired of the company: 'How many neckties had Job, and what became of them?' Everybody having given it up, he replied, 'Three wretched comforters, and they were all worsted!' Nobody, of course, took up the disagreeable thread thus skilfully broken. He had a happy knack of irrelevance, and would silence a critic, or divert an objectionable topic, without seemingly intending it, or wounding the delinquent. But, to judge of Dr. Grant's capacity for fun, it was necessary to see him surrounded by his clergy, or in company with some kindred spirit who shared his own childlike faculty for being amused. When he and Father Faber, for instance, got together, they would laugh like a pair of school-boys, till they hardly knew what they were laughing at. One day they were walking together, and Father Faber began to expose his particular views on some subject, pouring out the usual stream of eloquence in support thereof. Dr. Grant listened in silence without interrupting him until they crossed over Westminster Bridge, then he pulled up with, 'Now you'll please rein in; I gave you

your tether on the other side of the bridge, but now you're in my diocese, it's my turn to lay down the law.' Which, as soon as they had both done laughing, he proceeded to do. 'I often asked myself, after leaving Dr. Grant,' says a friend of his, 'what he had said to make me laugh so heartily, for when I repeated the jokes to others they produced very little effect. It was like the merriment of a child, as innocent and as contagious.' Yes, it was just that. The gaiety of a pure and self-less spirit, which is of all kinds of gaiety the most fascinating and contagious. A thoroughly self-less spirit is always a happy and a bright one. It is self-love wounded, or vexed, or disappointed, that causes the greatest amount of misery and melancholy in the world; if we could kill this aching nerve, the chill blasts of life would lose their power to give us pain. The poet tells us how the basil plant thrives best upon the grave of a murdered man, and we know that the ever-green ivy grows best amidst ruins. So, in the spiritual order, joy puts out its fairest blossoms when its roots have struck deep into the grave of murdered self, and are surrounded by the ruins of self-love. St. Francis de Sales observed once to a penitent that this '*ennemi intime*' only dies five minutes before ourselves, and then added reflectively, 'Or, perhaps, five minutes after.' Whether the humble Bishop of Southwark succeeded in killing his enemy outright we cannot pretend to say; there can be no doubt that he worked strenuously all his life at this spiritual murder, and that, dead or alive, he buried his victim long before himself. He hid it deep down in an abyss of humility, and the sunny waters of mortification ran high and strong between it and the surface world where chagrin and despondency have their abode. Joy was not therefore a passing

visitor to him, but an abiding guest—a guest that lived in company and in harmony with intense bodily sufferings, and, as we shall have occasion to show, with an amount of mental anxiety that would have been enough to quench the sunshine in any spirit less void of self, less steeped in God, and immovably wedded to the Divine Will.







Portrait of a woman, possibly a historical figure, rendered in a sketchy, watercolor-like style. The portrait is centered on a light yellow background.

## CHAPTER XI.

1864-6.

THE birth of a future heir to the throne at the beginning of 1864 brought out from the Bishop of Southwark an expression of that affectionate loyalty that would seem to be the birthright of Catholic hearts. Not content with asking the prayers of the faithful in a Pastoral, he sent round the following letter to every priest in the diocese :—

‘ January 13, 1864.

‘ Reverend and dear Sir,—In thanksgiving for the birth of the infant son of the Prince of Wales, we request the clergy to give notice at the usual time that the *Te Deum* will be said or sung after the principal Mass on Sunday next.

‘ When our nation can look forward to the secure and tranquil succession of the hereditary family that governs us, the dissensions and combinations that sooner or later produce war are prevented, and the feelings of loyalty that unite all classes in showing respect and honour to our gracious Sovereign are strengthened and perpetuated.

‘ At this very hour the evils of a disputed succession are threatening to disturb the peace of several of the nations of Europe. We must, therefore, be grateful to Divine Providence for the safety of the young Prince and his august mother, and we must pray that these

first blessings may be the promise of the graces of faith and charity that may hereafter render them worthy of an immortal crown.'

The beginning of 1865 was saddened by the death of Cardinal Wiseman. Dr. Grant felt it as a personal loss, but still more deeply as a loss to the Church in England. 'I know how you will grieve for our great and good Cardinal!' he writes to a friend on the day of the sad event, the 15th of February.

Little more than two months before the 'great and good Cardinal,' as Dr. Grant fitly styles him, went to receive the reward of his labours for God and for that country which he had loved with such an exalted patriotic love, he convened a meeting of his brother prelates to discuss a subject upon which the minds of Catholics had been much exercised of late. This was the establishment of a Catholic college within the precincts of the English Universities. The Cardinal himself was strongly opposed to the plan, and this opposition was a matter of surprise to many. It was indeed difficult to understand, at a superficial glance, why one who was an accomplished scholar, and who loved learning with an almost passionate love, should oppose a scheme so well calculated to promote scholarships amongst the rising Catholic generation. The Cardinal had been, moreover, for thirty years in full and active sympathy with the Oxford movement, watching its progress with intense interest, and welcoming its triumph as a rainbow of promise rising above the mist of 'pestilential infidelity,' as the modern spirit of Oxford has been styled by one well qualified to judge it. When others were looking on in sceptical indifference, yielding at best but a grudging belief in the honesty of the leaders of the new movement, Car-

dinal Wiseman gave them the full tribute of his unqualified respect, trusting largely in the sincerity of their motives and the singleness of their aims. It was not, therefore, we say, surprising that superficial observers should have been startled by his sudden recoil from a plan whose purpose it was to extend the influence of Oxford more widely over the youth of England. Yet a momentary glance at the other side of the question ought to have dispelled this astonishment. Far from being inconsistent, the Cardinal's conduct was logical in the extreme. Every Catholic admits that there can be no education worthy of the name which is not founded on the teaching of Divine revelation; that no knowledge is sound that is not built upon the study of the Truth of God as taught by His Church; that the pursuit of human science is vain, worse than vain, a snare and a mockery, when it is not held in subordination to the faith and worship of the one True Fountain of Light and Wisdom. Cardinal Wiseman was too deeply impressed by the supremacy of this truth to be beguiled from his allegiance to it by any bribe of profane learning, or human advantages, however tempting, and therefore it was that he vehemently denounced and strenuously combated the proposed scheme of Catholic colleges at Oxford and Cambridge.

He called a meeting, at which the Catholic Bishops, to a man, adopted his views, or rather proclaimed emphatically that these views had been from the first their own. Bishop Grant took a prominent part in the meeting; and after expressing himself very strongly on the subject before his assembled brethren, he addressed a letter to his flock explaining the real nature of the scheme, and placing before them the dangers which,



dazzled by the hope of superficial advantages, they had too readily overlooked. Faith is a treasure more precious than silver or gold—a treasure to be watchfully guarded, not lightly handled, or compromised for any dross of earthly gain, nor rashly exposed to danger without drawing on its possessor the guilt of criminal imprudence. Could the Catholic youth of this country, or any country, be expected to preserve their faith unmarred and unmolested in such an atmosphere as that of Oxford or Cambridge, where the very air is charged with the contagious breath of atheism and free-thinking? The resolution, unanimously adopted at the meeting of December, 1864, was confirmed by the Holy See in the beginning of February, a few days before Cardinal Wiseman's death, and was proclaimed to the clergy of each diocese by their Bishops in a circular letter of March, 1865.

The decision of the Bishops was not universally welcome to the faithful, and it yet remained to pacify the irritation provoked by, what some ambitious and worldly-minded Catholics were pleased to consider an arbitrary and narrow-minded measure, the prompt and absolute repudiation of a Catholic college at either Oxford or Cambridge.

When these troubled waters were allayed, there remained another difficulty to cope with. Many Catholic fathers and mothers thought they might, in default of the other alternative, send their sons to the Protestant Universities. This, of course, was with one voice condemned by the clergy, as well as by all sincere and thinking secular Catholics. The Bishops, needless to say, were most earnest in denouncing the folly, and in warning the faithful from so dangerous a venture. They had warmly approved the Act which provided that

the religious element should be blended with secular instruction in our schools, making it compulsory to unite the knowledge of Divine truth and Divine principles of moral conduct with the daily teaching of our children, and as a logical consequence of their approval of this salutary legislation in their case, they shrank from seeing it reversed in the case of the wealthy, and of seeing the sons of gentlemen deprived of what was thus imperatively secured to the son of the working-man. The necessity of religious training was proportionately important to the former because of the superior social advantages which at once widen their sphere of responsibility, and multiply the number and nature of their temptations. It was essential that the transcendent truth of Christianity should be vividly, constantly, and practically kept before them : that none can be saved without hope and charity, and that these virtues cannot thrive unless they be grafted upon faith, and unless that faith which is 'the root and source of our whole justification' be held in all its integrity. In 1867, when the Bishops assembled in Rome for the Centenary, they deliberated as to how they could best convey to their flocks a right idea of the danger of risking their children's faith in the Protestant Universities. The Bishop of Southwark, on his return, wrote a Pastoral on the subject, in which he says : 'The universities are the stronghold of the National Establishment, where the clergymen are trained to continue its worship, and where statesmen are formed who must be its defenders in the senate of the kingdom. The most eminent of our modern legislators was disowned by the university which he represented because he asked Parliament to be just to his Catholic fellow-subjects. The tradition by which

the established religion maintains its power would long since have been scattered if the universities had courageously and honestly resisted them. Young men taught in many schools to deny the doctrine of our holy faith, enter and leave the universities with the matured conviction that the Catholic religion is false, and that Protestantism alone is true. It would be wonderful, and contrary to natural experience, if it were not so, for the atmosphere is pervaded by Protestant opinion, and the absence of any Catholic society or tone of thought to counteract its baneful influence, intensifies the evil. Those who estimate this mischief aright, and know the generous and impressionable character of youth, can form some estimate of the legitimate anxiety of your Bishops. But, testing this matter practically, let us take the converse case, and ask a Protestant father to send his sons to a Catholic university. What will be his answer? Ask those who have driven their convert daughters from their home lest they should speak of the Catholic religion to their brothers and sisters, to send them to any of our places of education, and you will not venture to wait for their reply. When your own children were beginning to speak, you taught them to say, morning and evening, "Lead us not into temptation." When they are growing to man's estate they continue the prayer, but, through your act, will it keep its meaning? You know that amongst the many that frequent our universities there are always some whose words and example may weaken or destroy the innocence which you have sedulously guarded. When the youthful mind casts off the restraints which the world and the tempter have so long endeavoured to remove, the strong control of a father's voice, and the winning check of a



mother's tears are absent. Just as the heart begins to waver, the salutary strength of the Sacraments is gone. If error is asserted, the teachers who once explained its falsehood are at a distance, and they who hold the truth are few against the many. The soldier who would not quail on the battle-field is a coward in the face of human respect. The history of Trinity College, in Ireland, tells a gloomy story of some who yielded the faith to the ridicule of their fellow students, or who bartered their birthright for preferment and advancement. Temptation has always been most fatal in the form in which it came to our first parents. When the Church entreats us to consider that the science which is sufficient to produce authors and learned men in Catholic lands can be acquired in our own country without the tuition of Protestant or unbelieving professors, some refuse to listen to her warning. When they send their sons to the universities, what do they do in fact but say to them—"No, you shall not die the death. For God doth know that in what day soever you shall eat thereof your eyes shall be opened, and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." (Genesis iii. 4, 5.) The tree seems still good to eat, fair to the eyes, and beautiful to behold; and the vain hope of seeing their children attain the knowledge of good without being injured by the knowledge of evil is the delusion of fathers, and even of mothers.'

Another delusion against which the Bishop raised his voice in earnest warning was that of supposing that Catholics may contract marriages with Protestants without thereby incurring great danger to their own faith. The subject is one of such vital importance that we give the following letter embodying Dr. Grant's views upon it in his own words :—



‘ St. George’s, August 30, 1865.

‘ Dear Mr. Arnold,—As in the course of your professional duties you may be asked about cases in which a Catholic is anxious to contract marriage with a Protestant, allow me to put the view of the Church as fully as I can for your guidance.

‘ You are aware that the Church dreads and dislikes these marriages on account of the serious difficulties of conscience into which the parties are sure to fall. To avoid these difficulties some suppress all mention of religion and prayer, and thus every Christian thought is checked and eliminated at the very time when children need the presence and constant development of faith, and of its consoling and elevating truths. Tertullian, in the third century, urges his wife, if she survives him, not to marry any one but a Catholic, on the ground of this unceasing conflict of religion and conscience with the views of the uncatholic party. “ If,” he says, “ you have a festival day, your husband wishes to go to some place of amusement ; if you have a fasting day, he wants a dinner-party ; if you have a procession, the household duties are too numerous to allow you to be absent from home.”

‘ If the parties cannot be dissuaded from the marriage, and if a sufficient cause for a dispensation can be alleged, the Church will dispense, provided the accompanying conditions are faithfully promised (and from these no dispensation can be granted) ; and provided the priest is satisfied that the parties will not go before or after the Catholic marriage to the Protestant church.

‘ To a good Catholic like yourself I need not explain the reasonableness of these conditions.

‘ It is, perhaps, necessary to say a few words about

the double marriage, as the question is very simple if it is rightly understood.

‘Some years ago Catholics could not be civilly married save before the Protestant clergyman, and hence the custom of going before him (which the law has since changed) was introduced because the Protestant clergyman was the civil officer of the law, and was a necessary witness to the marriage, before whom therefore Catholics could without sin go through the civil and legal contract.

‘But when the law made the priest and the registrar in a registered building the legal and sufficient witnesses of the marriage, the Protestant clergyman reverted to his religious character, and could not any longer be a merely civil officer of marriage. The consequence therefore was, that the Catholic could not go to his church without implicitly admitting his spiritual office and deferring to it. Archbishop Kenrick, writing for the United States, where the position of Catholics is always trying, held that in this case it was wrong for the Catholic party to go to the Protestant church.

‘His Holiness has lately repeated the prohibition of his predecessors, and has explained the distinction laid down by them; namely, that Catholics could not admit the Protestant clergyman in his spiritual capacity, but might go before him if he was the *sole minister* admitted for the legal validity of the marriage. You are aware that if a contract has once been made, it cannot be repeated without casting a doubt upon it in its first state. A second deed, repeating word for word another deed between the same parties and under the same date, is always taken as an admission that the first deed was defective.

‘If this is true in a civil engagement, how much

more important is it when the very same words that imply the solemn contract of marriage have been seriously uttered before the priest and the registrar, for Church and State, are sought to be repeated before the Protestant clergyman. Indeed some doubt whether it is even legal for the Protestant clergyman to treat as *bachelor* and *spinster* two persons whom the law considers already married.

‘ But then, as in the case of baptized persons not subject to any impediment, e.g. of relationship, the contract is inseparable from the Sacrament of Matrimony ; it is wicked to attempt to repeat the Sacrament. What would be thought of carrying a child baptised by a priest to be rebaptised by the Protestant clergyman ?

‘ Unfortunately it is in Ireland illegal for a priest to marry two parties of whom both have not been Catholics for twelve months, and consequently in mixed marriages it is still necessary for the parties to go first to the Protestant clergyman. This state of the law renders the custom, which is unnecessary and wrong in England, necessary in Ireland, and leads to mistakes, and to the false notion that we can dispense and permit it in England.

‘ Yours sincerely,

‘ × THOMAS GRANT.’

This year (1865) found Dr. Grant still at work with the Government to obtain further reforms and concessions for Catholics in many departments. In the month of April he writes jubilantly to Mr. Arnold :—

‘ The directors of prisons are willing to obtain leave for Catholics, entered as Protestants, to claim a priest on their death-bed. This looks little, but it has taken ten years to get it considered even. *Deo gratias.*’

In the beginning of December he has further good tidings to announce :—‘ You need some good news to cheer you in your hard work, and you deserve everything at our hands.

‘ The Admiralty had resolved to issue prayer-books to Catholics, sailors and marines, when afloat ; and on being further urged, says it will issue them by a fresh order, even when they are in the ports and on land. *Deo gratias.*’ The sailors came in for a goodly share of the zeal which the Bishop lavished with a sort of fatherly predilection on the other branch of the service. It would carry us beyond our limits to describe in detail all his exertions in their behalf, but we may safely affirm that they were as affectionate and as successful as his endeavours for the soldiers.

The year closed with an act of grace from the Government, which the Bishop thus announces to Mr. Arnold :—‘ Government will *give* us ground for a Catholic cemetery in Alderney if we inclose it. The £40 for this must be found speedily.’

1866 continued to see him active as heretofore, although his health was visibly giving way. ‘ You will rejoice to hear,’ he writes from St. Leonard’s, on May 24, ‘ that St. Thomas’s Church was opened this morning, with a very beautiful day, and a still more beautiful discourse from the Archbishop. *Deo gratias.*’ A few months later he writes from Arundel, ‘ . . . The school here began eight years ago with six children ; now they are one hundred and ten. *Deo gratias.*’

A friend having remarked to him that a Bishop had a hard life of it—all work and no holiday—received the following reply :—‘ Two persons living at Seven-oaks needed a dispensation. The Sacred Congregation have been working at the evidence since February last.



The Cardinals agreed in their report August 3rd, and the assessor followed his Holiness to his villa at Castel Gandolfo on the 5th, and got it confirmed. The paper arrived here to-day, August 15. This is a *Pope's* vacation !'

No vacation rested the Bishop or refreshed him like the contemplation of a work accomplished. 'The new church is very beautiful,' he writes from Brighton ; 'the spire, white and well defined, stands out beautifully against the blue midnight sky, under which, as the moon shines across the sea, I am writing to my kind friend George Arnold. May the Star of the Sea ever shine over him and his !'

Such consolations were not purchased without a great cost. We have seen how, under the inspiring action of his zeal, churches and missions sprang up all over the diocese ; we have seen, too, how devotedly he was seconded by his clergy and his communities, and how generously the faithful responded to their combined endeavours. These things were visible to all, but there was another side of the picture that was witnessed only by a few. When we behold useful and admirable results, we do not stop to consider at what price of anxiety, pain, and disappointment they may have been achieved. It sometimes happens that, in the fervour of devotional excitement, persons urge a priest or a community to undertake some work, such as the building of a school or a church, the opening of a mission, promising to contribute a certain sum, or to subscribe an amount 'as soon as the work is set going ;' and when this has been done, and they are called upon to make good their promises, they have forgotten them. In some cases no doubt this may arise from supervening circumstances, which render it

inconvenient, perhaps impossible, to fulfil previous engagements ; but whether this, or mere caprice and faithlessness be the cause, the consequences are the same to the Bishop of the diocese, as the compromised parties have no alternative but to apply to him.

Such disappointments as these fell to Dr. Grant's share, perhaps even more largely than to the generality of our English prelates ; and to these, others of an equally embarrassing, though blameless kind, were frequently added. Occurrences which, in our faulty human speech, we call unlucky chances, were not wanting to complete the list of his anxieties. 'I have lately been much depressed about ——,' he writes to the friend and adviser whose name occurs frequently in these pages ; 'as I find the cost of keeping up existing missions heavy and unexpected, e.g. the three prisons for which government allows<sup>1</sup> an inadequate salary ; M., from which the Squire has gone, and consequently withdrawn his subscription ; X., from which 50*l.* per annum are withdrawn ; Y. and Z., for which I received 100*l.* a year at starting, and have now to provide 126*l.* annually. . . . I have also had a loss of 1,200*l.*, i.e. promised gifts, which have not come *after the work was undertaken.*' A few days later he announces a new and pressing demand : 'My calculations have been disturbed by —— suddenly asking for 600*l.* for X., although we understood he would be satisfied with interest until next summer, when Y. expects a like sum from ——.' In all his anxieties, prayer was still his great resource, and marvellous indeed were the answers that came to justify his strong and simple faith. The Bishop took them with

<sup>1</sup> Since this was written a more equitable arrangement has been made by the State.

a matter-of-fact simplicity that was never fluttered into astonishment. 'I told the X. children to pray that their debt might melt away, and it is gone,' he writes. And similar traits are scattered over a long series of business letters, bearing the stamp of intimate knowledge of legal affairs, allied to shrewd practical sense. 'I told the pupils at Namur to pray for A. and B.; and I sent to tell them that A. was safe. They replied that they were praying for B.; and *of course* they will succeed in spite of all my fears. Still fear is right. A hundred pounds that supported Y. for a year has not been given this year, and it is a permanent loss, as I had it before, and helped Y. with it in 1863.' The letter ends with the ever-recurring burden, 'Let us go on praying.' He shows a touching gratitude for the sympathy, and above all, for the prayers that sustained him. 'God bless you for your prayers, of which I felt the effects in greater peace until after all the ceremonies were over yesterday,' he says; and then adds, 'Go on praying for me!' Again he writes: 'How can I sufficiently thank you for giving me such true sympathy, and with it such relief from the fear that was weighing me down, and making me think that I could not venture to continue the work in which you have helped me so efficiently! May our Immaculate Mother and St. Joseph dwell always near you and yours, and bless you in the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord!' The old childish terror of debt was strong in him to the last. In his greatest straits he could not bring himself to borrow without pain, and then after taking endless precautions against himself. Even from his most devoted friends he could not bring himself to accept a loan without great reluctance. 'This is just like your

kindness,' he replies to one who pressed a sum of money on him, knowing he was in urgent need of it just then; 'but I am afraid of accepting it at this moment.' Nor was he to be moved from this refusal by any arguments of friendship. His first care before entering into any money transaction was to ascertain whether the kindness of the parties concerned towards himself was liable to interfere with any of their previous or possible obligations; and if he found this was likely to be the case, nothing could overcome his reluctance. It was one of the Bishop's maxims that debt acts like a mist upon the judgment, when it does not, as too often happens, create a false conscience. 'I dread anyone who is in debt being afraid to see the truth,' he remarks, apropos of an example of this; and elsewhere, 'You are quite right in your dread of the effects of debt upon us, especially if we accept it, and wait for the river to run away.'

Dr. Grant was too sincere a lover of 'meek-eyed Peace,' not to look with great fear and aversion on litigation.

'Many thanks,' he writes to a friend who sent him some nervine for a toothache: 'I wish you had read the directions, which end, "If this fails, extraction is *the only remedy*." It is like saying, "If Chancery does not help you, try the House of Lords."'

He had a great dread of priests and nuns getting into law, no matter how just the plea. Especially he could not bear to see nuns involved in its hardening and distracting entanglements. 'I do not agree with — about a mortgage,' he writes to a superior, 'because you, being a religious, would not have the heart to sell up the borrower if he was unable to pay up the interest. . . . You lend your money to A.B., and by



the very fact, you know he is in difficulties before he borrows. Suddenly you want your money, and if he cannot restore it your only remedy is to sell his house which was mortgaged to you as your security.' A religious is indeed ill-fitted to cope with such an issue as the one here described. Dr. Grant was equally desirous to save ardent young nuns from committing themselves too soon to some act of renunciation that might recoil upon them later with unforeseen results. 'Whenever you come to settle Miss ——'s affairs,' he writes to that lady's lawyer, 'be so kind as to impress upon her that *until she is actually professed* she ought not to put any part of her capital beyond her own power, either in favour of the convent or of anyone.'

'When, however, any legal point was involved in a proceeding, the Bishop always advised the persons concerned to consult a lawyer rather than trust to their own judgment. He would quote, in support of this advice, the Roman saying, 'In your own case employ a lawyer.' *In propria causa advocatum quære*. He desired above all to see this maxim adopted where the contested point arose between near relations. Speaking on this subject, the Bishop says: 'It is a true principle that matters of business ought to be as strict between parents and children and brothers and sisters as between the most utter strangers; and a venerable matron, who has been honoured for sixty years in the highest circles (she received at her house during the peace Nelson and the French Admiral who lost Trafalgar), adds: 'and the harmony of families is best preserved if children are as polite and courteous to one another as they would be to strangers.'

St. Francis of Sales says that a man who can go through a lawsuit without offending against charity, is

fit to be canonized. Dr. Grant would seem to have accomplished this feat. He was once forced to embark in a long term of litigation, and it so happened that the legal adviser of his adversary was an intimate friend of his own. A prolonged interchange of antagonistic law documents is not, as a rule, calculated to strengthen the bonds of friendship or to promote sympathy between the parties, but the case in point proves the possibility of the exception. During the years that the suit lasted, not a shadow of misunderstanding passed between Dr. Grant and his opponent. 'It was the funniest example of litigation on record,' observes the latter; 'it was war to the knife between us, but not a breath ever troubled our mutual regard.' The Bishop had only one desire, that what was right and just should be done; if he was in the wrong he was ready and willing to give way.

## CHAPTER XII.

DR. GRANT was wont to say that the devout observance of the seasons of the Church was in itself enough to make a saint. Lent was always a season of joy to him, and a well-spent Lent he considered one of the most important acts of a Christian's life. At this spiritual spring-tide of the year, when the earth is like an altar smoking with prayer up to the throne of God, the Bishop increased threefold in zealous importunities for alms and works of mercy and frequentation of the Sacraments. 'Never,' he says, in one of his Lenten Pastorals, 'never are supernatural acts of faith and love and contrition more availing than during these consecrated weeks, when sins are repented of, habits of sin broken, occasions of sin put away, dissensions appeased, restitutions made, conversions multiplied; while in another order of grace holy souls are drawn nearer to God, the observance of religious orders flourishes, the spirit of penance and the practice of interior mortification are fortified in the hearts of thousands. What a consolation it is to think, as we stand on the threshold of Lent, how much glory our Heavenly Father is about to receive, with how much greater love our dearest Lord is about to be welcomed in the souls of His people, and what songs of grateful gladness will rise up to him from the hearts of his poor, generously repelling from the doors of the rich those woes which He Himself has pronounced against their riches.'

At such times the Bishop would implore his flock not only to help the clergy by prayers and alms, but to come and share in a measure the glorious prerogatives of the priesthood, by taking the place of the overburthened priest at the bedside of the sick and dying. In a country where the priests are few, and often at a great distance from numbers of their people, it is impossible for them to devote as much time to instructing and fortifying each individual sufferer as their charity would wish, and in these cases Dr. Grant urged the faithful to supplement the labours of the priest by preparing the sick for his visit, and then completing the work by remaining to cheer and encourage them when the priest was gone. ‘Do not fancy that nothing is in your power until the priest comes,’ he says; ‘on the contrary, very much is in your power. By assisting the sick man to make acts of contrition, by suggesting to him ejaculatory prayers, by reading to him some examination of conscience, by turning his mind gently towards his sins and God’s mercy, by speaking to him of the absolute necessity of an internal repentance, you will do much towards securing to him in their fulness those graces of which the Sacraments are the appointed channels. Even when this is not in your power, think how much may be done by intercessory prayer. The coming of grace may depend upon your prayers. You must not leave all for the priest to do. You must remember that powerful as are the Sacraments, they do not dispense you from the imperious obligation of prayer. A house of sickness must also be a house of prayer, for sickness is a visitation from God, and who would not be at prayer while God was in his house? This want of prayer, and of exhortation to the sick man on the importance of an *inward repentance*, this want of an



enlightened charity, has probably caused the loss of many souls. The hour of death is an hour of wonderful confessions, but they are less wonderful than they would be, because of our want of prayer.' The Bishop reverted often to this startling responsibility towards the dying. 'If,' he says elsewhere, 'your duties call you away from the dying bed, see, if possible, that some one else shall take your place beside his angel guardian. *The salvation of that soul may depend on your perseverance at your post.*' Awful words truly, and well calculated to rouse our sluggish faith to a sense of its tremendous liabilities towards God and towards our brother. Dr. Grant had himself a great devotion to the service of the dying, and his power of sustaining and consoling souls through the last passage, made all who knew him anxious to secure his help on their death-beds. A nun lay dangerously ill in a convent in the neighbourhood of London; she had always entertained a great reverence for the Bishop, and often expressed a wish to have his blessing and help in the last passage. During her illness he visited her frequently; one day, hearing that she was much worse, he came and spent several hours with her; there was no agony, but it was evident that she was sinking fast. At eight in the evening he gave her the Holy Viaticum, and remained an hour longer by her bedside, praying with her. At nine she rallied, so much so that it was thought she would pass the night. Dr. Grant, therefore, with a last blessing, took leave of her, promising to return early next morning. But he had scarcely left the room when the dying sister became agitated, expressing great regret that he could not wait a little longer. The infirmarian hurried after the superior, who was accompanying the Bishop

to the door, and whispered a word in her ear. Dr. Grant asked what was the matter, but she was reluctant to tell him, and made a vague reply; he insisted, however, on being told the truth. Hearing what had occurred, he went back at once to the sick room, and remained there till the Sister expired at about four in the morning. At five, in spite of the nuns' entreaties, he set out to St. George's, on foot and fasting, to say his Mass for the Sisters of Notre Dame at half-past six.

The Bishop was aroused one night between one and two a.m. by a loud knocking and ringing at the hall door. It was the father of a Catholic child who had been severely burnt, and just carried to the hospital, and he wanted a priest to come and confess her. The porter took the message to the Bishop's room; but, instead of allowing one of the priests to be disturbed, he got up himself, and went to the hospital, where he arrived in time to give the last sacraments to the dying child.

He very frequently answered these night calls himself to save his priests from being disturbed and losing a portion of their sleep. 'They work so hard during the day,' he said, 'that it is essential they should have rest at night.'

Once he was staying at a priest's house, when a woman came late at night to say that a neighbour of hers was dying and wanted the sacraments; she had come from a distance and was very tired. The Bishop gave her his blessing when he heard her errand, and said, 'I promise you, when your turn comes, that God will pay back to you this act of charity to a dying soul. To save the priest the long night walk, he went off with her himself to the sick woman, and repeated

this promise when leaving the house. Many years afterwards a priest came to see him at St. George's, and told him that, a few days before, he was passing through a distant village when he was attracted by sounds of prayer and wailing from a cottage on the roadside. He drew near, and found a crowd of Irish gathered round a bed where a woman was dying; she kept on calling in great anguish for a priest, but in vain, there was not one within many miles. Meanwhile the Irishwomen were beating their honest breasts, and saying the litanies aloud, and doing their best to comfort her. In the midst of this scene the traveller walked in; he heard the dying woman's confession, gave her the last rites of the Church, and remained with her till she breathed her last. It was the same person who had walked so far to secure the same blessings for another soul. She had remembered the Bishop's promise to her then, and so had our Blessed Lord, and the priest had come to tell Dr. Grant how mercifully it had been fulfilled.

It was the Bishop's habit at the approach of Lent to go round to the poor schools and explain to the children how they might help in the salvation of souls during this season of grace by prayer and offering up their acts of obedience and mortification for those who were in a state of sin. It was chiefly against their parents that he urged them to direct this holy campaign: 'You must coax them and do all you can to persuade them to come to the sacraments at Easter,' he would say; 'and you must even tease them affectionately, and give them no peace till they have complied with this duty.'

The children were often successful in their pious endeavours; and it was a happy day for them and for the Bishop when a father or brother, who had been years absent from the sacraments, came to St. George's,

led by a little child, and asked if his Lordship would hear his confession. On more than one occasion he made a solemn appeal to these coadjutors of the priesthood, 'the little ones,' whom Jesus would not suffer to be forbidden to come to Him, apostrophising them in his Pastoral letters: 'We appeal most earnestly to you, orphan children, whom God delights to help,' he exclaims<sup>1</sup>; 'we entrust to you the souls that He has redeemed. Undertake this apostolic work of making the confessions of the faithful more fervent and more numerous.' When a rich harvest blessed the prayers of these innocent apostles at the close of Lent, and the Bishop had been kept standing two hours and a half giving communion at St. George's, his joy was visible on his countenance. The little ones, who watched him with fearless and inquisitive eyes, used to notice this, and would say: 'The Bishop's face is shining to-day.' And it was hardly a figure of speech, for the joy of his soul shone through his features, and thrilled in the tones of his voice, and the ring of his innocent, happy laughter. This same spiritual sunshine was apparent on the great festivals of our Blessed Mother, and on the eve of feasts when he had been sitting for hours in the confessional, pronouncing the life-giving words of absolution on a multitude of unknown sinners such as flocked to him on these occasions, attracted by the fame of his holiness and charity. Sometimes, when physically exhausted to the last degree, his spirits rose to such a point that it was impossible to speak to him without catching something of the joy that filled him. On first communion days in convents the same bright expression in his face was noticed by the nuns and the children.

<sup>1</sup> Quinquagesima, 1869.



Every festival as it occurred was sure to bring the orphans some message from him in harmony with the spirit of the Church and breathing his own childlike spirit of piety. As Christmas was the Bishop's favourite feast of the year, we will give it the preference, and select a few extracts from his letters written to Norwood at this period: 'May our Infant Saviour cherish the orphans of the Faithful Virgin, and fill them with the love which made St. Thomas exclaim, "My Lord and my God!" I wish to each and all, and to the children now absent, a happy and holy Christmas, and the love of Him who made Christmas *ours*.'

'Christmas, 21, 1853.

'My Dear Orphan Children,—Let my first duty on the feast of St. Thomas, my dear Patron, be to return thanks to you all for being such good children, and for sending me such kind wishes, and most of all for promising to think of me when you receive holy communion at Christmas.

'I hope St. Thomas will pray for us all that we may imitate his love of suffering when he asked to accompany Jesus to Jerusalem that he might suffer with Him. When our dear Lord was in His glory in the Transfiguration, He was speaking of His death; and, amidst the joy of St. Thomas, I must invite you all to pray that we may always rejoice in suffering for the sake of our Infant Saviour. Blessed be His holy name!

'Yours sincerely in Christ,

'X THOMAS GRANT.'

'Christmas Eve, 1855, St. George's.

'My Dear Children in Christ,—I have just received your letter, which delighted me much by all the promises it conveys of increased love for our dear Infant Saviour.

I hope that the angels who called the shepherds will come for you, and lead you in joy and gladness to find the Infant and Mary, His Immaculate Mother. You will not find Him surrounded by princes and nobles, but lowly and poor, crying in the depths of the cold winter's night. He is helpless, whose adorable hands made the world ; He is poor, to whom the silver and gold and all the treasures of the earth belong ; He feels the wintry wind, whose voice will one day tell the winds and the storm to be calm ; He is carried about by His Immaculate Mother and St. Joseph, who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand ; He cannot walk, whose feet make the mountains tremble under the journeys of His eternity ; and all the while He has come because His delight is to be with the children of men, and because it is one of His glories that He is "the Father of the orphan and the Judge of the widow."

'May His dear Immaculate Mother make you and the nuns and the chaplains pleasing in His sight, and may He teach you how to honour Him—you especially who have received Him and been admitted to adore Him in the confraternity of the Precious Blood !

'Yours very sincerely,

' × THOMAS GRANT.'

'I hope all will have a happy Christmas,' he writes to the Superior, 'and that the children will make a nice room in their hearts for our dear Saviour, and that they will ask our Immaculate Mother to furnish the room, and St. Joseph to light the fire beforehand.'

But if Dr. Grant loved to see the children happy at Christmas, still more did he rejoice when they themselves celebrated the festival by some act of loving kind-

ness to those poorer than themselves. One Christmas morning (1856), a poor little child crept into the chapel at Norwood, and stayed there the whole day. Towards evening one of the Sisters saw it, and asked what it was doing there all by itself. The child replied that she had no home to go to, and that she was starving. Upon hearing this, the orphans at once proposed to give the money that was to have been spent on their Christmas feast to buy clothes for this homeless little sister, who, needless to add, was not turned away from the shelter she had sought beneath their roof. Dr. Grant wrote his thanks to them at once: 'May our Immaculate Mother and St. Joseph reward you for being so kind to the little orphan that was starving on Christmas Eve!'

Owing to the American war, which compelled the great cotton mills to slacken their pace, and dismiss a vast number of hands, the winter of 1862 fell with increased severity upon the poor and the working classes of the north of England. Dr. Grant one day at Norwood begged the children to pray for these poor sufferers, and ask Almighty God to give them patience and courage, and to open the hearts of the rich to succour them. His description of the miseries of Lancashire touched the orphans so much that, a few days later, they of their own impulse proposed that the money to be spent on their usual Christmas feast should be devoted to the relief of these starving people, offering, at the same time, to add their own 'pennies' to the sum. The Bishop, overjoyed at this act of self-sacrifice, at once accepted the offer, and said he would come himself to collect the pennies. He did so, and told them, amidst repeated blessings, as the pennies were dropped into the box, that 'the charity of an orphan

was most pleasing to our dear Lord, who never failed to bless it abundantly.'

But the Christmas offering that most of all rejoiced his heart was that of 1860. The children having been very good, and the funds being just then also in a state of exceptional prosperity, the princely sum of 5*l.* was to be expended on the annual festivities; this they unanimously requested the nuns to send to the Bishop for the Holy Father, offering at the same time to swell the gift by the addition of their own pennies. Dr. Grant, sorely as he grudged to deprive the orphans of their treat, loved them with too true a love to rob them of the joy of making a sacrifice. 'Oh, how our dear Lord will bless you for your charity to His Vicar!' he writes; and at once came down to receive the contribution with his own hand. He added 3*l.* to their 7*l.* (the pennies had amounted to 2*l.*), and sent it to Rome with a petition for a special blessing on the nuns and orphans. Meantime he writes again to commend their generous impulse: 'His Holiness will be sure to bless the orphans for their gift, which, with the money given by their good mothers, makes up the offering to 7*l.*, in honour of the Seven Joys of our dear Immaculate Mother, who will bring joy to the Vicar of her Divine Son, and will bless and reward the children. I am glad they have found so many kind friends for the Christmas holidays, and I am sure they will continue to merit their favours.' The friends alluded to were three Catholic families, who, hearing this trait of devotion to the Holy Father on the part of the orphans, invited a great many of them to spend a day at their houses, and were otherwise kind to them. The Bishop did not mention in his letter, what the community afterwards learned, that he had added 3*l.* himself to their



joint offering, thus making it 10*l*. The answer came soon from Rome, bringing the Holy Father's blessing, which was immediately transmitted to Norwood.

No matter what his occupations were, Dr. Grant always made time to assist at the Christmas feast of the poor children of St. George's schools. He would spend an hour, often two hours, in the midst of them, plying them bountifully himself with tea and cake, telling them stories, and listening with the deepest interest to their little recitations, encouraging those that were shy or timid. At one of these feasts he was seen engaged in earnest conversation with a little girl who was crying bitterly, and refusing to be comforted. The Bishop persevered in his fruitless endeavours to console her, until a messenger, whom he had despatched on the errand, came up to him with a cup, whereupon she at once brightened up, and looked quite happy. She had broken her own cup, and confided the mishap to the Bishop, together with the fact that she dared not go home with the news lest her mother should scold her, or worse. He at once sent to have the misfortune remedied, but until the child saw the new cup with her own eyes she would not believe in it.

Those amongst the children who seemed the poorest and the least cared for were the ones who were sure to get most noticed and caressed. He would talk to them about their homes and their parents, and often give the mistresses money to help the latter to get a dinner for themselves and the children.

A person remarked one day to Dr. Grant how dreadfully tedious it must be to him sitting out the distributions of prizes in schools, with their long speechifying and monotonous little performances, when he had so many more important duties to attend to; but the

Bishop replied : ' You are mistaken ; there is nothing more important than the education of children, and it is the duty of Superiors and Pastors to encourage them as much as possible, and do all in their power to lighten the labour of those who are charged with their instruction.'

Being asked once if he approved of plays and similar entertainments in boarding-schools, he replied : ' An experienced Italian Cardinal encouraged them, and on being asked why, answered : " 1st. It is an innocent recreation for children when used in moderation, and when the plays are well chosen. 2nd. It improves their deportment, and gives them ease of manner." ' The Bishop would sometimes provide the mistresses with copies of plays that he thought good for the children, and desired that great care should be always used in the selection of them. It was not enough that they should be harmless ; he wished them to be profitable, and to convey noble sentiments and useful lessons to the minds of the little actors. He often deplored the dearth of good and amusing story-books for children in English. He liked Canon Schmid's ; but used to add, when praising them, ' What a pity it is that they all end in *temporal* happiness ! '

The children of one of the middle schools were preparing a little play in which some invisible angels were to sing. Dr. Grant suggested that the very good children should be dressed like angels, in white and with wings, and appear thus to sing their angelic song ; this, he said, ' would be a great reward and encouragement to the children, and would gratify the parents very much.' He tried hard to get an old Ushaw school-friend to compose the song for them ; but, having failed in this, he sat down and wrote one himself. We

give it simply as being the only fragment of his facile gift of versification that we have lighted upon :—

#### THE ANGELS' HYMN.

In the wood and near the river,  
When no human friend was nigh,  
We have loved and watched thee ever,  
Heard thy prayer and marked thy sigh.

Whilst our Father on His throne,  
Told us England was the flower,  
In the ages past and gone,  
Given to Mary as Her dower ;

Filled with hope our promise cherish,  
Tell it to Her children dear,  
Mary's lilies cannot perish,  
Even now the spring is near.

To the dying shall be spoken  
Words of pardon and of trust,  
From the captives shall be broken  
Chains that bow them to the dust.

Many priests shall chaunt in gladness,  
Monks and nuns shall aid the song,  
And the voices hushed in sadness  
Tell of blessings hidden long.

One day Dr. Grant was assisting at a little play performed by the children at Norwood, when suddenly he started up, exclaiming, ' I must go ! I must go ! ' and hurried away as for the bare life. The next day he wrote the following explanation to the Superioress :—

' January 10, 1860.

' The children will pardon my sudden departure when I tell them I arrived just in time to administer Extreme Unction to good Mr. Vavasour before he expired. May he rest in peace ! His wife was in Yorkshire ; but the doctor, who was a Protestant, remembered that she had sent for me once before when

her husband was in danger of death ; so he desired the servants to go for me, and sent one of them in his own carriage to bring me from St. George's. I went by the Pimlico station, and was just in time to meet it.'

He was 'just in time,' as he said, for the dying man expired five minutes after receiving the last rites of the Church.

Instances of this kind of intuition of a soul's being in need of him, or of spiritual succour from others, were of frequent occurrence in Dr. Grant's life. Such incidents, which are matter of astonishment or sneering incredulity to the tepid Christian and the unbeliever, are simply subjects of unsurprised joy and praise to Catholics. While giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament one afternoon in a convent, the Bishop, who was kneeling in prayer on the altar steps, suddenly turned towards the congregation, and cried out in tones of entreaty : 'Children, pray, pray earnestly ! the parent of one of you is dying !' The next morning's post brought a letter announcing that the mother of a little girl who was present had expired at the very hour when Dr. Grant had asked for prayers for her.

An orphan, who was under instruction for baptism at Norwood, one day put a question to the nun, who was explaining the catechism to her, of so ambiguous and startling a character that the Sister was utterly perplexed. After a moment's hesitation, she said, 'We will speak of that later,' intending meanwhile to consult the Superioress. This occurred at half-past eleven ; at half-past one, while the class was still assembled with the same nun in the school-room, the door suddenly opened, and Dr. Grant walked in. 'I was passing the gate when it began to rain,' he said ;



‘so I came in.’ Then seating himself, he continued, as if following up the thread of a conversation : ‘ Now, let us suppose that a person who was preparing to receive baptism puts the following question ?——’ and he repeated word for word the question which had been propounded to the Sister by the young catechumen two hours before, and answered it clearly and fully ; the child listened, stupefied with astonishment, while the mistress was scarcely less so. The Bishop appeared to have come from London simply to solve this difficulty, for he left immediately after.

In one of his last visits to Norwood, when he was in a dying state, the Superior mentioned to him that she had been greatly distressed, on the occasion of some little plays recently performed by the children, to hear that certain persons had found fault with the system of plays altogether, observing that it was a foolish indulgence and a loss of time for pauper children, who ought to be kept at work. The Bishop leaned on his stick for a moment without speaking ; then he said : ‘ Do you know the names of these critics ? ’ ‘ Yes, my Lord.’ ‘ Then,’ said Dr. Grant, ‘ take care that they are never invited again. Poor children must be amused as well as rich ones ; and precisely because they have to work we ought to make their lives as cheerful as possible for them while we can.’

It was very seldom that he was ever beguiled himself into seeking any recreation or amusement beyond these simple ones provided for him by his children ; but on one occasion he consented to go with a friend to see some fine pictures that were on view. He had imbibed a love for such things while inhaling the art-laden atmosphere of Rome, and a fine painting was always one of the things he enjoyed thoroughly.

They were walking arm-in-arm along the gallery, when suddenly his companion felt him trembling all over. Glancing round, he beheld the cause of his agitation ; the Bishop's eyes had rested for a moment on one of those revolting pictures which too often disgrace the exhibitions of a Christian people, and that pure and sensitive soul had shuddered as if touched by fire.

Dr. Grant strove sedulously to imbue those under him who were occupied in the instruction of youth, especially of the poor, with his own profound sense of the grandeur and scope of their mission. In a letter to the Superior of one of his schools, he says : ' At the beginning of each succeeding scholastic year we must resume our labours for the education of youth with new zeal and fresh courage. It is a work ever new, ever young ; so our zeal, our ardour, ought never to grow old.' To another he writes : ' We should do much more for the children if we prayed more for them, and offered them more fervently to our Immaculate Mother. Be very careful to give good example to children ; its influence may tell on them fifty years to come.'

In an instruction to a community, after exhorting them to have a great zeal for the education of the young, he adds : ' There are two things which make your task more difficult :—1st, the want of patriarchal government or sentiment in the families of the pupils ; parents too often take the part of the world in opposition to religious teachers instead of seconding the latter ; 2nd, the want of solid principles whereby to guide them when they return home. What reading is offered to young people now-a-days ? Novels and newspapers. They identify themselves with the moral of both these schools. . . . Let us do all in our power that the children committed to us may derive *solid* advantages

from the education we give them ; that they may leave school stronger and better in every way than when they came ; strive to instil *solid* principles into their minds, and common sense, which may serve as a basis and guide to regulate their conduct in the world. Above all aim at giving them true devotion and love towards the Blessed Sacrament.'

With all his love for children, the Bishop knew how to be severe when the occasion required it. His tenderness never degenerated into weakness. He had a great horror of their being made *soft* by too much petting and a want of salutary sternness. With poor children he particularly insisted on the necessity of strengthening them by this bracing element for the hardships life had in store for them, and accustoming them to a certain severity of manner ; he strongly deprecated a system of petting which loving hearts are so easily tempted to adopt towards very little children in the poor schools. 'It is cruel kindness to spoil children in any condition of life,' he observed to a tender-hearted young nun, who was suspected of being guilty of this amiable weakness ; 'but it is sheer, downright cruelty to spoil poor children. When they leave you, and go to a situation amongst strangers, this indulgence will make everything seem twice as hard to them.' Neither was he tolerant of that mistaken charity which sometimes sacrifices the many to the one. If a child showed evil dispositions he would have her corrected with patience, and if needful with severity ; but if after repeated corrections she gave no signs of amendment, he would have her dismissed, lest she should by example, or evil counsel corrupt and mislead others. A girl at one of the orphanages was very unmanageable, and given, moreover, to dissimulation ; she was punished

severely several times, but with no result. Dr. Grant then took her in hand himself, but, failing to reform her, he told the Superior she must be sent away. He could not come in contact with a child, even a baby in arms, without his heart being drawn to it. All its little ways interested him as indications of character, germs to be fostered or crushed; and he would be at as much pains to instruct a mother or a nurse in the best way of correcting its little naughtinesses as if it were an adult with full use of reason. It was a maxim of his that a child's education should begin in the cradle, and that the most indelible lessons were learned long before it came to school. He once noticed a nurse making a tiny creature beat the table that it had knocked against; and he immediately explained to her how wrong it was thus to implant the idea of revenge in a baby's mind, bringing it up like a little pagan, whereas she ought to make it kiss whatever hurt it, and let the pain serve as a lesson of Christian forgiveness.

He was anxious that all education should be as practical as possible. 'Teach the children to scrub and to mend,' he would say, emphatically, when consulted on the advisability of teaching this thing or another in the orphanages. He used in his playful way to call mending his 'particular friend;' many a time he burst into the class-room at Norwood with the enquiry, 'How is my particular friend going on?' And when a proof of that abstract personage's prosperity was presented to him in the form of a neatly patched garment, or a stocking thickly belaboured by diligent little fingers, the Bishop would examine the articles with great attention, and pronounce on the relative merits of the work with the air of a connoisseur.

If any misfortune befel the school or the children,



his first thought was to turn it to account as a lesson, and to make them take the true view of it. Some thieves broke into one of the poor schools, and made a raid on the children's hats, cloaks, &c. The confusion and dismay caused by this event was great; the parents of many of the children were very angry, being quite unable to replace the stolen articles, while the Sisters were not in a position to do so much better. Some days after the catastrophe, Dr. Grant, on being told that they were all joining very fervently in a novena for the recovery of the missing clothes and the pacification of the angry parents, replied sharply: 'You should rather be busy making reparation to Almighty God for the sin that has been committed, and praying for the conversion of those thieves.' And he made the incident matter for an instruction on the selfishness of those who forget the offence against God, to think only of the injury a sin brings upon themselves.

Dr. Grant preferred illustration rather than dry instructions as a means of conveying lessons to children, and it was wonderful sometimes to see the readiness with which he would produce stories and improvise figures just suited to the occasion. Complaints reached him of some of the children having behaved giddily at prayers. Instead of lecturing the culprits on the gravity of their misdemeanour, the Bishop proceeded to tell them about certain Chinese Bonzes, who, to escape saying a great number of daily prayers prescribed by Confucius, invented a machine that winds up like a clock and growls out sounds intended to represent the appointed prayers, while the Bonzes amuse themselves according to their tastes. 'Now does this machine really pray, do you think?' he enquired; and on receiving a clamorous 'No, no, my

Lord!’ he went on to tell them of a holy old hermit who was in the habit of saying his rosary out loud in the woods round his cell, and one day, having dropped asleep in the midst of it, he was awoke by hearing a little bird repeating the *Hail Mary* in a neighbouring tree. ‘Now,’ demanded the Bishop, ‘did the little bird pray, think you?’ and the children having cried out, as before, ‘No, no, my Lord,’ he bade them take the two examples to heart, and never pray like machines or birds, not knowing what they did.

The first time that he went to preach a retreat to the children at Norwood, he was highly amused by the simplicity of some of the little ones, who, when he apostrophized his audience interrogatively during the sermon, thought it was meant as a direct question, and stood up and answered him just as they were accustomed to do in class; the nuns were going to silence them, but the Bishop by a sign forbade it, nor would he allow the mistake to be corrected, but while the retreat lasted encouraged the little speakers to stand up whenever he put a question which they felt moved to answer. He could not bear to compress children by rules and forms, so as to make them stiff and reserved, or shy of showing their real selves to those over them; much as he prized order and symmetry in all things, he was ever ready to sacrifice them when he saw they acted as fetters on a child. ‘Let them be natural,’ he would say, ‘and if they feel naughty let them show it; nothing is so dangerous as keeping a child in a state of artificial restraint.’ He was fearful above all of their becoming little pious machines, and falling into routine in the practice of religious duties, and frequently reminded those in charge of children to guard by every means against this too common danger.

For some years the Bishop went regularly once a fortnight to the Convent of Notre Dame, at Clapham, to give a course of instruction on Christian doctrine to the pupils ; these instructions he sometimes varied by lectures on interesting subjects, chiefly historical, as, for instance, the Roman Basilicas, the elections of Popes, &c. Whenever he went to visit the community he made a point of spending an hour, sometimes two, in the midst of the children ; he would make them sit all round him, deprecating all marks of honour, or ceremony ; he was desirous that they should be allowed to converse privately with him whenever they expressed a wish to do so ; this rule extended even to the youngest child in the school. They were very fond of stories, like all children, and the Bishop would tell them tales and anecdotes by the hour ; stories about Rome, and his stay in the Eternal City, were the ones they liked best, and his store of these was inexhaustible. Happening one day to find a whole set of new school-books on the table when he came in, he amused the children by building the church of St. Clement at Rome with them, narrating the story of the saint as the edifice rose before their enchanted eyes. He gave himself up to children at all times with as much leisure apparently as if he had no other occupation than to attend to them, and amuse them. One day at Norwood, after administering confirmation to forty of the orphans, he sat down in the midst of them, and began to tell them about the joys of Heaven and the happiness of the Blessed. One of the children, with that fearless familiarity that it was his delight to foster, called out, ‘ But, my Lord, will it be always the same thing in Heaven—always music, and light, and angels ? Shan’t we never get tired of it ? ’ Dr. Grant



called the little sceptic to him, and set himself to answer her puzzle as gravely as if it had been a controversial challenge from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Instead, however, of trying to make her understand the altered conditions of the glorified souls, and their capacity for enjoying the Vision of God, wherein consists the bliss of Paradise, he told her the legend of a monk to whom the same foolish thought had once occurred, 'Shall we not grow tired of Heaven?' It was on a warm summer's day, the monk was working in a field near his monastery; the sun was hot, and he was weary of digging; his spirit flagged with his body, and he bethought himself that perhaps, after all, Paradise was not worth the toil and trouble it was costing him. Suddenly he was roused by the singing of a bird in a tree close by; the notes were so sweet, so brilliant, so unlike any song of bird or human voice he had ever heard before, that they thrilled through his very soul. He dropped his spade, and walked towards the tree where the bird had perched, but as he drew near it flitted away, singing as it went; its song grew richer and more beautiful at every gush; the monk, like one drawn by a spell, followed the warbler from tree to tree, till at last the melody ceased, and he found himself in the heart of the forest, a great way from home. The sun had gone down, and he wandered about looking in vain for the path he had come by. Emerging, after a long ramble, from the darkness of the wood, he came in sight of the monastery. But what had befallen it since an hour ago? The gate was crowned with ivy, and lichens and mosses were draped all over the walls. He rang; it was a strange face that answered his summons. The brother looked at him in amazement.



Who was he, and whence did he come? He gave his name, but the porter grew white with fear, and, crossing himself, exclaimed, 'Thou art his ghost, then, for the monk who bore that name is dead nearly a hundred years!' 'Nearly a hundred years! Have I been gone all that time, listening for nearly a hundred years to the song of a singing bird, and found it so sweet that it seemed to me scarce an hour?' And the wanderer knew that his doubt had been heard in Paradise, and been answered by the song of the singing bird. Thus would the Bishop lay himself out to quiet the puzzled speculations of a child, and count the time thus spent well employed. Looking over the chronicles of Norwood, we might fancy it was the only work he had on hand, so ample was his correspondence with it, so patient, minute, and unremitting his attention to all that concerned it, both as regards its spiritual government and material organization.

Dr. Grant was too deeply imbued with the spirit of the Church not to be urgent with his flock about the strict observance of her discipline on every point, and notably as regards the precept of fasting and abstinence. Her fasts and feasts were to him so many divine messages, charged with graces and blessings, not lightly to be foregone. The word dispensation he held in abhorrence. Kind and indulgent as his direction proverbially was, he never could grant one without an effort. 'For several years I had to ask for a dispensation as regularly as Lent came round,' says one of his penitents; 'he never made the least difficulty about granting it, because he knew it was necessary, but he used to groan over it.' To another he says, 'Of course you cannot fast or even abstain; it is a great pity, for no matter how unavoidable the dispensation is, a soul

must be a loser by having to use it.' He often desired devout persons, who suffered in health, to make special prayer at the approach of the penitential seasons of Advent and Lent, that they might get strength enough to gain 'the blessings attached to strict observance of the rules of the Church.' With him the claims of health were never disallowed ; Dr. Grant was both too wise and too kind to strain poor human nature ; but he knew how much of softness and sensuality there lies at the root of modern valetudinarianism, and how often delicate people take it for granted that the discipline of the Church is not meant for them, and conclude that they can neither fast nor abstain, without having ever tried whether, on the contrary, the salutary restrictions of the Lenten diet might not prove beneficial to them, physically as well as spiritually. A great deal of the responsibility rests, of course, upon the medical man, but Dr. Grant often remarked how culpably Catholics sometimes disregard their own share in it by appealing to a Protestant, or even a negligent Catholic doctor. In the former case, professional and sectarian prejudices are leagued against the principle of fasting, and the plea of obedience to the Church is dismissed as altogether absurd. If Catholics were honest about this matter, they would consult a conscientious Catholic medical man (if only for the occasion) before absolving themselves from compliance with the rules of the Church. When publishing in his pastoral letter the dispensations granted by the Holy See for Lent, the Bishop never failed to impress upon his flock the advantages of fasting, and begging them to compensate as much as possible for their unavoidable laxity in this respect by additional prayer, alms-deeds, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, by attending retreats, and

following the devotion of the Way of the Cross. 'Think of the Saints and solitaries,' he exclaims, 'uniting their forty days with His hunger in the wilderness !'

But it was to those brave souls who are wedded to the Cross in the religious state that he looked for the practice of the heroic rule of self-crucifixion in all its perfection. Mortification entered largely into his instructions to nuns of every order, even those who by their active labours are supposed to be in a great measure exempted from fasting and other corporal austerities. Speaking of the adoption of the Cross by our Blessed Lady, he says, to a community of Sisters of Mercy, 'Mary chose poverty and humiliation as her portion . . . she accepted the sword of grief, and through thirty-three years she waited in patient and generous resignation for the hour when it was to pierce her heart during the agony of her Divine Son upon the Cross. . . . When He began His ministry, and went everywhere working cures and performing miracles of mercy and grace, she stood apart and did not claim a mother's share in the praise that was offered to Him. She was not present at His Transfiguration, but she was with Him on Calvary. She came for a moment to the marriage-feast of Cana to teach us the efficacy of prayer, but she did not seek, and does not appear to have received, the thanks of the guests, or of the master of the house. She was again present after the Resurrection, when it was necessary to help the Apostles by uniting in their prayer ; but as soon as they had received the Holy Ghost she seemed to walk no longer on the earth, and did not outwardly appear in the results of the graces which her prayer had drawn down upon their labours. From the first hour she

chose the Cross, and to the last moments of her life the Cross was her glory. She bequeathed it to her children in the religious orders, in the chapters of their holy rule that explain the virtue of mortification, and she knows the reality of their vocation by their love for it. For they who are called to the religious state have the exalted honour of being the spouses of Christ, and they must seek Him where the grace of their vocation was gained for them—at His Cross. . . . Their hearts are the branches of the vine, which is Himself, and when He is weary and thirsty He comes to gather the grapes, that their sufferings, toil, and mortifications have produced. When we read the lives of the saints, we find some, like St. Francis, receiving the marks of His wounds. . . . We find others, like St. Rose of Lima, choosing the most cruel mortifications in order to become victims for the ingratitude of sinners; we find others, like St. John of the Cross, cherishing contempt and ill-treatment, in order to oppose the pride that deprives our Lord of so many souls. But it is impossible to find any saint whose mortifications have not far exceeded any that we have ever desired to practise. . . . When we examine their lives more minutely, we observe that they whose lives have been most spotless, most multiplied their fasts and mortifications. . . . When we think of St. Aloysius weeping for years over one venial sin, we close the book, and dare not think of the readiness with which we excuse so many faults and omissions, wilful and often repeated. . . . We live, moreover, in an age in which want of health or the duties of class must occasionally render a dispensation from the mortifications prescribed by the Church almost necessary, yet we cannot reach Heaven unless we have been crucified. . . . If fasting and



abstinence are beyond our strength, let us at least supply for them by a cordial spirit of mortification. . . . Alas! we are not yet at the foot of Calvary, and we must climb to its summit, bearing reproaches and unfeeling words as we drag our Cross along, and we must be nailed to it, and die on it, before we can be buried with Christ in God.'

Strict as Dr. Grant was in exacting from Catholics the full tribute of obedience to the precept of the Church which enjoins abstinence from vain and worldly amusements during seasons of penance, he could be mildly tolerant when charity or some other sound reason counselled it. As, for instance, in the case of a charity ball that was to be given in the middle of Lent, and at which a gentleman of the neighbourhood, a very strict Catholic, was expected to attend under pain of causing disappointment and annoyance to a great number of persons; having explained the circumstances to the Bishop, and asked his advice, the latter replied, whilst regretting that he 'should be forced to break down any of the barriers that guard Lent,' 'I don't think you ought to stay away from this ball;' and he goes on to say, 'There is a middle-age story that mortification and good cheer had a battle, in which the former had to capitulate, with leave to appear only during forty days in Lent, and now and then in the course of the year, and at other times to keep quite out of the way. I fear he has broken part of the bargain—the Head of the English Establishment is clearly bent on a further attack this Lent upon his scanty domain.' Good cheer met with very little quarter from the Bishop, as far as his own practice went, but his instinct of hospitality prompted him to make others welcome to it. Many of his friends will remember the thoughtful enquiry that

greeted them at St. George's on arriving from any distance. 'Have you had anything to eat?' And, if they replied in the negative, the hearty rejoinder, 'Then be off, first, and get something!' Dr. Grant's habits at table were marked by the simplicity that pervaded all his actions. He was remarkably abstemious at all times, but when in company he affected no asceticism, nor in any way departed from that rule of common-place so dear to holy souls. He never touched wine or spirits of any description, but with this exception there was no peculiarity in his diet. He never made a choice, or remarked, either at home or abroad, on what was presented to him. A servant, after many years spent in the Bishop's service, declared she had not been able to discover a preference in him for one thing above another. He often quoted St. Francis de Sales' advice to a sick person concerning diet—'Ask for nothing, and refuse nothing, but take thankfully what is offered to you;' and this maxim well describes his own practice. Sometimes, indeed, he was caught *en flagrant délit* of an act of mortification, as when a nun came upon him unawares and found him shaking the pepper-castor over an orange that had been carefully sugared for him, and on another occasion when he was caught emptying the salt-cellar into his tea-cup at breakfast. A slight start would show his embarrassment for a moment, but as the intruder ventured on no indiscreet remark, the Bishop probably flattered himself his little trick had not been observed. Once, however, he was thoroughly found out, and obliged to confess. A bad egg had been inadvertently served up to him, and, acting on his principle of never refusing anything, he ate it, and it made him so ill that for a long time he could not touch an egg; the cause

of the sickness would probably never have been acknowledged had not the smell of the shell betrayed him.

When dining out he had a habit of casting his eyes round the room to see if there were a holy picture or a crucifix within sight, and if he discovered one he would turn his head slightly in that direction from time to time, clasping his hands in that way that was familiar to him, while his heart went up in prayer; only those who knew his ways would have detected this—the downward movement of the head was never sufficient to attract notice, and his lively talk flowed on without any apparent break in his attention; the soul was merely leaning on its centre, while the mind was attentive to what was going on around him.

Dr. Grant recommended the frequent use of the following aspiration during meal-time:—‘Oh, sweet Jesus! suffering hunger and thirst in the desert, feed me with the bread of angels, and give me to drink of the fountain of life!’ He spoke of the power of this little prayer in combatting all unworthy pleasure in eating and drinking, in a manner that sufficiently indicated his own experience of its efficacy.

Another point upon which the Bishop earnestly desired to see among his flock a more zealous endeavour to observe the spirit and discipline of the Church, was in the matter of attendance at the appointed places as well as times of worship.

On all great festivals he looked with eagerness for a concourse of communicants in the parish churches. He deprecated very strongly the practice which many adopt of communicating away from their own church, either to satisfy some private feeling of devotion, or to escape the annoyance of a crush; and though there



seldom was a bishop who shrank with greater delicacy from encroaching on the individual liberty of those placed under him, he could not refrain from occasionally protesting against this habit of parochial absenteeism. He even made special mention of it in many of his pastorals. In one of his latest, that read on Rosary Sunday in 1868, he says :—‘ Do not be content with making your communions, even if you must make your confessions away from your own congregations. The poor, like the rich, are tempted to seek excuses for delay in approaching the Sacraments, and these excuses are offered all the more readily if the chief persons in a mission are seldom seen at the Holy Table. If all are united together, the spirit of the primitive days of the Church is renewed, and all feel that our strength and hope are in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. They who are raised above us have their hours of grief and trial, and they must pass one day through the weary struggle of their last illness. They will then hear with tender confidence how the humble and the lowly, the aged and the children, missing them from their accustomed place before the altar, have multiplied their prayers and offered their communions in order that they may be comforted.’ He frequently reminded the wealthy members of congregations that by this habit of absenting themselves from their own churches and chapels, they insensibly grow indifferent towards them, careless of their wants, and of the wants of the clergy who serve them, and who alone are bound to offer the holy sacrifice for themselves and for their families, and to attend them in sickness. ‘ If you seek distant churches,’ the Bishop says in another pastoral, ‘ you cease to care for the education of the children that are at your own doors, and you do not feel the misery that surrounds



you. "Ah!" exclaims St. Alphonsus, "how many are awakened to grace by the voice of their own Shepherd!" And certain it is that they who have remained cold and indifferent in other places have been moved by the simplest words uttered by the clergy of their own mission, and have been unable to leave the church without beginning their confession.' Dr. Grant often rebuked, in what for him might be called strong language, the criminal imprudence of persons of limited incomes, who, being free to do otherwise, select as a place of residence some rural district many miles distant from a church, thus depriving themselves and their families of the blessing of daily, not to say weekly, mass, and incurring deliberately the loss of much grace and spiritual succour in time of health, and, what is more awful to contemplate, risking the possible loss of the Sacraments in case of sudden illness or death.

The Bishop, in his pastoral letters, made frequent mention of this practice, whose sad results were too clearly proved to him by the reports of his clergy in the rural missions.<sup>1</sup> 'When Catholics are about to choose a residence for their families,' he observes, 'they are careful to inquire beforehand about the advantages which they expect to find in its healthiness, its markets, and the mode of reaching it. But they ought likewise, and in the first place, to ascertain that in their new home they will possess the chief and most real of all advantages, the opportunities of hearing mass, and receiving the Sacraments, and training their children and dependents in their religious duties.' In the same pastoral he points reprovingly to the habit which so many have of going to confession on Sunday morning, when they could just as easily go on Saturday.

<sup>1</sup> Rosary Sunday, 1869.

‘On Sundays the clergy have to sing mass, perhaps say two masses, to preach, baptize, give instruction at Catechism time, and sing vespers and preach in the evening. It is, therefore,’ adds the Bishop, ‘a serious addition to all these duties to expect them, whilst fasting, to hear confessions.’ But if he was careful to spare his clergy any surplus trouble and fatigue, it never occurred to him to spare himself. He was at everybody’s beck and call at all hours of the day, and even the night. Priests and laymen, rich and poor, persons of all creeds and classes, were continually thronging to St. George’s for spiritual or temporal advice, for consolation in trouble, for information on all conceivable subjects, and he would never be denied to any one. It was a rule with him never to postpone a confession, unless it was absolutely unavoidable. ‘We must not keep grace waiting, or put our dear Lord off till another time; it is always unloving and it is often dangerous,’ he said to a penitent, who, seeing him very busy, offered to come again; and the sacristan had orders that a penitent was never to be kept waiting on the plea that he was at dinner, or busy, or that he was ill, unless actually confined to bed. Dinner was indeed such a movable feast with Dr. Grant that it ended very often in being no feast at all. He never could be brought to see the necessity in his own case of having regular hours for meals, though he could be very emphatic in impressing this principle on others. ‘You *must* get a quiet hour for your meals,’ he writes to a hard-worked missionary; ‘they don’t do half the good if they’re not taken in peace and punctually.’ So completely did he ignore this precept himself that if his clergy did not personally interfere sometimes in the matter he would go without food till eleven o’clock at

night—as long, in fact, as any one wanted him in the confessional or the parlour. How unmercifully his self-devotion was drawn upon by his spiritual children can best be testified by those who have seen the concourse of penitents that late and early besieged his confessional, and who witnessed his alacrity in foregoing his meals, and quitting his work, and sacrificing his scant and hard-earned rest to them. His exceeding good-nature was often abused by indiscreet persons whose cases did not in any way justify their taking up his valuable time, and who must have been a great trial of patience to the Bishop. But they were never made to feel this. He would come in with his bright, affable greeting, and no matter how the visit interfered with him, the intruder was never made to feel in the way, or that his host was anxious to get rid of him, or too busy to attend amply to what he had to say. Few things were more remarkable in Dr. Grant than this faculty of being at leisure which he possessed in the midst of overwhelming work and anxieties. ‘He was by far the busiest man I ever knew,’ says Father Hathaway, ‘but I never remember to have seen him fussed; the more work he had on hand, the more time he seemed to have at the disposal of anyone who wanted him.’ Another friend remarks—‘His days were always roomy; he never appeared to have anything to do but what he was occupied with at the moment; you always felt he was perfectly at leisure to attend to you; there was a delightful feeling of rest with him.’ ‘When I came up to St. George’s for confession,’ says a man of the world, who was his penitent, ‘he always insisted on my remaining, drawing his chair up to the fire, and assuring me he had plenty of time for conversation, although I invariably found him very busy with

his letters. Nothing could exceed his kindness and sympathy, and his interest in all my affairs, in which on several occasions he exerted himself personally very actively. Constantly, on seeing him after, perhaps, a year's absence, I found his recollection of matters of interest to me as fresh as if he had only just discussed them.'

His kind-heartedness embraced little services and courtesies that seldom come within the scope of a Bishop's leisure. A poor bed-ridden invalid, whose mind was weakened by long mental and bodily sufferings, was living quite alone in a small lodging in London. Nothing soothed and entertained her so much as being read aloud to, and Dr. Grant used to go frequently and read her favourite Tennyson to her. At last she sank below the level of this intellectual enjoyment, and cared for nothing but whist, and then he would slip off of an evening and sit by her bedside, playing double dummy with her for an hour at a time. When he was absent, he made a point of writing long letters to her, sprinkled with riddles and funny little stories.

The secret of this faculty of keeping his days roomy, despatching such an amount and variety of work, lay partly in his method of doing the work, in his great order, and habit of doing without delay everything that had to be done, but, above all, in his power of bringing up his whole will to his work; he had, moreover, an instinct which anticipated discussion and investigation, and enabled him to decide a question at once, and act on the spur of the moment. 'Whether,' says the Bishop of Birmingham, 'he was suffering from languor that indisposed, or even from an agony of pain, owing to his chronic malady, he could summon up his whole



will to work at any moment, and do just the right thing, as by instinct or intuition.' He once undertook to get a translation finished for Dr. Ullathorne, but delayed over it some time; on being reminded of it, he said in his smiling, kindly way—'I will do it. You know one always can get a work done; it only requires a little effort to bring up the will to the work.' 'The remark,' adds Dr. Ullathorne, 'made a lasting impression on me, both for its value, and for the revelation of his character who said it. He brought all his will to the work, until he became all will, and that will compelled his frail and suffering body to respond to its activity.'

## CHAPTER XIII

THOSE who only knew Dr. Grant superficially, who witnessed his bright cheerfulness, his readiness to enter into conversation with all who sought him, his constant flow of innocent fun and lively anecdote, never suspected probably how much the virtue of silence entered into his deliberate practice. Yet, that it was so, those who had the opportunity of closely observing his life and habit of thought can testify, while there are many of his own written records to prove the high esteem in which he held a virtue which the saints have always practised assiduously, and prized as one of the strongholds of the spiritual life. A meditation which the Bishop wrote out for a religious community during a retreat illustrates so well his views regarding the beauty and the value of this virtue of silence that we give it nearly entire. After drawing the distinction between inward and outward silence, and showing how easily it may be practised in its external form, while the heart is full of noise and turmoil and that inward talkativeness which drowns the voice of God to the ear of the soul in prayer, the Bishop goes on to define the three kinds of silence of which our Divine Lord left us an example in His own adorable person—the silence of preparation, the silence of active work, the silence of suffering. ‘How mysterious is this silence (preparation) when we know that by His Word all things were made, and

when we think that all His Words are so precious that heaven and earth will pass away, whilst they will remain and be fulfilled. If the elders and doctors of the law were amazed when they noted the wisdom of His answers at the age of twelve, why was He so long silent? He wished us to feel that they who are to guide others must prepare their words by long silence and deep meditation, and therefore in the years that preceded His ministry, the gospel describes Him as speaking only on this one occasion to the priests, and in reply to His blessed Mother. Nay, for a time He made Himself incapable of speaking, and passed the days at Bethlehem, and the months that followed them, until He had attained the age at which children first learn to speak; and He who makes the tongues of infants eloquent, hid His power, and uttered gradually a few words—the earliest sounds of that eloquence that was afterwards to draw thousands away from home, and even from the thought of providing food for the day, eager only to hear the lessons of His divine speech. Does it not contrast strangely with our reluctance to be silent when we remember that, in order to teach at the age of thirty, He remained, with only one interruption, silent during all the first and longest part of His life?

‘More wonderful still is His *silence of active work*. He holds the earth in the hollow of His hand, and He sustains and supports it by His fatherly Providence, and yet none of us has heard His voice save in those quiet inspirations that tell us His wishes in our regard. He worked side by side with St. Joseph for many a long year, and such was His silence, that when He afterwards spoke in the synagogue “all wondered at the grace that came from His mouth, and said: Is not this

the son of Joseph ? ” If He had spoken at all He must have spoken wisely, and His Words would have marked the future Master of Truth and Wisdom, and all would have expected His teaching to exceed the knowledge acquired from St. Joseph. When He entered His apostolic life, how often did He return to His beloved silence ? There were the nights spent in the prayer of God ; those of which it is written, “ I sleep, and behold I am awake.” There was the placid silence when, after He had replied to His enemies once or twice, He was again silent. There was the peaceful countenance that made children so happy to be near Him, and that made it possible for any one to ask for an explanation, a cure, or a grace. When a duty is assigned to us, His silence will admonish us to set about the work readily and patiently, without asking so many explanations about it as to make a superior think it will cost less time to do the work herself. . . . More admirable still is our Lord in the *silence of suffering*. There was suffering when He wept in the cold midnight at Bethlehem, and yet He murmured not ; there were privations during the flight into Egypt, and He did not complain ; there was suffering when He chose as His companions and intimate friends, not the wise, the learned, the refined philosophers or princes of the world, but rough, uneducated fishermen, and was with them on the water, and helped them in their fishing, or prepared their meal and shared it with them. There was suffering when He instituted the most Blessed Eucharist, and when He felt that one of the twelve was receiving Him unworthily, and when under the semblance of respect the same apostle betrayed Him to His enemies. Keen and many were the daring speeches of the soldiers when He was in prison, and they blindfolded and



buffeted and mocked Him, and He spoke not. When He was in the court of Herod, and was much questioned, He answered not, and was therefore condemned and treated as a fool by the king and his army (St. Luke xxiii. 2), and was led back to Pilate clothed in a white garment. The scourging was so cruel that from the sole of His foot to the top of His head there was no sound place in Him, and all His bones could be reckoned; and He did not plead that the torments might be stayed or even mitigated. When He was crowned with thorns, and the soldiers were kneeling in derision before Him, He, whose lightning had destroyed the two bands of soldiers who insulted His prophet, was meek and humble of heart. An appeal to the gratitude of the many whom He had blessed would, if He had made it, have moved the crowd to demand His release; but He spoke not whilst they cried out, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." During the three hours of the darkness, when a hard, dry wind, wonder cold, was blowing, what time He was dying on the Rood (Blessed Juliana of Norwich), He bore His anguish in silence, and said only before or after the darkness, the seven words that have been preserved to us. One of these was, "I thirst." And for whom did He thirst? He thirsted for the salvation of souls; most of all He thirsted for the fervent and loyal souls that were to follow His Immaculate Mother and the holy women to Calvary. . . . He thirsted for souls that were weary of the long and meaningless conversations that had wasted their time and trifled away the energy of their minds before they left the world, and were willing to choose silence for their lasting inheritance. He thirsted for souls that would grieve over an idle word, lest it should cheat them of the cheering sound of the voice of their

Heavenly Father, or should render their next visit to the Blessed Sacrament cold and devoid of feeling and devotion. In vain would His Mother, conceived without sin, pray for us, if He was to find us ever ready to seek excuses for talking, and never sincere in our intention to honour Him in His threefold silence—the silence of preparation, the silence of work, the silence of suffering.’

The practice of silence, the silence of preparation we may call it, entered in a remarkable degree into Dr. Grant’s manner of dealing with converts, or those who appeared likely to become such. He was strongly imbued with the belief that discreet and prayerful silence is far more effective with souls struggling painfully through the fiery chaos of doubt than a multiplicity of words, be they ever so eloquent and learned. He always urged great discretion in the matter of *talk* to those who have much to do with converts, and was fond of citing the example of a Benedictine missionary, who lived in the time of the persecutions in England, and gained over numbers to the faith by avoiding discussions, and by simply and in *very few* words urging them to pray for light, and for the will to see it when it came to them. ‘Don’t overpower them with arguments and controversy,’ Dr. Grant would say to those who had the conduct of souls in these circumstances ; ‘don’t even be too prodigal of controversial books, but use your power with them to make them pray like Solomon for “a teachable heart,” which is the real spring of conversion to the greater number.’ He was wont to remind those outside the Church, who were seeking honestly for light, how much more frequently Scripture attributes blindness and darkness to the heart than to the understanding, and would have them directed to

accompany all they read with fervent acts of contrition for the sins that had hitherto clouded their hearts, and might still be hindering the light of faith from shining on their minds. Controversial books, when studied at certain periods, when the soul is passing through a certain spiritual phase, are apt to foster, often to engender, a spirit of intellectual curiosity and mere captiousness, a thing of which Dr. Grant had a very great horror, and which he stigmatized as the most subtle and implacable enemy to the work of grace in a soul. 'When any one moved by the abounding mercy of our dear God,' he says, in a letter treating of this subject, 'asks to be received into the Church, place the catechism in his hands with any simple book of explanation, such as *Challoner's Catholic Christian* or the *Poor Man's Catechism* ; and at the same time recollecting that faith comes through hearing, *fides ex auditu*, add your own patient explanations to those contained in the books.' This first condition of becoming like little children, and learning religion from the catechism, he held to be of supreme importance, because nothing in truth but this simplicity of spirit can enable the Protestant mind to accept the principle of the authority of the Church, and free it from that strong natural instinct which tempts so many to retain the feeling of private judgment even after they have been intellectually convinced that the principle of it is both dangerous and wicked.

A very remarkable instance of the effect of the Bishop's mode of dealing with souls hesitating on the threshold of the Church, and his use of the golden rule of silence, is shown in the conversion of one whose testimony has been already more than once invoked in these pages. Mr. Hathaway, then a minister of the Church of England, was striving to find his way through



much spiritual anguish out of the Church which had failed him, towards the one that was drawing him. His chief stumbling blocks were those two so common to converts, the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady and the Infallibility of the Church. He had been dealt with by many learned and pious Catholics, lay and clerical, but instead of solving his remaining doubts, they only disturbed and irritated him by endless discussion of points on which he was already fully convinced, heaping argument on argument concerning questions quite irrelevant to the state of his mind, and often imputing his delay in entering the Church to motives which he knew to be false and unjust. He had prayed long and earnestly for light to see the Will of God, but was still a prey to the most agonizing uncertainty when he went one evening by appointment to meet Dr. Grant, at St. George's. It was a raw, drizzly, November evening; he was shown into a room where there had been a fire, but it had gone out; the Bishop was absent since the day before, but he was expected back to keep this appointment with Mr. Hathaway. Presently he arrived, baggage in hand, and wet through, having walked from the railway carrying his own bag. The fireless grate was a dreary welcome under the circumstances, and Mr. Hathaway expected to hear the servant rebuked for his carelessness and want of thought in letting the fire go out; but the Bishop, after apologising to his visitor for the inhospitality of such a cold reception, began to make excuses for the lad on the plea of his youth, and then turning to the delinquent, in the gentlest manner requested him to rekindle it 'as soon as it was convenient.' Mr. Hathaway begged the Bishop to attend at once to himself, pointing to his wet clothes, and assuring him that he was in no hurry; but



Dr. Grant playfully pooh-poohed this, and entered into the motive of the visit without further preamble. Mr. Hathaway was very forcibly struck by the brevity of his speech. 'He addressed few, very few words indeed to me,' he says, relating the incident, 'but they went straight to the point, and were just those that suited my case. He suggested to me briefly, but in a very striking manner, that there can be no such thing as the sin of schism distinct from the sin of heresy, and that perhaps I had not prayed enough to be enlightened on this matter; he then proposed that we should kneel down and pray a little before proceeding further. I fell on my knees, and I was impressed immediately by the degree in which he was absorbed as in a kind of ecstasy of impassioned yet calm supplication. After an interval, of which I never knew whether it was minutes or hours, he rose up and placed his crucifix on my head; it contained a relic of the true cross that had been St. Thomas's. I suddenly heard sounding in my soul, distinctly, the text, "*Submit yourself to your prelates.*" With a sudden conviction that I must choose at once between the Pope and the Archbishop of Westminster on one side, and the Bishop of London and the Privy Council on the other, I cried out, "What have you done? I believe! I believe!" and from that moment I have never had the shadow of a doubt but that I chose right.' This grace of conversion was quickly followed by the crowning one of a religious vocation; not long after the interview which had suddenly snatched up his soul and planted it in the true fold, the Anglican minister entered the Society of Jesus. This first meeting with Dr. Grant was followed by many others, and was the beginning of a deep and tender friendship between the Bishop and the Jesuit. Long

years after, when Father Hathaway was labouring amongst the blacks in Jamaica, he wrote, on hearing of his friend's death : ' From the moment of my first introduction to Dr. Grant I felt myself in the presence of a saint, and I felt so to the last.'

The Bishop considered the penny catechism, as it is called, the best epitome of theological instruction that could be put into the hands of even the most learned. The way in which this opinion was taken by seekers after the truth was sometimes accepted by him as a test of their sincerity. A gentleman consulted him on behalf of his brother, who begged for advice as to what books he was to read in order to understand the Catholic religion. Dr. Grant gave him a catechism. ' Tell your brother,' he said, ' to try and study this as a little child.' ' I was nearly forty,' says the person to whom this message was sent, ' and a very strong impression it made upon me.' His docility in adopting a counsel so repugnant to human pride was rewarded by the grace of the faith ; Dr. Grant soon after received him into the Church.

' I want you to remember,' writes the Bishop to a young catechumen, ' that the glorious Saint Catherine overcame the heathen philosophers because she knew her catechism, and because she imitated our dear and Immaculate Mother's love of the Cross.'

In general society Dr. Grant was habitually reticent on religious topics, and he made a rule with Protestants of waiting for them to introduce the subject in conversation. He was fond of quoting St. Gregory's maxim, ' We should think of God as often as we draw our breath, but speak of Him only at fitting times ;' and his own practice was a faithful illustration of it. Zealous persons occasionally wondered at the way in which, as

they considered, he let opportunities slip through his fingers ; but such was not likely to be really the case with one who thirsted so deeply for the salvation of souls. While seeming to take no notice, he was in reality biding his time, and when the opportunity appeared to him ripe, he would strike home by some far reaching word, apparently uttered without premeditation, but which was the result of deliberate observation, and came just at the right moment, judiciously adapted to the needs of the person to whom it was addressed. Sometimes he would bear in mind an expression implying a doubt, or a question on some point of doctrine let fall in conversation, and long after he would give the answer to it at an auspicious moment. His system was to lie reverently in wait for souls, to watch with patient humility and follow the lead of grace in them, rather than to rush hastily in advance and anticipate the voice of God. We find traces of this principle, and implied disapproval of its opposite, in numbers of the Bishop's letters. 'Preach by your example,' was a favourite precept of his, and one that entered largely into his own practice. His estimate of the good and evil done heedlessly in casual conversation might seem almost exaggerated if the history of almost every human life were not forthcoming to prove the truth of the apostle's assertion concerning the terrible power of the tongue.

'What you say about your brother,' writes the Bishop, 'is very consoling ; and I like to hope that as he treasured your words so faithfully as thereby to move Mr. Newdegate to leave Mr. Whalley to his fate, he will love to dwell on other words, and be led thereby to enter the Church. But your moral is a true one ; all *our words and deeds* make our neighbours better or worse than they were before they saw us, and we must



always feel that we pray that "His kingdom may come" most effectually when we try to keep idle words from our conversation, and thereby help our brethren to see the truth. We have to get all who come to us towards Him, and you will, I hope and pray (indeed, I pray for you every morning), gain many souls to serve Him and love His dear and Immaculate Mother. And you are doing this when you are revising deeds, and marking boundaries, and weighing law terms for our diocese. May your reward be abundant.'

He could, however, be prodigal enough of words when there was a necessity for it. The wife of a Protestant clergyman, who had recently entered the Church, thereby sacrificing all his earthly prospects, was induced to see the Bishop. Her husband's conversion had been a terrible trial to her, but the grievance that made her cup of wrath overflow was, not being allowed to take her children to church with her on Sundays. It was impossible to reconcile such a violation of a mother's natural rights with either reason or religion. She had heard much of Dr. Grant's kindness of heart, and, making sure that he would take her part against this tyranny, she consented to see him on the occasion of his next visitation to the Isle of Wight. The hope which lured her to this fatal step was, needless to say, quickly dispelled. The Bishop remained more than two hours talking to her, and striving to justify his cruelty; but it was all in vain. She would not be pacified. She did not want to hear anything about the Catholic religion; she knew quite enough of it already. 'I scolded him, and interrupted him, and was as rude as ever I could be,' says Mrs. X., 'and he not only bore it, but seemed perfectly unconscious of any rudeness on my part; I was too angry to answer any



of his arguments ; I would hardly listen to him, and kept repeating that I did not want to know anything about his Church or her doctrine. He sat there meekly while I went on rating him ; I saw his lips moving quickly every now and then, and I knew that he was praying for me ; in spite of myself, I was greatly struck by his humility, but I did not show it by a word. I was rude and indignant to the last. He let the boat hour go twice ; he seemed to have forgotten everything but me and my soul. When, at length, he rose to go, he said in the meekest way—‘ Well, let us kneel down together and say a little prayer, that you may receive the light when it comes.’ But this she flatly refused to do. ‘ No, I really cannot,’ she said ; ‘ I am too angry ; my heart is too full of bitter feelings to join you in prayer.’ ‘ Then I will just say a prayer by myself,’ said the Bishop. And he dropped on his knees as simply as a child, and for the space of a minute or so prayed as those who have once seen him pray will never forget ; his hands clasped, his eyelids quivering, his lips moving in rapid utterance, every fibre of his body thrilling in unison with the act of his soul. ‘ I could not help wondering at his meekness and humility,’ says Mrs. X., ‘ and as I looked at him on his knees, I remember asking myself what any Bishop of my own church would have done if I had treated him for five minutes as I had been treating this Catholic Bishop for more than two hours. When I think of it now, I cannot understand how my heart was not smitten on the spot, but it remained as hard as a stone.’ She had not even the grace to accompany him downstairs. He met her husband on the way, and in answer to his eager question—‘ Well, my lord ?’ Dr. Grant said calmly—‘ Oh, she will come all right by-and-bye ; she will be a

Catholic.' 'It was certainly by some supernatura. light that he foresaw this,' says Mrs. X., 'for there was nothing in my manner or words to justify the prophecy.' In the course of the year it was fulfilled; and on receiving the glad news from her husband the Bishop says—'I laid down your letter, and said a *Te Deum* as soon as I read the joyful tidings. How happy you will be in teaching your children by your united example, as well as by your words, and how delighted you will be to kneel day by day at the Holy Sacrifice to adore the boundless mercies of the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and to ask His dear and Immaculate Mother to show you how to love and imitate Him. May the goodness of our Blessed Lady in praying for you both be ever blessed!'

One who had much opportunity of judging, thus comments on Dr. Grant's habitual manner with worldlings—'He was extremely discreet in his dealings with sinners. He never worried them with warnings, but would go on for a long time seeing them in a friendly way, and then by degrees he would throw out a hint, half jestingly at first, to see if they were willing to receive any spiritual advice. Although he was so holy and so learned, you might know him long enough without finding it out; he never intruded it on you. He had a great deal of fun in him, and in this way he used to attract the most unlikely people; and until they got to know him well, he would just amuse them with jokes and general conversation like any man of the world.'

The Bishop went to visit a convent when the children had just come out of retreat. They were all gathered around him, chattering in great glee, when suddenly he exclaimed—'But what have you done with the silence of your retreat?' The little chatterboxes

were not ready with an answer, and looked at each other in perplexity ; the Bishop repeated his question, and then the youngest of the group piped out—‘ We have left it with Jesus in the tabernacle.’ Oh, how delighted Dr. Grant was with that answer ! He told the story again and again with a pleasure that lost nothing by repetition.

To a religious he writes—‘ We cannot do our community greater service than by keeping silence well. We shall always find that even humanly things never go so well as when we keep silence.’

At the end of a retreat the Bishop proposed to a community these five ‘ mementos ’ to be placed in the five wounds of our Blessed Lord :—

- ‘ In the wound of the Sacred Heart, silence ;
- ‘ In the wound of the left foot, fidelity to our particular examen ;
- ‘ In that of the right foot, care of our meditation ;
- ‘ In the wound of the left hand, charity towards all men, and towards the souls in Purgatory ;
- ‘ In the wound of the right hand, confidence in Mary.’

Opportunities for the practice of the most sublime of the three silences, the silence of suffering, are never wanting in the life of a Christian ; but they abound in the life of the priest, who is under superiors, men like himself, liable to errors of judgment even when their aims are high and their intentions pure and loyal ; they may misunderstand his acts, and construe his motives wrongly, administering reproof where commendation was expected and deserved. These golden opportunities were of no infrequent occurrence in Dr. Grant’s career in the episcopacy. One of them will suffice to exemplify the faithfulness with which he carried out in practice his teaching in this respect. It was at one of the synods, when all his brother Bishops were assembled

together in conclave. In the presence of this august assembly Dr. Grant was subjected to sharp and harsh reproaches, utterly unmerited, as he might have proved there and then, and thus turned his humiliation into a triumph by producing a letter from Rome which he had in his pocket, and which in the fullest manner authorized and justified his proceedings; but he refrained from doing so, and bore the unjust reproofs in silence. 'All he did,' says an eye-witness, 'in that time of corporal agony and mental suffering was to cover his face with his hands and pray. So ill was he, that on reaching home, he had to go to bed in broad daylight. Then several of his brethren visited him, but nothing did he utter beyond sentiments of humility. He was often rebuked in jealousy, and that for much good that he had done for English Catholics, and he suffered it in silence.' This silence was the heroic voice of his humility. Humility was so much Dr. Grant's characteristic virtue, that many who knew him long and intimately, when asked to contribute from their knowledge some facts towards a description of his life and character, could find nothing to say beyond praises of his humility. 'Oh, his humility was a wonder!' 'He was the humblest soul I ever knew.' 'Oh, speak of his humility; you can never say too much about that. It was extraordinary—quite like a saint.' Such are the short and yet most exhaustive testimonies that have responded to innumerable appeals from the writer of this memoir. The observers of our enlightened times are wont to say that the decline of humility in the world is the fact which makes them despond most of the attainment of the Christian ideal by the present generation; and no doubt in respect of this essential condition our prospects of ultimate per-



fection look dismal enough. Yet, blessed be God, if the queenly little violet is scant and scarce in the high-ways and the broad meadows of Christendom, it still has its goodly harvest in many corners of the Spouse's garden, scenting the air far beyond the garden rails, and sweetly inebriating with its perfume those who know where to seek it, in the lowly beds where violets hide. All who approached Dr. Grant felt the spell of this unearthly fragrance; even worldlings, who could not understand either the nature or the principle of humility, were touched and softened by its influence; they drank of its sweetness, as perhaps the dumb creatures drink in the incense of the violets that they crush in their gambols through the aisles of the dark, green woods, not discerning whence the incense comes, but the happier for inhaling it. Yet to those who could not read the riddle of this self-abasement it was sometimes a source of ridicule—nay, even of mild scandal. What servant of God ever altogether escaped being a scandal to the children of this world? Such things are part of his inheritance. Dr. Grant was no exception to the rule. Even those who loved him best were apt to see an unnecessary amount of humility in his manners and demeanour, and to remonstrate with him on the subject. The only effect of this was to make him laugh, and, by some comic repartee, force others to join in the laugh with him. We have seen his father, mildly scandalised at the unchanged simplicity of his manners, taking him seriously to task about it, and we saw how the Bishop met him. 'I have heard Dr. Grant accused,' said the late Monsignor Eyre, 'of sacrificing what was due to his episcopal rank from his extreme humility and sense of personal unworthiness. If such be the case, he is the higher in heaven for it now.'

Nothing in truth delighted him more than to be 'mistaken for nobody,' and spurned on account of the poverty of his appearance ; he was always eager to escape the honours due to him in his episcopal character, a circumstance which often led to mistakes which afforded him much amusement.

Once he went up to the north, at Dr. Briggs' request, to lay some altar stones in a convent ; the portress not knowing him, mistook him for the mason who was expected, and told him unceremoniously that the Reverend Mother could not see him then because she was just going to tea. Dr. Grant replied meekly, 'It does not matter, I will call again ;' and he went away and returned in half-an-hour.

A French canon came to say Mass at St. George's ; when it was over he wanted his breviary, which he had left in a room upstairs ; he cast his eye round, and seeing, as he thought, a lay brother saying his rosary very devoutly in a corner of the sacristy, he bade him rather unceremoniously run away and fetch the book. The supposed lay brother obeyed him promptly, and great was the dismay of Monsieur le Chanoine when, on coming in to breakfast, he beheld his messenger seated in the place of honour, and addressed as 'my lord' ; he fell on his knees for the Bishop's blessing, and stammered out his excuses as best he could. Dr. Grant blessed him, and, laughing heartily at his confusion, desired him to get up instantly and attend to his tea.

The Bishop prized so much these little external opportunities of practising his favourite virtue that he would have been tempted to put himself continually in the way of them, were it not for the mortification which he saw they caused others ; but if he forbore to create them, he never could resist taking advantage of them

when they came in his way. Going once to visit the Capuchin Fathers at Peckham, he heard from the porter that one of them was ill ; he went straight to the infirmary, and after chatting a while with the invalid to cheer him up, proposed that he should change the air by going into an adjoining room for a moment ; the Father consented ; Dr. Grant got him up, and after settling him comfortably in a chair, returned to the infirmary, opened the windows, made the bed, put everything tidy, and then brought the sick Father back and installed him again in his pillows.

It is not surprising to find this lover of humility seizing with avidity the opportunity of humbling himself to any one whom he thought he had pained or annoyed. The Superior of a religious house near London was seriously ill. Dr. Grant was informed of it, but, being unusually busy, he could not make time to go and see the invalid for some weeks. His first act on entering his presence was to go down on his knees and ask the good Father to forgive him for this seeming unkindness.

He was dining with some of his priests one day, and in the course of an animated conversation he grew rather warm, and gave a flat contradiction to one of them. After a while he quietly slipped out of the room, and on his return laid a closed envelope before the priest, observing, as he went back to his place, 'You had better read that at once.' It was an affectionate and ample apology for his recent hastiness. But no mere description could convey an adequate idea of the simple, child-like, ingrained humility which stamped the Bishop's exterior, and breathed from him like an atmosphere. It sat upon him with the unconscious charm of a natural grace,



rather than with the austere beauty of a supernatural habit. Yet that it was a conquest is no doubt certain, however hidden the strife may have been, however invisible to human eyes the trophies. Those who knew the Bishop from childhood speak of his humility in each succeeding change of position as the most salient feature in his character; they witnessed, apparently, only the peace that followed each victory, discerning the beauties of conquest without any of the ugliness of war. As a little boy Thomas Grant endeared himself to his companions by his unselfishness, and his freedom from the conceits and tyrannical little egotisms that are almost inseparable from boyhood; at college his humility shone with a lustre that belongs to no merely natural gift, while, as a priest and a prelate, it grew so conspicuous as to throw his other virtues and excellencies comparatively into the shade, leaving scarcely any room for comment or separate admiration. But let the natural dispositions be ever so favourable, no virtue comes to rule in a soul with this royal supremacy without costing nature many hard blows. The following is one of the few outward incidents we have been able to gather of this war between nature and grace in Dr. Grant. A person who had the Bishop's full confidence was entrusted by him with the arrangement of a very delicate and intricate question, which was ultimately referred to Propaganda. It was for some years under consideration, during which time Dr. Grant carried on a constant and arduous correspondence on the subject, manifesting so much unselfishness, such singleness of purpose, such an intense desire that the truth should be fairly and absolutely represented, and that right should prevail irrespective of persons and interests, as to be a source of great edification to those who witnessed his conduct



throughout. The decision came at last, and was against him. His friend, who was the first to receive the news, went at once to communicate it to him. He had always seen Dr. Grant so free from personal bias in his judgment on the case that it never occurred to him to feel any diffidence in announcing the result, so he took no precautions, as he might have done to prepare another person for bad tidings, but spoke them out bluntly without the least preamble. 'The decision has come, and it is given against you; here it is'; and he handed the letter to the Bishop. For one moment Dr. Grant seemed not to take it in. He read the letter over to himself, and then closed his hand tight on the paper without uttering a word. 'His face grew, not white, but livid,' said the spectator of this painful scene, 'and his body shook like an aspen; he was literally convulsed with emotion.' After several minutes, during which his companion did not dare to speak, but sat bewildered and pained gazing at him, the Bishop rose, and made a few turns up and down the room, his hands clasping the paper, while his lips moved tremulously. Then, as if a sharp crisis of pain had come and gone, he came back to his place, sat down, and quietly discussed the contents of the letter as if they had been of ordinary interest. There was not a shadow of agitation in his manner, nor of resentment in his tone either against the decision itself, or against those whom it favoured, nor did a word of bitterness or even disappointment ever escape him on the subject afterwards.

## CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE of the adorable Sacrament of the Altar was, as we have already asserted, the first, and beyond all comparison the strongest of Dr. Grant's spiritual attractions, the glowing centre, as it were, from which all other devotions radiated. Love of our Blessed Lady, devotion to the souls in Purgatory—all were merged in this supreme worship, flowing from it and returning to it, like the waves to their centre in mid ocean. In the instruction of youth, devotion to the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the incalculable benefits to be derived from assisting at it, formed his constant theme. How ardently, above all, he strove to inspire the poor with faith in this life-giving mystery. With what simplicity he would beg them never to let the poverty of their clothes keep them away from Mass on Sundays, and how earnestly he would impress upon them to hear Mass upon week days when it was possible. The children, boys and girls, of the day school at Norwood, adopted a custom of writing to the Bishop once a month to report their progress and conduct, the best being chosen to the office of secretary. Dr. Grant always answered these notes himself, and made his reply the medium of some lesson or salutary advice, that of fervent devotion to the Holy Sacrifice, recurring more frequently than any other. We will give a few specimens from this simple correspondence:—'John

Quinlan must take my blessing to all his companions who have attended Mass regularly, and he must promise it to the others if they have attended through the month of March.

‘ Here is a little prayer to say often, and the holy Father has attached three hundred days’ indulgence to it :—

‘ Oh, Jesus, meek and lowly of heart,  
Make my heart like Thine !’

‘ Teresa must tell her companions, with my blessing, that it is certain our Lord’s Passion was on a Friday in *March*; and I hope that the sixty-two children, of whom forty-three have all heard Mass, will think of His sufferings every Friday as often as they hear Mass.’

‘ Bridget will kindly tell her companions that, *next to hearing Mass*, the exact and faithful study of the catechism and a sound knowledge of it, will enable them to earn the blessing which I send.’

The last note he ever wrote them is still on the same subject :—‘ I hope our dear and Immaculate Mother will obtain for all the girls who have heard Mass a tender love of the most precious Blood of her Divine Son, as this month (July) is dedicated to honour Him for having shed it for our sake.’ To the children who asked his blessing for their first communion he says : ‘ May the first communion of Florence and her little sisters be full of joy, and may our Immaculate Mother lend them her pure heart to receive her Divine Son. Each child must ask for some grace; for example, the grace of never losing Mass, the joy of a good communion every month, victory for his Holiness, and the conversion of all his enemies.’ We might repeat to satiety instances of his desire to instil devotion to the

Holy Sacrifice into the hearts of the poor. If a girl was leaving the shelter of the orphanage to enter a situation, or to return to relations, the Bishop's parting message was sure to be : ' Never let any earthly motive hinder you from hearing Mass when you can ; be faithful in invoking our Blessed Lady, and always remember the souls in Purgatory.'

His own fidelity in following the first of these injunctions was often put to the test. His incessant journeys all over the diocese made it sometimes a very difficult matter to arrange how and where he should say his Mass. Yet it was almost unknown for him to miss celebrating. He would travel all night, and get up at unearthly hours, and fast until he was almost fainting, rather than forego this most precious privilege of the priest. Reluctant as he was to put others to trouble or inconvenience, he never flinched from it when it was a question of saying his Mass. He wrote once to the priest at Weymouth announcing his intention of alighting at his house and saying Mass there at half-past three in the morning, adding how sorry he was to disturb him, but there was no help for it, as he must otherwise miss saying Mass, in order to catch the boat, which started an hour later. After enduring the horrors of sea-sickness, he would, on leaving the steamer, resist all invitations to rest and refreshment, and if the hour were still valid, proceed to vest at once and say Mass.

During one of his visitations through Berkshire he turned aside to visit a family who were in deep affliction ; he arrived at Reading in good time for the train, but was accosted on the platform by a person who begged to see him in the waiting-room a moment, and who detained him so long that he missed the train. It



was the last to London that night. Canon R., who was with him, tried to make light of the misadventure, begging the Bishop to return at once, and spend the night with him, and start by an early train on the morrow. But Dr. Grant was inconsolable. The nuns at St. George's would have no Mass next morning. Could the station-master not smuggle him up to London somehow or other before 6 A.M.? That functionary regretted that this was impossible. The only train that left Reading that night was a cattle truck that started at midnight, and it was forbidden to convey passengers by it; Dr. Grant, however, pleaded so earnestly that he relented; he gave him a note to his colleague at Paddington explaining the reason of the infraction of rules, and at midnight the Bishop was stowed away in a corner of the truck amongst a number of calves. He reached London about three in the morning, alighting on the platform from amidst the cattle, to the no small surprise and amusement of the officials, very stiff and chilled, but highly delighted with his luck in getting back in time to say Mass for the nuns, who little suspected at what a cost the privilege had been secured to them.

It was impossible to observe the Bishop offering the Holy Sacrifice without being struck by the extraordinary devotion of his exterior, and by the faith that was visibly manifested in his voice, his countenance, his whole person. He always took a full half hour to say his Mass; in the latter years of his life it was nearer to three-quarters, a circumstance which may, perhaps, partly have been owing to the acute pain that he suffered almost unceasingly, but which many attributed to his ever-increasing devotion to the adorable Sacrifice. He did everything on the altar quickly,

with neatness and precision ; up to the Canon his utterance was rapid ; but from the *Sanctus* it grew perceptibly slower ; as the Consummation of the Mystery approached, he grew more and more absorbed, until at last he seemed quite unconscious of everything around him ; the words were breathed out slowly, as if he were meditating on each as he pronounced it ; when he came to the mystic and omnipotent sentence of the consecration, *Hoc est corpus meum*, he paused long before uttering the last word, as if summoning his soul to a supreme act of faith before passing the threshold of the tremendous mystery : *Hoc est corpus*. . . . Then a long pause, the head drooped a little to one side, and then with a deep breath—*meum* ! and he dropped upon his knees. ‘It was impossible to look at him in the act of consecration,’ says one who was privileged to serve his Mass often, ‘without feeling your faith deepened by the sight ; his own faith was so vivid, so intense, it went through you ; there was something awful about him at that moment ; it filled you with awe to look at him.’

Scruples, those ubiquitous tormentors that pursued the Bishop everywhere else, stood aloof from him when he was at the altar.

He observed a newly ordained priest taking great pains to collect the sacred particles before receiving the chalice ; when Mass was over he took him to the altar, and, opening a corporal, he pointed out to him that the Sacred Host only touched one small portion of the linen, and that this was the only part which it was necessary to scrape with the paten, and then showed him that three or four times was quite sufficient. His advice to newly ordained priests was to give all their attention to the rubrics, and not to think of their own devotion ;

‘exactness, not devotion, must be the great aim of a young priest,’ he remarked to one of them.

A scholarly friend of the Bishop’s determined, on recovering unexpectedly from a grave illness, to translate, as a thank-offering, some valuable religious work ; he had mentally decided on some formidable German volumes that would have demanded great labour and patience ; but on mentioning the subject to Dr. Grant the latter strongly advised him to adopt instead a comparatively unknown but most precious little book of Saint (then Blessed) Leonard of Port Maurice, entitled ‘*Tesoro Nascosto*,’ assuring him that it was more calculated by its simplicity and unction to do real good to souls. The advice was followed, and the laborious German scheme replaced by the pocket volume of ‘*The Hidden Treasure*.’<sup>1</sup>

The worship of the Blessed Sacrament Dr. Grant considered ‘the most infallible sign of the spiritual health of a nation or city.’ ‘The adorable Sacrifice of the Mass,’ he writes,<sup>2</sup> ‘is the grand object against which Satan directs the energies of persecutors. It was the persecution of the Mass which was once our own great sorrow in our native land. It was for this that our priests died martyrs, or wept in exile ; it was for this that our laity suffered confiscation of their goods and so many degrading disabilities ; it was for sheltering the priests at whose hands they might receive the Bread of Life that even weak women were strong in heroic grace, and laid down their lives as victims to

<sup>1</sup> It is much to be regretted that this little book, which was bought up with avidity, is now out of print ; as Dr. Grant with saint-like instinct divined, it was well calculated to warm our tepid devotion towards the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and to stir up our faith in the Eucharistic Presence.

<sup>2</sup> Pastoral, Sept. 1858.

a cruel law. God has long since given us back our Mass. Our dearest Lord dwells peaceably in English tabernacles. . . . Let us make devotion to the Holy Sacrifice, our practical *Te Deum*.' 'Fervent Masses,' he continues, 'make a strong priesthood; cold Masses stem the torrent of converting grace; neglected Masses punish the people with unblessed homes and a multiplication of sorrows.'

As a director, his longing desire was to kindle in the hearts of his penitents a tender, personal, and living devotion to our Lord in the Eucharist. To one of them who was passing through sharp interior trials he writes: 'Make our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament your constant thought; recollect that *He is your friend*; tell Him all your sorrows; go often in the day, if only for a minute, to relieve your mind in trouble, and you will find that the hardest trials will seem to pass away in a moment. Run to Him at all hours, and you will wonder at the fulness of the consolations which you will receive, and at the clearness of the answers that will come in time of doubt. Throw your cares into the hands of Jesus in the Tabernacle, and they will cheer you by becoming light—*very light*. But never weary of being in earnest about loving Him, and never allow yourself to be frightened. "It is I, *fear not*," are His own blessed words.'

To this Fountain of Light he referred souls in every doubt, above all, those that were troubled concerning the momentous question of the choice of a state of life. A young lady who was leaving school was sorely perplexed on this subject. She was conscious of no attraction whatever to the religious life, but feared to go wrong in the choice which she would soon be called upon to make. She expressed this anxiety to Dr.



Grant. 'Do not fret, my dear child,' said the Bishop, 'but pray to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with confidence, and I promise you before the holidays are over you will know your vocation.' She followed his advice, and the promise was fulfilled; a sudden but irresistible attraction towards the perfect state possessed her soul; she gave up the world, and entered a convent, where she is now praising God as a professed nun. His ardent devotion to the Holy Sacrifice made him most anxious that no one should ever be deprived of assisting at it. It sometimes happened that some of the Sisters had to set out on a journey before six in the morning, and on such occasions the Bishop would make his appearance at the convent in time to say Mass for them half an hour earlier than usual.

The same delicate forethought was visible in all his relations with others, from the highest to the lowest, in concerns great and small, spiritual and material. It was especially noticeable in all matters connected with money. Holy people, who dwell in the heights above such sublunary cares, are sometimes rightly or wrongly accused of being deficient in this point, but Dr. Grant carried delicacy here to a degree that was often a source of amusement to his friends. He never put any of them to the smallest expense without repaying it. If, for instance, he wrote a letter on business of his own, requiring an answer, he would enclose an envelope, stamped and addressed, on the plea of saving his correspondent the time and trouble of directing one. One friend of the Bishop's, a gentleman occupying an important post in the legal profession, and to whom the postage of any number of letters could not have been of the smallest moment, frequently received these enclosures in spite of his repeated protests; once he

sent a telegram from Brighton to London on some business of the Bishop's, who by return of post sent him a number of stamps, saying, he 'hoped he had counted right, and that they would cover the telegram.' He was scrupulously careful never to put his priests to any expense. One of them having executed a commission for him, the Bishop, the next time he saw him, asked him how much it had cost; but Canon R—— pooh-poohed the question respectfully, and said he hoped his lordship would never mention such a thing as money to him. Dr. Grant did not press the matter, but by and bye, pretending to accept a pinch of snuff, he discreetly slipped a sovereign into the box, and handed it back to the Canon, who, suspecting nothing, put it into his pocket, the Bishop meanwhile chuckling inwardly over his own cleverness. But he met his match in Canon R——. The next pinch revealed the trick. The Canon said nothing, but when helping the Bishop on with his coat he quietly slipped the contested sovereign into his pocket. It was only on arriving at home that Dr. Grant discovered he had been outwitted. He displayed the same scrupulous delicacy in accepting legacies or gifts for the Church. In reply to a benefactor, who offered him a large sum for charitable purposes, and whose generosity he suspected sometimes strained his means, the Bishop says, 'I know not how to thank you for your generous intention to our various poor missions for their schools. Your plan is excellent, although, perhaps, you will be tempted to modify it thus: If any place needs a school at once, and another cannot start so soon, but will be able to wait till No. 1 collects the share lent to it, you will perhaps be disposed to let No. 1 have more. But *I* do not ask this; I only state it as a possible plan to be followed in

your own judgment. But if you are free to use the money for yourself, *let me humbly beg you to invest it for your beloved children.*'

His intercourse with the solicitor who for many years conducted all the legal affairs of the diocese was a constant strife on the subject of money ; generous disinterestedness on one side struggling against delicacy and gratitude on the other. 'Do, I entreat you, my dear friend, let me pay you at least some portion of my debt before the year is out,' implores the Bishop ; and the same burthen is constantly recurring in his letters. 'I am delighted to have your address, as I wanted to say that, as holiday-making *always* requires ready money, it would be best for me to send you now the 73*l.* due for D—— in September, and if there are any other sums that occur to you as due, I can add them.' Then, a little later, 'Well, I won't spoil your holiday by talking about money, but you must let me settle that account about —— before the new year.' 'It has been on my mind,' he writes, after a business transaction concluded a few days previously, 'that I did very wrong in paying only what you asked after defending C—— ; I ought to have added much more to that payment : it is not too late to redress this mistake with your kind consent.' After a great financial failure, in which he feared his friend had suffered, the Bishop writes in alarm, 'Tell me, my dearest friend, if you are a loser in the English Joint Stock Bank. If so, let me pay you *all* I owe you (as far as that is possible), ready money is such a necessity.'

Nor was it merely in circumstances like these, where duty as well as gratitude prompted him, that Dr. Grant displayed the same liberal spirit about money. Independent of the calls of charity, which he



answered so magnificently, he often performed acts of generosity and kindness which are supposed to be the exclusive privilege of persons of independent fortune. The following instance will suffice as an example :— ' I was grieved to hear from M—— that her sister's health would not allow her to remain at —— . If you are thinking of sending her to any other convent, let me undertake the entire cost of her stay there, as I shall thus feel I am sharing in a very good work.

' The young ladies' school at Norwood has a small number of pupils, and she would perhaps be most within your reach there. If the sea-side is better, she would have it at Worthing or St. Leonard's.

*' It will be a great favour if you agree to my plan.'*

Yet, with all his readiness to give, and his royal-hearted generosity, Dr. Grant remained all his life what Cardinal Franzoni had said of him in 1854—' as poor as a capuchin.' He was frequently driven to the last shilling, nay, to the last penny, so as literally not to have wherewith to pay for an omnibus, or to post a letter, but somehow, just at the last moment, help always came ; a friend would turn up and offer him a lift in his carriage, or money would come in from some unexpected quarter.

Dr. Grant was fond of telling a story on himself, of how one day he fell asleep at a sermon, and awoke just as the preacher, Cardinal Wiseman, was emphatically pronouncing the words ' Charity never sleepeth !' It was, probably, the only time that charity ever caught him napping. He was always on the *qui vive* whenever a good work was to be done. Sometimes his quickness in seizing an opportunity of this sort led to incidents that were both droll and picturesque. He



was driving home from Norwood one Christmas Eve ; the cold was intense, everything was covered with frost and snow ; the cabman, petrified on his box, was slapping his arms about vigorously, to unfreeze himself. Dr. Grant watched him for a while, compassionating his discomfort ; but concern for his bodily sufferings was quickly followed by anxiety as to the probable state of his soul. Was it as chilled and frozen as his blood ? The Bishop let down the window in front of him, and entered into conversation with his charioteer by a few kind words of sympathy, which soon led up to the desired information. The man was an Irishman, consequently a Catholic by birth, but the wear and tear of life, added to the want of instruction and opportunity, had been too much for him ; he kept the faith, but he had long since given up practising it. ‘ Well, now,’ said the Bishop, in his most coaxing tone, ‘ you are going to turn over a new leaf this Christmas ; promise me, like a good boy, that you will go to your duty before the week is out ? ’

‘ Oh then, bedad, and there’s nothing I’d like better, my lord, if only I had the time,’ declared Paddy ; ‘ but sure I niver have a spare minute but minding the mare, it’s either dhrivin’ her I am, or looking afther her at home.’ ‘ Indeed I dare say that’s true,’ assented the Bishop, ‘ but where there’s a will God sends a way. Just pull up a moment.’ And before the cabman knew what was coming, the Bishop was up on the box beside him. ‘ Now, just see how good God is,’ he said affectionately putting his arm through his companion’s ; ‘ you could not go to the priest, so He has sent the priest to you ! Now let us begin and make a good hearty confession ; we have plenty of time and nothing to interrupt us.’ With the docility of a child the poor

fellow made the sign of the cross, and began. So they journeyed on to London, the shadow-music of the moonbeams playing on the spectral winter trees, broken only by the rumbling jog-trot of the vehicle and the dialogue of the two men as it thrilled through the vibrating silence : the rough voice of the penitent alternating with the grave, low tones of the confessor, while overhead the stars, throbbing like fire-pulses on the breast of God, beat quicker as they listened, and the angels keeping their vigils in the midnight heavens, sang a new canticle, whose echoes did not reach to earth, but fell in dews of peace upon the soul of the prodigal brought home that night. He went to communion on Christmas morning, and told the story of that memorable drive amidst tears and blessings when Dr. Grant had gone to his rest.

The Bishop had an ardent devotion to the Sacrament of the Holy Ghost. He would put himself to any fatigue or inconvenience to administer confirmation even to a child who was in danger of dying without it. He received news one day from Norwood of one of the little orphans being seriously ill ; she had not been confirmed, and the Bishop's first thought was to give her the sacrament. It was impossible to get away from St. George's the whole day, and it was late at night when he was able to escape, and set out to Norwood by the last train. He groped his way from the station on foot, and when he reached the convent every place was shut up, and, as ill-luck would have it, the door-bell had been taken down for reparation, so he could not announce his presence by ringing. The night, too, was black as pitch, and he went groping about a long time before he got to Mr. Doyle's cottage. Here happily he found a

bell, and sounded a peal which awoke the inmates. Burglars are not in the habit of ringing for admittance, as a rule, but thus abruptly awakened, the sleepers jumped at the conclusion that they were attacked by thieves. Dr. Grant, with some trouble, soothed their alarms, and their surprise was great on finding who the thief was that stood begging to be let in at that hour of night. Mr. Doyle was up and beside him in a minute. 'If your lordship wouldn't mind breaking the cloister,' he suggested, 'we might make an entrance through the hedge.' 'Cloister, indeed!' echoed the Bishop, 'show me the hedge; I've jumped over a good many to-night.' They fumbled their way through the dark to the priest's house, but their troubles were not to end here. The slumbers of the good Father were as sound as the sleep of Rip Van Winkle, and no amount of thundering with the knocker or pealing with the bell could wake him. The Bishop was going to give it up in despair, when they were overheard by some watchers in the convent, and admitted. He was just in time, the Sister said, for the child had grown worse and was rapidly sinking. She conducted him to the infirmary, where he found the child to all appearance dying, and at once administered confirmation to her. Then blessing her in his paternal way, he said, 'Now, good night, my child, you must be well to-morrow;' and he hurried away, and set out to St. George's on foot. The child obeyed him with that obedience of simple faith that works miracles. The sacrament not only strengthened her soul, but infused new life into her body. Early next morning the Superior came into the infirmary and found her in full convalescence.

A little girl, nine years of age, the child of poor



parents, lay sick to death at Reading ; the Bishop heard of it, and at once set off to administer confirmation to her. She died soon after receiving it. But it was not only to the sick and dying that he was ready at a moment's notice and at any inconvenience to administer the fortifying Sacrament. He could not bear to think of any Catholic being deprived of it—above all, if any danger threatened their faith. A young shop-boy, who had lately been received into the Church, was going to leave his Catholic employer and enter a Protestant house of business, where his faith would be exposed to severe temptations. The Bishop being informed of this, sent for him, instructed him himself, and administered confirmation to him privately.

No matter what obstacles were in the way, if he heard of a soul in danger—remote or proximate—of being lost, he could not rest till he had made an effort to bring it into the grace of God. He would leave pressing work concerning the affairs of the diocese to go prowling about the slums of London after one of these prodigals ; the poorer, the more removed from all humanizing influence, the quicker was his response to their need of him. He heard one day of a cobbler who lived in one of these unwholesome purlieus, and who, though nominally a Catholic, could not be induced to put his foot in a church, or even to let his six children be baptized. The Bishop crept off the same afternoon in pursuit of the renegade, whom he found at home busy at work. He introduced himself as a customer in want of a pair of new boots, a fact that was indeed self-evident, though doubtless the old ones would have been obliged to do duty for some time longer had their career not been suddenly cut short by circum-



stances unknown to the cobbler. The latter proceeded to take his measure, and while thus engaged Dr. Grant drew him into conversation, until he gradually told him all about himself and his concerns, spiritual and temporal. Before the Bishop left he had promised to come to see him at St. George's, and bring his brood of six to be baptized ; and he kept his word.

Hearing one morning that a Catholic woman was dying in a neighbouring alley, and crying out for a priest, and that her family would not send for one, the Bishop went at once to the house ; he was refused admittance, and threatened with violence if he tried to force his way in ; he remained some time entreating and expostulating, but in vain ; the door continued shut, while the inmates abused him in coarse language from the window. He went away with a heavy heart, and returned twice in the same day, but to no purpose. The unhappy woman died that night without the Sacraments. Dr. Grant's distress was indescribable, and for several days he prayed almost incessantly for her soul.

He seldom went on a journey, whether long or short, without bringing home some trophy of his zeal and charity in the shape of a soul rescued from sin, or strengthened at a critical moment, or otherwise helped on the road to heaven. He was one day waiting at the Dover railway station, when a girl, who had formerly been at one of the orphanages, came up and accosted him ; the Bishop did not recognise her, for she had only been there for a short time, and left a month or two after his arrival in the diocese ; but this did not invalidate her claim upon him ; he welcomed her cordially, asked many questions about her family,

and how she got on in her situation, and then, as a matter of course, what care she was taking of her soul. She frankly owned that she had for some time given up frequenting the Sacraments, and had forgotten the pious practices of her early years. There was only time for a few earnest words of exhortation, when the train came up, and he had to say good-bye ; but he took down the girl's address, and his first act on reaching home was to send it to the Sisters, and beg of them to write to her, and see what their old influence could do towards bringing her back to a life of practical faith.

It is a mere truism to say that the love of God is inseparable from the love of the poor, and that the higher a soul mounts in the one, the deeper roots it strikes in the other ; that to grow in holiness is to grow in charity ; but of all the traits which point a family likeness amongst the servants of God, there is, perhaps, not one more distinctly characteristic of their spiritual kindred than the tender, personal respect which they felt and practised towards the poor. It is this genuine respect which, as much as anything, marks the distance between the service of the poor as practised by the saints, and as performed by ordinary Christians. God forbid that we should be so rash, or so irreverent as to claim rank amongst those giant souls whom the Church has raised upon our altars, for the humble servant of the poor, whose example we are considering ; but if there be a point where the likeness between him and them strikes us too palpably to be denied, it is here. His love for the poor was not a love half pity, half duty, as with most of us, who use them simply as wings to lift us up to God ; it was a love tender and personal, and stamped with sincere respect ; it was like his com-

passionate love for the souls in Purgatory, an inherent part of his religion ; the poor represented Jesus Christ to him, and his service of them was a direct, personal worship of our Lord ; he was touchy about them ; it hurt him to hear them spoken of ungraciously, to hear people cavilling at their stupidity or their ingratitude ; he would wince under such remarks as if they were spoken of a personal friend, or as others might at hearing holy things profanely mentioned ; he was on the watch to take their part, to put in a good word for them ; and nothing delighted him more than to get hold of some touching trait of kindness to each other, such as abound amongst the poor. He was full of indulgence even for their faults and ignorant prejudices, and always ready to palliate or excuse them. A loving service of the poor was the remedy he suggested often for low spirits ; nothing dispelled selfish brooding over the petty pains and aches of life, he would say, like contact with the manifold miseries of the poor, to whom every suffering, every accident is weighted tenfold with the superadded burthen of want. Their sublime simplicity in sorrow, the humility with which they take the least alms of sympathy from the rich brother and apply it as a balm to their wounds, was a source of constant admiration and edification to Dr. Grant. ‘Love the poor,’ he writes, ‘labour for them, give yourself up to them, and the spirit of joy will come to you and abide with you ; it will make labour and privations light, and every suffering easy to you. As to temptations, they cannot hold out against the gaiety of heart that comes to us from affectionate intercourse with the poor.’

It is related of some saint that he used to make his act of the presence of God and his preludes at the hos-



pital door where he was going to serve the sick, just as he did before his morning's meditation in church. The practice was typical of the reverence, akin to worship, with which the servants of God have in all climes and ages regarded His poor. No one who witnessed it could help being struck by the politeness, if the word does not sound too artificial to express the gentle deference of tone and bearing, with which the Bishop of Southwark treated the poor. The poor are quick to discern this respect towards them individually and as a class. They saw it in Dr. Grant, and the grateful feeling which it evoked had, unquestionably, a great share in the power he exercised over them. He may almost be said to have regarded them with something like worship; his confidence in their prayers was an expression of this feeling. He looked upon the praying poor as the visible guardian angels of the world, the lightning-conductors that divert the Divine anger, which, when it lights upon them, runs down into the abyss of Divine patience, as the electric fluid glides along the magnetic rod, and buries itself harmlessly in the earth. 'Why do those innocents suffer?' demanded an infidel of Monsieur Le Maistre. 'For you, if you wish it,' replied the Christian philosopher. An answer that solves the great problem to every Christian mind. The toil of the poor obeys that command laid upon mankind: 'Thou shalt eat thy bread by the sweat of thy brow,' and atones for the rebellion of the world against the primeval curse; their poverty, borne with the unconscious heroism of faith, pleads for the sensuality and softness which are the prevailing sins of our days, tending more and more to sap the foundations of faith in souls, till there is hardly a sound spot where the supernatural can strike root. The poor are the



fulcrum on which the arm of Divine Mercy rests its lever. What would become of us were it suddenly withdrawn? The measure of suffering left incomplete on Calvary must be filled up, and if the poor do not do it, who does? Saints have understood this priesthood of the poor so well, that when born in the less privileged ranks above them, they have broken violently loose, and taken their place amongst the lowest, and donned their livery as a royal badge. Dr. Grant, in one of his letters to Norwood, tells the children of the great confidence our Blessed Lady had in the prayers of the poor, and that she was in the habit of asking for them. He recurred frequently to this trait, which, while it affords an exquisite proof of the humility of the Mother of God, also testifies to the high dignity with which the poor were clothed in her eyes. Dr. Grant took Mary for his guide here, as on every other occasion. In any trouble, after invoking our Blessed Lady and the souls in Purgatory, his first impulse was to ask the poor and their children to pray for him. Was he watching in anxiety by a sick-bed, or wrestling with God for the soul of a sinner, or in pressing need of temporal aid, it was to the poor schools and the orphanages he came for help. And when, if he has set them praying and that the answer is delayed, he writes a peremptory request that they will be 'more fervent,' and 'bestir themselves and pray harder.' 'The conversion has not yet come,' he writes; 'I find I shall be prevented coming on the 14th; but Mr. Foristall says he thinks he can come after three on the 18th, *always provided the conversion comes.*' Once, having to make an important decision, he wrote for prayers to obtain light; and being still undecided, he writes a few days later to the Superior: 'And tell the children, with

my blessing, that they are to make haste and pray very earnestly for me. It is most urgent that I should know the will of God.' Prayer and love of the poor, these were the lessons he preached and practised more and more ardently, till his life became almost an uninterrupted prayer, while his love of the poor developed into an intense, personal feeling, which has seldom been surpassed, if we may reverently dare to say so bold a thing, in the written annals of the saints. He never wearied impressing it on young priests who came to him for advice : 'Love the poor, and make friends of them.' 'There are no friends like the poor,' he writes to a penitent ; 'they are the best of all pay-masters, they give us pearls for dross ; the blessing of the poor is what gives the real value to our alms and makes them precious in the sight of God ; they pray for us and obtain graces for us to serve them more worthily next time.' A priest was relating to him the result of a mission he had lately given, and which had been blessed with great fruit for souls. 'Oh, how the poor love a good priest !' exclaimed the Bishop, 'and how true their instinct is in discerning a really holy priest from an indifferent one. His power over them is incalculable ; it would often be a temptation to a priest to see the supernatural effect of his ministry amongst the poor if their blessings did not make a safeguard to his humility. When I hear a priest complain of lack of supernatural power in his labours, I always suspect there is something amiss in his relations with the poor, that he is not on as affectionate and intimate terms with them as he ought to be.'

His charity knew no distinction ; but if there was one class that his compassion embraced more tenderly than any other it was that of the shy poor, *les pauvres*

*honteux*, as the French call them, those who, born in better circumstances, are thus by habit and education less fitted than others to bear the burthen of poverty. Towards these the Bishop's kindness knew scarcely any limit. He would seek them out, and discreetly discover their wants, and supply them himself personally. He distributed large sums of money to numerous respectable families who never knew the name of their benefactor, unless, perhaps, by surmise. At Christmas time especially he would set to work to find out these touching cases of distress. When he felt he might venture to do so, he would take money and food to them himself. Frequently he would beg good clothing for his *pauvres honteux*, and to spare them the mortification of having their distress made known to a third person, he would make the clothes into a bundle, and carry them off himself under cover of the dark in the early winter's morning. He frequently arrived at the convent laden with clothes for the Sisters to distribute to respectable people. Once when compelled to take another into his confidence on one of these errands of delicate charity at Christmastide, he observed, half apologetically, 'Cold and want are harder for them to bear than for others, because they are not used to them; and as the birth of our Lord brought joy into the world, we should help these poor people to keep Christmas cheerfully.' 'I do not suppose,' says one who was a near witness of his life, 'that anyone but God knows a tenth part of Dr. Grant's sufferings or charities.' 'And,' Dr. Ullathorne adds, 'I have heard him blamed for the excess of his charities, as well to members of his clergy as to others, and as leaving himself nothing; I believe this side of his character is not so widely known as it will be, and that because he was so secret in his good



works. It will never be known in this world to how many persons of all ranks and many countries he has been a friend in need, a light in darkness, a guide in doubt, or a consolation in trouble.'

On principle, the Bishop was averse to giving alms in the street; he held it to be wrong in fact, because it encouraged pauperism in a great city, and because experience proves that money thus given is generally badly spent; but in this matter his practice was not unfrequently at variance with his theory. Beggars used to congregate at the convent door, and waylay him as he came out from saying his Mass; sometimes they became so troublesome as almost to assail him, but he never spoke to them in a tone of anger, or even of annoyance; those who seemed to him disreputable he would quietly bid withdraw; to others who appeared deserving he would say a kind word, and it went hard with him not to accompany it with an alms; sometimes he would save his principles ignominiously by flight, and go out by a back door, and get home by another street. But, as a rule, whenever he succumbed his instinct served him truly; he was very quick to discriminate between the honest beggar and the dishonest vagrant, though, like other prudent almsgivers, he was occasionally duped. Dr. Grant strongly deprecated the habit of giving alms at the doors of convents, alleging that it gathered idlers and other bad characters about the place, and gave additional work to the portress.

Sometimes, after his Mass, he would say to the Sisters: 'Inquire if such or such a person be in want, and if so, help her;' or 'get some clothes for that young girl that she may present herself for a situation.' And the money thus spent was always punctually refunded. He came to the door one morning with an orange-girl,



who had followed him with a tale of distress, and bade the portress empty the contents of her basket. He had bought them all to help the poor girl, and improved the opportunity by giving a treat to the children.

He told the children at St. George's to pray very earnestly for an intention he had much at heart. They did so for several days, and then the Bishop came, full of joy, to say that the answer had come, and he told them how. A lady in his diocese had asked permission to build a church, but was quite undecided as to the site. Dr. Grant was very desirous that she should select a particular one, but he thought it wiser to suggest nothing, but leave the choice quite in the hands of Providence, and use no influence in the matter but through prayer. A week had not elapsed, when the lady returned, and announced to him that she had made up her mind ; the spot she chose was the identical one the Bishop desired. In his humility he set down this happy result to the innocent prayers of the children, and came off at once to thank them and give them a little treat. First he made them kneel down, and offer up a prayer of thanksgiving ; and then producing a box from under his cloak, he set it down on the table, and, beginning with the Poor School, he went the round of the three hundred children, including the orphans of the Middle School, and gave them a plum each in token of his gratitude, and with a view to future benefits.

His respect for poverty made him zealous that the children of the poor should be brought up with a holy pride in their poverty, and made to feel that, far from being a thing to blush for, it was a badge of honour in the eyes of Christians, a sort of divine royalty, and a special mark of God's election. 'Above all,' he wrote

to a person who had charge of orphans, 'above all, don't let the children feel ashamed of their poverty !' And to the children themselves he would repeat, that the devil had no greater snare in store for them than making them ashamed of their shabby clothes when they left school and were knocking about in the world, where appearances make half the battle of life. 'He will try and keep you from Mass on Sundays, under the pretence that you are not fit to go to church in such rags,' said the Bishop in one of his familiar conferences, 'but never listen to this ; it is a temptation to be despised ; God will not take such an excuse for disobeying His commands, and besides, it is unworthy of a Christian, or even a sensible human being.'

He was always glad to point out to the poor everything that tended to elevate their moral position in their own eyes. Coming across the invocation, 'Mary, Mother of Orphans,' in an old Irish Litany of the eighth century, he hastened to communicate the discovery as a piece of delightful news to the orphanages, showing them how early the Immaculate Mother of God had been invoked by the Church as being in a special manner their Mother. An orphan, even in the higher ranks of life, was always an object of interest and sympathy to him, but when to this title were added those of poverty and obscurity, they were clothed, in his eyes, with a sort of sacredness. Yet though the children of the poor ever claimed the first place in his allegiance, and held him more completely at their beck and call, he was always ready to condescend to the demands of their rich and high-born little brothers and sisters. A child, whatever its rank, did pretty much as it liked with Dr. Grant. The little daughter of Mr. Hope Scott, when the time came for her to make

her first confession, declared she would make it to the Bishop and to nobody else, and the Bishop actually set off from St. George's to Abbotsford for the sole purpose of gratifying this desire. He repeated the journey four years later to give his little penitent her first Communion. 'I am much edified by what I see here,' he writes from Abbotsford, October 10, 1863; 'Mr. Hope Scott, knowing that his child understands best the instructions of Mr. Butt, of Arundel, gets him to spend four or five weeks here and in the Highlands, to prepare her for her first Communion; and as I baptized and heard her first confession, I also am invited to add to her study in disposing her soul to welcome our dear Lord.'

A noble or delicate trait in one of his orphans thrilled the Bishop's heart with fatherly pride. Two children lay dying together at Norwood; one of them, who had saved up a few shillings to have Masses said for her soul after death, gave the money to the Infirmarian, and asked her to get the prayers said for her companion instead, 'Because,' explained the little confessor, 'I have a few friends who will pray for me, and poor Mary has nobody.' Dr. Grant was deeply moved on hearing of this beautiful proof of self-sacrifice, and exclaimed: 'Ah, where there is such a spirit there is little need of prayers!' He often impressed upon them the value of this spirit of sacrifice, and bade them pray earnestly to God for it if they wished to go straight to Heaven without passing through Purgatory.

Captain Bowden, one of the numerous kind friends whose friendship extended from the Bishop to his orphans, invited them all to spend a gala day at his house at Chiselhurst; twenty-six out of their number were not allowed to go, having been naughty; they

were in great grief at their punishment, but all the same were most anxious that the others should have a fine day; and they knelt down to pray for it as the party set out. When Dr. Grant was told of this he was delighted, and wrote a letter to the little culprits blessing them for their unselfishness, and for the joy it had given him.

He entered with sympathetic enjoyment into their holidays and pleasures. It is curious to see the amount of space which the amusements of the children occupy in the Bishop's correspondence. After a mock zoological show, in which the children, dressed up as bears, monkeys, &c., supplied the *dramatis personæ*, he writes:—

‘My dear Children,—Every one who saw the festivities on Monday was delighted, and I was very glad to find that your friend Mrs. Bowden, to whom you are indebted for the first thought of it, was very much pleased. . . . I intended to pay Father Vesque for my tickets in the raffle, but I forgot it, and I hope you will be so good as to wait for the payment.

‘St. Bonaventure says that we may imagine our dear Lord going to take His Mother's work to rich people, who would not receive Him kindly, and would refuse to give Him the money for it; and although I do not refuse mine, I shall be obliged to keep you waiting until I see Father Vesque again. In your future life you may often be obliged to imitate this practice of our dear Lord.’

A common-place word, any trivial circumstance, furnished him with an opportunity for conveying a lesson or an example. Thus, the children having used the word ‘trustworthy’ in a letter to him, the Bishop



wrote them the following treatise on its manifold applications :—

‘ St. Leonard’s, January 9th, 1867.

‘ My dear Children,—I am very much obliged to you for your promise to send me a report about your monthly papers ; and still more I am glad of your resolution to be *trustworthy*, for this is the translation in many senses of *faithful*, the dear title of your Immaculate Mother.

‘ You must be trustworthy in your religious duties, and in going to Mass when you have no one to urge you to comply with these obligations.

‘ You must be trustworthy in keeping your soul in your hands, always ready to give it back to God unstained and innocent.

‘ You must be trustworthy in doing your work as faithfully as if your superiors were always near you.

‘ You must be trustworthy in never touching their money or their papers if your superiors or mistress should leave them about.

‘ You must be trustworthy in avoiding every word that can injure your neighbour or your companions.

‘ St. Peter says that God made us all stewards of grace one to another, and you must give the grace of your good example to all around you, and must never delay their journey to heaven by becoming an untrustworthy steward.

‘ Blessing you all,

× ‘ THOMAS GRANT.’

In his direction not only of religious, but of all souls aiming at an interior life, Dr. Grant made the love and practice of poverty a point of paramount importance. ‘ There can be no true love of Jesus without the love

and practice of this precious Poverty,' he wrote to one of these generous disciples of the Crucified; 'there can be no imitation of His life without wedding Poverty.' In one of his written meditations, which has been preserved to us, Dr. Grant, after dwelling tenderly on the destitution of the Son of Man, who wandered about His own creation without having whereon to lay His head, and begged a draught of water from a passing stranger at the well, and who, when at last He was slaughtered by His own creatures, owed to the charity of a stranger the winding-sheet in which His Mother wrapped Him, and the tomb in which she laid Him, exclaims with an accent of holy impatience, 'And how can we presume to love Him if Poverty is not our sister? And yet, if the truth must be spoken, how seldom have we tried to make our Poverty resemble His! Some imagine they have gained this virtue when they have resigned their worldly wealth and made a vow; they forget that, like obedience, in order to have the twofold reward of making us imitate Him on earth, and being crowned in heaven, it should be practised all through life, and this life-long practice implies repeated and affectionate acts of the virtue, as well as the amendment of all that is unworthy of its true spirit. . . . When we see the poor in their homeless homes, stretched on a floor, or at most on a few handfuls of straw, languishing from want of food, unprovided with medicines, disregarded by children and relatives, they are reflecting to us faintly and distantly the poverty of Him whose bed was the Cross, whose medicine was vinegar and gall, whose attendants were cruel and mocking soldiers, who had no shelter when the cold was passing through his open wounds.' Then descending into the practical reflections, which

are the fruit of meditation, the Bishop says, 'This evening if something is offered to us at table that we dislike, will it be accepted joyfully and thankfully, as the poor receive the broken bread that we give them? If our clothes are old, or worn, or of roughest texture, shall we think readily of our Lord when the soldiers divided his garments and cast lots over the seamless robe? If we wish, we can easily find means to show our love of this virtue. Thus, to begin with simple rules, let us never waste anything, even pins, or paper, as some do by beginning letters or resolutions which they never take the trouble to finish. Again, let us never wish for more than is necessary, and if we would practise poverty as the children of the poor follow it, we must be cheerful even when that necessary is denied us.'

Dr. Grant was himself the first to practise these simple rules for the strict observance of poverty. Waste of anything, even the commonest, he had in detestation. He was one day giving the children of a poor school an instruction on the heroic virtues of the saints, and with his familiar habit of testing whether they understood him or not by direct questions, he asked how they thought such small people as themselves could manage to practise those great virtues; after a pause, a little mite of seven stood up and said, 'Please, my lord, we might pick up pins when we don't like to!' The answer betrayed a twofold instinct of poverty and self-denial which delighted the Bishop; he applauded the wise little catechumen, and commended her suggestion to the practise of her companions. Many a time they saw him practise it himself as he walked through the house; picking up pins whenever he saw them, and placing them on the window-

sill, or some other convenient spot. He could not bear to see religious superiors, whose lot is by choice cast amongst the thorns of poverty, allowing the anxieties it brings in its train to cast a gloom over their spirit. 'Let us love poverty as our dear Lord loved it, as all the saints have loved it,' he writes, 'and let us not be unhappy with it.' To a Superior who had great material trials to bear up against, he writes, 'Do not be afraid of poverty! Our dear Lord helps communities in proportion to their wants, and to the qualifications of their superiors.'

The Bishop, in his own person, practised poverty in a remarkable degree. He was scrupulously neat, and clean almost to fanaticism, but beyond this he was incapable of caring for, or rather of keeping his clothes; they could scarcely get off his back without going on to somebody else's, and he often left himself without a stitch except what he was actually wearing. On three occasions he took off his cloak to give it to respectable poor persons, whom he saw suffering from cold. When these practices were discovered, the Bishop would look penitent, and rather ashamed of himself, but would begin again at the next opportunity. His servant finding remonstrance useless, set a watch on him to prevent him from despoiling himself of the contents of his scanty wardrobe, but the result was not very successful. At last the Sisters at Norwood obtained permission to wash for him, and were thus enabled to see that he had at least always sufficient linen for his own use; articles of the first necessity continued indeed still to disappear from time to time, without the servant being able to account for the fact, but on the whole the new arrangement acted as a salutary check. This habit of pilfering his belongings was so well known



to his orphans, themselves recruited from the ranks who chiefly benefited by the propensity, that it became quite a joke amongst them. They used to say that 'the Bishop would steal his own boots if they were not sure to be missed.' A gentleman who accompanied him once upon a journey, said on his return, 'If I had not been there to look after the Bishop's wardrobe, I believe he would not have brought back a stitch of it except what was on his back.'

His linen was at one moment in a most dilapidated condition, and his servant having in vain repeatedly begged him for some money to replenish it, was driven at last to practise a pious fraud for the purpose. She came in one morning with a very long face, and told Dr. Grant there was a poor priest in the neighbourhood whose shirts were literally in rags; she could not mention his name, as he knew nothing of her taking the liberty of speaking of it to his lordship. The Bishop asked no questions, but at once gave her the price of a set of new ones.

'It was no use giving him anything,' says a member of his family who tried for a time to keep his wardrobe replenished; 'he no sooner had a thing than he gave it away to the first person who wanted it.' Yet if a present was made him, saddled with the condition that he was to keep it and use it, the Bishop was very conscientious in doing so. On receiving a handsome chalice, given on these terms, he writes to the donor: 'I always say mass here (at St. George's) or at the convent, and if I were to place your chalice at either place it would be lost amongst the number, and would be less serviceable to the good of souls than if I may make it the beginning of a new mission in some of the

many places, *you know*, that are asking us to buy ground and chapels for them.'

Nothing could be more gracious than his manner at all times of accepting a gift. To a Superior who begged permission for the community to present him with a new cassock, he says, 'I think I shall become a plunderer instead of a protector if I allow my good nuns to give me such an expensive present as a new cassock! I am very grateful for your kindness in thinking of it; but is it honest to accept such a rich gift? I will come to the convent to try it on, and I will leave you my cassock to measure with.'

'But it is very hard to express anything like the gratitude with which this gift and so many other favours fill me. May our dear Mother reward you all! The train is almost as long as a new Postulant's, is it not?'

'Why,' he writes to a friend who sent him a present on his birthday, 'why will you make it impossible for me to overtake your favours by my poor expressions of gratitude? At midnight, the V. General brought me your handsome present, and with it the assurance that you and he, and Mr. Forishall and other devoted friends, are willing to have patience and help the diocese, if it shall please our Immaculate Patroness to allow me to continue for a while longer in a charge of which I am only able to meet the duties, because each one of them carries me through an important portion of them, and all show such sympathy and friendship as no other bishop has ever known.'

A few hours later he writes again :

. . . 'Your cordial and friendly letter comes this morning to increase the value of the beautiful writing-

book, which the V. General delivered at midnight, that it might be a promise from the first minute of the new year<sup>1</sup> of your faithful attachment to the diocese, and to myself. When I think of all the work we have done together during these six years, I see in the map every town and mission and convent of the diocese, and then I remember how anxious, earnest, and persevering your efforts have been in every case. The other day one of our priests said, "It never struck me before to-day how much correspondence, travelling, and time the law business alone of the diocese must occupy."

Another birthday brought the Bishop a useful present in the shape of a warm travelling-rug, which he thus acknowledges :

'I humbly pray that our dearest Immaculate Mother may reward you for your constant thoughtfulness and kindness and friendship in my regard.

'Everyone in the house has admired your valuable and really useful present. I was going to say that, as it will travel with me, it will remind me to pray for you ; but as I do this daily, it is only enough to make me think that if I pray for you often in the day I shall never do as much as I ought to do for you.

'A fortnight ago we were in your church at Maidstone ; a week ago we saw two of them, and one so truly and completely yours, and here is Croydon, with its church, Presbytery, and school, all in full force. You will have a crown of churches in heaven. Epsom, too, is near, and is advancing.'

More than a year later Dr. Grant writes to the donor of the rug, 'Mr. B. looked cold and had only one coat, so I lent him my dear Gravesend rug.'

<sup>1</sup> Ecclesiastical year, beginning on the first Sunday of Advent.

On one of his last birthdays, he writes to the same friend :

‘I was hoping that, as I was to be away to-day, you would not have a chance of burthening yourself this year, when Mr. Danell delivered to me your splendid gift—beautiful in itself—but far more welcome, if it had not been so costly, on account of the pencil-writing, which I shall never allow to be effaced from it. You are far too kind and generous to one who can make but such a poor return to you. But as you give to a disciple in the name of a disciple, you are sure of a reward from our dear Father.’

There are many things in these days which those who love God must mourn over ; but there are few things, Dr. Grant was often heard to say, which affect the interest of our Divine Lord on earth so nearly or so variously as a decay in the spirit of alms-giving. By alms-giving he did not mean the mere giving of money, nor even the giving of it cheerfully, but the giving of it at the cost of our own comfort and convenience : the giving till it hurts and pinches us, till we feel our gift in the sensible diminution of comforts and pleasures ; ‘alms-giving which does not mortify sensuality is no mortification ;’ he says in one of his Pastorals, ‘it is no proof of our love for our dearest Lord until it has made us suffer ourselves.’ And this form of self-denial, which has always been one of the recognised sources of Christian joy and holy thanksgiving, he used to declare was the safest and truest measure of our gratitude to God ; and that in proportion to our gratitude we should increase our alms-giving. Nor could he tolerate narrow-minded views in the practice of it ; he would have no pet charities, to the exclusion of the broad general claims of the great



Christian brotherhood, no crotchets, or niggardly theories about giving only to one's own church or one's own poor. Such notions he denounced as a suggestion of the evil one to stay our hands and close the door of our hearts against our brethren, who were all the more in need of us, because they are out of sight and far off. 'Let us not deceive ourselves,' writes the Bishop to one of his flock, 'by supposing that we want at home all or more than we can give. Experience shews that giving leads to more giving. Alms multiply alms, and there is a special blessing upon all unselfishness, and no gifts are so much blessed as those which are given by such as are in need themselves. There are many men amongst us—men to whom the glory of God is dear—who often reflect with sadness on the smallness of our contributions to the propagation of the Faith.'

He severely reprov'd the practice of spending money on the mere decoration of one church, while close by, others are left in a state of destitution and want of the first necessities. This, he said, was one of the many forms of devotion under which selfishness disguises itself: 'you give to your own church things that it does not want, and you leave our Lord in the next one to you in a state of poverty that is a reproach to your want of faith in the blessed Sacrament.'

Yet let it not be supposed from this that Dr. Grant was averse to splendour and costly decoration in the house of God. Far from it. He encouraged the faithful always to give what was most beautiful, both intrinsically and artistically beautiful, for the service of the altar, and even thinks it worth while to commemorate such gifts by public thanks in his pastorals. He records how 'a magnificent tabernacle was given

to Ramsgate,' and 'costly monstres to the churches of Greenwich and Woolwich,' and in the same pastoral<sup>1</sup> gratefully commends the spirit of faith which prompted 'a priest in a poor mission to give chalices to other missions.' 'It is our wish that during this year,' he writes, 'each congregation should provide some offering tending directly to the honour of the most Blessed Sacrament, according to the wants of your church, and suited to His glory as well as to your own generosity.' And if individual means were wanting, he bade those who wished to make such offerings, exercise humility and charity by applying to their richer brethren, urging that 'there are many pious Christians who are glad to make reparation for the sacrileges that are committed in the world, or for the churches that have been closed to our holy mysteries,' and who will gladly come forward in answer to such an appeal.

Anything like eye-service about the altar was, above all, odious to him. The argument, 'it won't be seen,' as a reason for turning the broken or soiled side of an object towards the reredos, filled him with a sort of horror. He noticed something of this kind one day on a convent altar, and was exceedingly displeased; he quoted the words of a Protestant artist: 'Whatever the eye of God sees should be well done,' as a reproach to the Sacristan, adding that the reverence of this artist, who did not believe in the Real Presence, was so great that he took as much pains in finishing the roof of a church as in decorating those parts of the building that were most conspicuous.

When charitable persons supplied vestments to poor

<sup>1</sup> Purification, 1866.

missions, the Bishop was extremely particular that the rubrics should be strictly observed in every point, that even the lining should be of the orthodox material and colour. Above all, he exacted perfect cleanliness. Some chasubles were sent to him for a very poor mission, the lining of which was made out of a lady's ball-dress, and was a little soiled ; Dr. Grant's quick eye detected this at once, and it pained him deeply. He spoke with great vivacity of the irreverence and want of faith it implied, and how little respect it showed 'for the Person of our dear Lord.' 'If you cannot have precious things,' he would say to communities, 'at least have everything about the altar *perfectly clean*.'

The same spirit of reverence was visible in the way he spoke of sacred things, especially when he pronounced the holy name of God. He could not bear to hear it used lightly in conversation, and at such times, if he did not like openly to chide the speaker, the expression of his countenance showed his disapproval. Any proof of the contrary spirit of respect for the Divine Name delighted him, no matter how seemingly trivial the form it took. Thus he used to relate with satisfaction the example of one of his fellow-students whose instinctive reverence for the holy name of Jesus was so great that he always took a new pen to write it.

'How can any of us dare to take in vain that awful name which our Divine Lord Himself taught us to praise in His own prayer—"Hallowed be Thy Name!"' exclaimed the Bishop, in an instruction to children. And he often cited the example of Mary, the most perfect worshipper of the name of Jesus, who in the solitary verbal lesson that she gave to man says : 'He that is mighty hath done great things in me, and holy is his name !'

‘Would that eloquence were given us,’<sup>1</sup> he writes, ‘that we might lead all parents to deliver as a precious inheritance to their children a feeling of awe and reverence for this Holy Name ! Would that authority were added to our voice, that we might make you tremble at the least approach to a disrespectful way of uttering the name of God, or of applying to profane, or even to ordinary subjects, the Divine words of His sacred Text.’ He entreated the clergy to impress strongly upon the heads of families, and upon all persons charged with the care of others, the duty of compelling those under them to observe the commandment : ‘Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.’ Nothing inspired him with greater horror than to hear of parents or masters, carried away by anger, visiting the faults and negligences of children and servants with appeals to the judgments of God. ‘When we see families steeped in misery,’ he writes,<sup>2</sup> ‘and see grief upon every face, the recollection comes back to us of the imprecations which have been spoken in those wretched homes, and which have found their fulfilment strangely and speedily.’ The profane application of a word consecrated by faith to any sacred meaning was painful to him, even when no irreverence was intended. He was conversing one day with a friend, when the latter, speaking of some person, observed : ‘He is the very incarnation of ——’ the Bishop stopped him gently with ‘Don’t say that ; our dear Lord has made that word sacred to Himself ; we should never use it except in speaking of the mystery of His birth.’

He liked to see holy things surrounded by tokens of outward respect ; he had, for instance, a great devo-

<sup>1</sup> Pastoral, last Sunday in April, 1868.

<sup>2</sup> Same Pastoral.



tion to the practice, so common in Catholic countries, of keeping lamps burning before the statues of our Lord and His Immaculate Mother. He went one day to bless a statue of our Lady in a convent, and after remaining some time prostrate in prayer before it, he said to the Superioress: 'Make a promise to our Immaculate Mother that you will have a lamp always burning before her image; I have known this pious practice blessed by more than one miracle.' He then went to the school-room, where the children were assembled, and related the following fact, which had just occurred to a lady of his acquaintance. She was visiting a convent near London, and observing a very beautiful statue of our Lady, she felt a sudden desire to have a lamp lighted before it; she mentioned this wish to the nun who was showing her over the house, and begged her to get a suitable lamp, which she would pay for as well as for the oil which it would consume. The Sisters were delighted, and promised to let her know the day and hour when the lamp would be first lighted, so that she might join in spirit with the community, who would unite in saying the rosary for her at that moment. It so happened that when the letter came informing her of the appointed time, she was setting out on a journey with her daughter. She did not, however, forget the rendezvous, and when the hour came, she took out her beads, and called her little girl, who was seated in front of her, on the opposite side of the carriage, to come and sit beside her, that they might say them together. Before they had finished the first decade, they were startled by a frightful crash, followed by a deafening noise; the carriage seemed to leap under them; the child, terrified, clung to her mother, who clasped her in terror, but still held tight her rosary

and continued to recite it. In an instant their carriage was cloven in two; the front part, where, a moment before, the child had been seated, was wrenched away, and dashed down into a precipice, with a great portion of the train, while the other side remained safe on the rail, quite uninjured. Had the little girl not been called away by her mother, she must in all human probability have been killed on the spot.

The rosary was, amongst all outward forms of devotion to Mary, the one that Dr. Grant loved best, and the one whose love he strove most sedulously to implant in the hearts of her children. He called it 'the most complete summary of the life of our Divine Saviour on earth, and of the life and virtues of His Immaculate Mother;' and he affirmed that the decay or increase of the faith amongst a people might safely be measured by their carelessness or fidelity in the recital of it. As an evidence of the truth of this, we may inform our readers that, in distant missions, notably, in certain parts of Japan, where the faith was once planted, but, owing to persecution and other causes had entirely disappeared, the Jesuit Fathers have sometimes come upon a little spot where they found it alive and fruitful in the midst of surrounding idolatry, a phenomenon which, on investigation, they could only trace to the fact of the constant and devout recital of the rosary having been preserved amongst the people; by this simple practice fathers transmitted the vital truths of our holy religion to their children for generations. Dr. Grant often said, that in planting the love of the rosary in a child's soul, you planted the seeds of the faith so firmly that there was small danger of their ever being eradicated. With what coaxing tenderness he would lay himself out to gain

over those young hearts to allegiance to Mary! One day he took a little boy between his knees and said to him: 'You were baptized in May, and you made your first communion in May, and now again, thanks to our Lady's goodness to you, your vocation to be a priest is decided in May. Is it not so?' And the boy having replied that it was, 'Then,' said the Bishop in an impressive voice, 'you must promise me this day, my child, that you will love our Lady faithfully, and serve her and honour her to the last day of your life!' 'The incident,' observed one who related it, 'put me in mind of Hannibal's father taking his little son to the altar, and making him swear to the gods that when he was a man he would be revenged upon the Romans.' Let us hope that the young Christian's vow was as loyally kept as the pagan's.

So true a child of Mary could not fail to be proportionately devoted to her pure and holy spouse, St. Joseph. Dr. Grant urged all those who were consecrated to God in religion, to take this glorious patriarch for their guide and director in the spiritual life. He called the sons and daughters of toil to his service, because he too had worked, not alone for his own daily bread, but for the bread of Jesus and Mary, by the sweat of his brow; they had a special claim of adoption on him, and a right to keep close to him in fellowship of toil in the workshop, or the field, or the factory. Parents he implored to place their children under the patronage of the Foster Father of our Lord, that he, who had watched by the cradle of Jesus, might watch over their innocence and keep it spotless and white amidst the corruption of the world. When assisting the dying, the name of St. Joseph was continually on the Bishop's lips; he was wont to declare that he had



many and many a time been startled and cheered by the sudden radiance that the mere pronouncing of it had brought over the countenance of a sufferer in that last, final struggle, and that his own experience had proved to him the special power that St. Joseph exercised at death-beds. The death of the chaste and laborious spouse of Mary was a favourite subject of meditation with him, and one which he chose frequently when giving retreats, particularly to religious communities. The following was written by his own hand for the Sisters of Mercy :

#### DEATH OF ST. JOSEPH.

. . . 'The peaceful life at Nazareth was drawing to a close, and the time was at hand when that holy home—the type of religious communities—was to witness its first death. The Immaculate Heart of Mary was filled with grief as often as she noticed that St. Joseph was unequal to his daily toil, and that her Son claimed the heavier work as His own share. She had watched him often praying before the daylight allowed him to begin his labour ; but a morning came when she missed him at the accustomed hour. When the sun rose, and he had not opened the lattice, she prepared their repast in sadness. From their usual means of support, the earnings of one were wanting, and there was little wherewith to make any provision of such food as he could take. He who was to smooth many a sick-bed, and to soothe many an aching heart, had slept on the ground during the flight into Egypt. He had not grown richer since that time, and had not wished to make his last couch softer than the manger of Bethlehem. As the day advances, he makes another effort to rise, and as he sinks down exhausted, his lips



continue to move in prayer. Does his weakness warn him that the last dispensation of the adorable will of God is beginning, or has the angel who has borne so many messages to him been privileged to announce that his pilgrimage is ending, and that he must make another journey? He trims his lamp, and keeps his soul in his hands, that he may be ready when the bridegroom knocks in the deep midnight. He has cherished silence, and he will not interrupt it to ask the hour or manner of his departure. The heroic faith that has never wavered in its confidence is more wonderful than ever. The hope that made him "just" before the Holy Ghost, when he had heard only the promises of the old law, has increased through the Lord's gifts in its force and power. The ardent charity that had glowed when the head of Jesus was resting on his heart, multiplies its earnest aspirations of affection and gratitude. His soul magnifies the Lord who has done such great things for him; and he repeats the sacred name of Jesus, which has been sweeter and more sweet every time he has pronounced it, during the last thirty years. Our loving Lord, the Sun of Justice, cannot reward St. Joseph save according to the measure of the virtues which he had practised in life, and therefore He helps him to add to the intensity and fervour of the acts of virtue for which He desires to crown him. Mary prays by his bedside, whilst Jesus supports his head, telling him the while that obedience is most perfect in death preceded by much suffering, since it was to be afterwards said, "Christ was made obedient unto death, even to the death of the Cross."

'The obedience of St. Joseph had grown as he studied hour after hour the example of Him who "went down to Nazareth, and was subject to them." It

strengthened him when he was weeping during the three days of our Lord's absence, which anticipated for him the three days' desolation after the crucifixion. It strengthened him when he was leaving the all-holy and consoling presence of Jesus to dwell for three years in limbo, and to long with the ancient patriarchs for His descent amongst them. He is obedient when he is told to live on and languish in sickness; he is obedient when he is summoned to go away. His eyes grow bright when he adores Jesus for His mercies, and when he thanks Mary for her kindness, and bowing his head he yields his soul in peace.

'Jesus speaks not for a moment, for the soul of St. Joseph, freed from the prison of his body, stands in that lowly cottage before Him, seated as Man on His throne of judgment—for "as the Father hath life in Himself, so He hath given to the Son also to have life in Himself, and He hath given Him power to do judgment because He is the Son of Man" (St. Joan v. 26).

'Before Mary has closed his eyes, Joseph has heard the happy sentence, "The faithful man shall be much praised, and he who is the guardian of his Lord shall be glorified" (Prov. xxviii. Office of St. Joseph).'

The obedience of St. Joseph was a theme on which Dr. Grant delighted to dwell; he made it the frequent subject of his simple and soul-subduing eloquence in the pulpit and the confessional, as well as in his instructions to religious and to children; and he repeatedly introduces it into his pastorals, urging the faithful to come and learn in the holy home of Nazareth the beauty of this virtue, which was so marvellously practised by the 'Just man,' who ruled there over the Son of Man and His Immaculate Mother. Many may remember the fond and wonder-stricken tones with which

the Bishop would pronounce the brief record of those eighteen years—‘And *He* went down to Nazareth, and *was subject to them!*’ Never, probably, has the supernatural principle embodied in these words been at a greater discount than in our own times. The spirit of the age is dead against it; the virtue to whose sole exercise our Blessed Lord thought it worth while to devote eighteen years of His life on earth forms no part of our progressive formula; and nowhere does the spirit of the devil assert its triumph over the spirit of the Gospel more fatally than in the growing hatred of the human race to the primal law of submission, and the terrific development of its manifold capacity for rebellion. *Non serviam* has become the motto of the nineteenth century, and the creed which it epitomises is apparent in every form of insubordination around us. We see it in the savage upheaving of the peoples against their rulers, and their impatience of the laws that make a barrier to their passions; we see it in the more dignified mutiny of the intellectual masses against the law of divine revelation and the sacred traditions of the past; and we see it in its latest encroachment on the narrower circle of Christians who blindly resent the emancipating bondage of the Infallibility of the Church, refusing to recognise in this royal prerogative of sonship aught but a galling and degrading yoke. ‘Better times are coming,’ says Father Faber; ‘but these times also are very good.’ Yes, thank God, very good in many ways. They are full of hope and full of charity. Philanthropy is leading the march, active, intelligent, ever on the watch to redress wrongs, and make justice prevail; prodigal of money and time, and that more precious gift, self, in the service of the poor and the suffering; but the highest



gift of all, the one which is the standard by which all other sacrifices will be measured, the gauge that is to test their work—obedience—it will not give. Charity has broadened and deepened, but it would seem as if the arm of faith had waxen short, and could no longer reach to this loftiest effort of generosity; gold and silver it gives, but of what better it hath, even to God it will not give: the noblest form of worship, the majestic service of submission, the creature refuses to the Creator; this mystic key which can alone reconcile the conflicting forces of mankind, and attune the discords of earth to harmony with the sweet will of Heaven, man has flung away with impious scorn and unfilial disrespect. When he has sought it, and reverently taken it up and adjusted it again, then, but not before, we may hope to see those ‘better times’ which the sunny-hearted disciple of St. Philip has foretold to us. Dr. Grant, who was, with all his interior holiness, a singularly shrewd and clear-sighted observer of the signs of the times, saw very distinctly this disastrous dualism of the day, and was forcibly impressed with the belief, which in turn he endeavoured to impress on others, that until the supernatural and contemned principle of obedience has conquered its lost position in the world, and been planted victoriously on the ruins of the modern theories of independence, self-government, rationalism, and the legion of other disguises of pride which have replaced it, there will never be peace for the governed or the governing. The remedy for strikes and internationals is not to be found in new inventions, but in a return to the old eternal one taught and exemplified by the Son of God in those luminous and unfathomable words, ‘He went down to Nazareth, and was subject to them.’ A number of meditations



and instructions on the obedience of St. Joseph, by Dr. Grant, have been preserved, mostly in an incomplete form, being taken down either in notes at the time, or from memory; but they are all full of solid instruction, and marked with that simple unction which was the Bishop's peculiar eloquence. The following fragment is from a meditation given to the Sisters of Mercy during a retreat:—

‘ . . . . When the voices of the angels announcing the Nativity seem still to be heard, and the wise men and their retainers are still visible along the horizon, St. Joseph is called from his sleep and told to go into Egypt. He does not stay to ask why this command has come so suddenly, and he does not murmur that it must be executed at such an hour. He does not question the wisdom of the order, or try to find excuses for the delay. Even anxiety for our Lord is subordinate to his obedience; and although he grieves that he cannot allow Him to sleep till morning, and that he cannot make His first journey more easy, he undertakes it at once. Perhaps they are still disregarded amongst the proud inhabitants of Bethlehem, and their flight will be hailed as a proof that they did not deserve the hospitality that had been refused so harshly. Perhaps they have made a few friends, and they must not stay to bid them farewell. As the head of the family he must bear the blame of their disappearance, and he must feel the want of all the preparation for the journey. St. Francis of Sales imagines him carrying his tools at his back, that he may on the first opportunity earn something for their support. By what way is he to travel? The roads of that eastern land were infested by robbers, such as the two who afterwards died near the Cross of Jesus; and was it more safe to travel

amongst them than to try to conceal themselves from the soldiers of Herod? They must travel on through the dark hours of the night; and in the morning they have made such little way that Bethlehem seems still near, and St. Joseph is alarmed lest his obedience should not have been sufficiently prompt to secure our Lord from His enemies. As the daylight appears Mary and Joseph kneel and offer their morning prayer to the Divine Infant, and thank Him for condescending to accept their humble service and the affectionate devotion of their hearts. But they are going to Egypt, to the scenes of sufferings from which their forefathers had been delivered by a succession of miracles; to the territory in which idolatry and superstition hold undisputed sway, and where the name so dear to them, the thrice holy name of God, is blasphemed. Surely they may stay near its boundary, for they are now in safety? But Joseph hastens onwards because the command is yet unfulfilled. They have walked many a mile and are weary, and yet their repose must be brief.

‘When his ancestors were in captivity they hung their harps on the trees, and sat and wept when they remembered Sion. St. Joseph thinks of the Holy Mount, and of the courts of the Temple where his relative, Zachary, was wont to offer the sacrifice; but his obedience checks the thought of grief. The years of exile are slow, and the pilgrim looks to the time that has passed since he left his own land, and sighs for his return; but St. Joseph has been told to remain in Egypt until the angel calls him, and he does not murmur because his exile is prolonged. When the message comes he will arise and begin his journey by day or by night, although his return to Israel is not destined to be cheerful; for when he hears that Archelaus is reign-

ing instead of his brother Herod he is filled with fear, and does not venture to return to their beloved Judea. Again he receives the order to go to Galilee, and with the same readiness he has always shown he obeys it. . . .'

In his correspondence with religious, Dr. Grant dwells with special emphasis on the supremacy of obedience. 'In submitting our understanding,' he says, 'we are not required to believe the orders of superiors best in themselves, but best for us. We shall generally find that, though an order may at first sight appear strange, capricious, or inconsistent, it proves in the end to be, not only the best for us, but the best in itself. We must look on all orders from superiors as messages from God; if they are given roughly or gently, what matter? The substance is the same. Obedience is not to the manner, but to the authority. . . . 'If a superior does act really from caprice or natural motives, it alters not the designs of God, but is simply an imperfection in His instrument, like the shaking of the train.'

Obedience was, in Dr. Grant's opinion, the foundation and epitome of all religious perfection. A Sister was appointed to the office of Superior in a community; instead of a letter of advice she received the following short but comprehensive greeting:—

'I pray the Lord to bless you and the community, and give you grace to love and serve Him, accomplishing the duties of holy obedience.'

He was apt to impute spiritual despondency very often to a want of the spirit of obedience: 'When a person says "I am *discouraged*," the answer is, say rather "I am *disobedient*;" they always mean the same thing.'

He carried out the principle of obedience himself in the strictest sense ; any constituted authority, however slight, commanded his submission. His younger brother, Bernard, attended him in an illness soon after he had taken his degree as an M.D., and happened to order small doses of brandy. Dr. Grant, who had an insuperable dislike to alcohol in any form, refused to touch it. ‘Look here, now, Thomas,’ said the young medical man, ‘if you prescribe a fast or anything in spiritual matters you expect me to obey you. Well, I’m the authority now ; a patient is bound to obey his doctor, so you must take it, and no nonsense.’ ‘You are right, Bernard,’ replied the Bishop ; and immediately he swallowed the brandy, and repeated the dose as often as desired.



## CHAPTER XV.

1867-68.

THE Bishop's sufferings increased so much, both in duration and intensity, at the beginning of 1867, that we may with truth date his death agony from this time. He became so weak that he could scarcely stand, and was obliged to lean heavily upon a stick in walking. He was quite alive to the state of his health ; to those who broached the subject to him he spoke freely, and expressed with calmness his own belief that the sands were running down, and that at best he could only expect a reprieve.

'People notice how thin and pale I have become,' he writes on the 11th of February, 'and soon I shall feel that my will was not made too soon, and that I shall have a chance of obtaining in the next world a reward for all you have done for the diocese, and for your attached friend,

' X THOMAS GRANT.'

'I will obey the doctor by eating as much as I can,' he says again, 'for hard mental work certainly wears the body away.' And truly the work did not spare him. The day after the above letter, he says to the same friend, 'As His Holiness has now allowed us to sell at Dover, I think the best plan will be, as I am so unfit for business, if you will kindly see the new piece

which Mr. S—— can sell, and satisfy yourself that it will hold a church and presbytery. . . . (Here follow minute instructions as to the steps to be taken in case of a purchase.) I see little prospect of growing stronger, and I must get everything into shape as well as I can, so that, if my illness be long or short, no one may suffer. Will you explain to F—— O'S——, as it will save me a letter, how ill I am; he has written to ask me to confirm at Gravesend on March 4th.'

The next day he hastens to console his friend by telling him the more hopeful opinion of the doctors :

' February 13, 1867.

' You will be glad to hear that yesterday my brother, who is a medical man, came here and went afterwards to see Dr. Constable, who attends me, and both concluded that nothing was needed but absolute rest of mind, as the brain was over-working the body. I must see how this rest can be got; but I must not seek it in your hospitable home, as I should certainly have lots of pecuniary and other troubles on the premises, *i.e.*, in the town, more than enough to upset all your kind and patient care.'

' Dr. Constable has not called to-day,' he says on the 15th, 'but my brother came at post hour, and would not allow me to think of going out of the room. On the contrary, he tried to make it necessary for me to stay in bed, as he thought it was too much to go to Mr. Moore's room for a change. I am, therefore, unable to make any calculations for the morrow. I will let you know what Dr. Constable says.'

Towards the end of the month his state became so alarming that the worst was apprehended. It was difficult for those who witnessed his agonies to believe

that the poor shattered body could resist them much longer. One day, when they were very great, the Bishop suddenly besought those about him to send to Norwood for prayers. The request had long been anticipated; but on receiving this message the Sisters and the orphans began a novena, and while it lasted the youngest children relieved each other, two at a time, all day long in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. There was a sensible decrease in pain after this, but no radical improvement. The Superior, hearing that perfect quiet had been prescribed for the sufferer, entreated him to come to Norwood, where that portion of the house which had been given up to former orphans out of place would be entirely at his disposal. But to this, and all similar offers, he gave the same reply: 'It would do me no good; nothing but prayers can be of any use to me now.' His gratitude for every proof of affection from his clergy and other friends was very touching. Their solicitude continued to the last to be a subject of fresh and tender surprise to him; he never came to take for granted even the care of his attendants; the most commonplace attention from a servant would elicit a smile or a word of gratitude. This had always been a very vivid feeling with Dr. Grant, but he seemed from this time forth to cultivate it as a virtue especially fitted to his state. He often spoke of St. Mary Magdalen's being the only person in the Gospel who gave anything to our Lord without asking something in return, and he would add feelingly, 'We ought to be very grateful to her for this disinterested kindness to our dear Lord.'

Towards the middle of March there was a decrease in suffering, followed as usual by a proportionate return of strength. The Bishop immediately resumed

his labours and his journeys. On the 22nd he explains that he cannot go to consecrate the Havant Cemetery on a certain day, because: 'I say the (Queen's)<sup>1</sup> Anniversary Mass at Weybridge on Saturday, and confirm the convicts (some sail shortly for Australia) on Sunday at Portsea, and I must be back here on Monday.' His clergy, seeing him thus active and energetic, grasped at hope, and cheated, sometimes indeed persuaded, themselves into the belief that they had been unnecessarily frightened. Dr. Grant would acquiesce passively in those sanguine opinions, but it was easy to see he did not share them. 'They think me better to-day,' he writes, 'but the doctor has not yet been.' His correspondence never flagged, even when his sufferings confined him to bed, and made an erect sitting posture impossible; he would then use a pencil, and write just the same full, cheerful, and business-like letters as when in health, despatching in an ordinary way from twenty to thirty a day. Those who observed him closely saw that he was aiming in all things at perfect detachment. He had long possessed and treasured much a little photograph of our Saviour from a miraculous picture in Rome. He took this to a friend one day, and begged him to accept it as a souvenir. The latter, knowing how Dr. Grant loved his little treasure, refused; but the Bishop insisted, saying, as he handed it to him, 'We must be detached from everything.' And the sigh that accompanied the words, and the lingering look he cast on the picture, told plainly enough that he was making no small act of detachment in parting from it. From the poor and his orphans alone he did not strive to disengage his heart. 'His zeal for both seemed to burn more ardently than ever,' says one who was able to

<sup>1</sup> Marie Amélie.



judge ; the same person having congratulated him on his supposed restoration, the Bishop raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured, with a sweet expression, ‘ Yes, but it is not for long.’

In May the Holy Father invited the bishops to Rome for the canonization of the Japanese martyrs. It was feared at first, when the summons came, that Dr. Grant would be unable to obey it ; but, ‘ thanks to the prayers of the orphans and the goodness of our kind Immaculate Mother,’ he said himself, his health visibly improved, and it was thought he might undertake the journey without danger.

There was, of course, the usual question of funds to be settled ; the money must be provided for his travelling expenses and his sojourn in Rome. The orphans at Norwood collected their little pocket-moneys, which amounted to 2*l.*, and sent it to him as a first contribution towards the fund. He returned it with the following acknowledgment :—

‘ May 16, 1867.

‘ My Dear Children in Christ,—This is the anniversary of my father’s death, and of the day which made me, like yourselves, an orphan.

‘ Your letter has given me very great consolation ; it shows me that your feelings are worthy of the instruction of your teachers—those kind mothers who guide you by their example as well as by their advice. If you keep faithful to those feelings through life they will cause your superiors always to place confidence in you.

‘ As you have devoted your money to the work-house children, you must not let me take it away from such a good and holy purpose ; and you may be sure that if I join with you in restoring it to this purpose it

will be blessed, and will increase so as to produce the sum I may need for the journey.

‘I hope always to keep your letter, and the promises of the little ones who offer to accompany me to Rome.

‘Let us be united in praying very earnestly for those who are to be admitted to their first communion on the festival of St. Augustine and St. Philip, in order that they may be worthy of this happiness.

‘*En bénissant,*

‘X THOMAS GRANT.’

The little ones alluded to were two babies of three and five years old, who, hearing the Bishop's proposed journey and its difficulties discussed by the Sisters, very seriously offered their services respectively as cook and shoeblack to him on the road.

Dr. Grant was not mistaken. The orphans' mite was blessed and multiplied tenfold. Money came in to him in such abundance, and so quickly, that he was obliged to refuse the generous gifts of the last comers. ‘Many blessings on you and yours,’ he writes to one who was seldom late on occasions like the present; ‘some days since I had received *more than enough* for my journey (I declined all help from the priests, and received only offerings for His Holiness), and I have thought it was wrong to take anything more, so that it is only just for me to restore the enclosed with sincere gratitude. Indeed, I have received so much that I fear it is a sign of a long absence. What you say in your beautiful letter is very true; namely, that I want prayers *that I may speak aright* if His Holiness deigns to ask me to speak, and if this grows into a general council. Canon North has generously offered to provide me with a carriage during the whole of my stay in Rome.’

The Bishop had a pleasant passage, and arrived in Paris none the worse for his fatigue. He wrote from Florence to Canon Danell the following account of the journey :—

‘ June 15, 1867.

‘ Dear Canon,—There is no ink at hand, and I must congratulate you on the chance of receiving a letter which you cannot read.

‘ In Paris, on Tuesday, I confirmed a convert from Southampton, and made acquaintance with her instructor, M. G. Gaume, author of the work on the Holy Ghost, the Sign of the Cross, and on Holy Water. He told me that quite recently he had used holy water in a case of possession after the sufferer had grasped his hand, and tried to keep him from using it, and after a short interval the patient was freed, and became calm.

‘ We had a very long journey, *viâ* Dijon and Macon, on Wednesday, but it was very beautiful when we got amongst the Alpine valleys after Culoz towards Chambéry. After Chambéry we had railway as far as St. Michel in the Alps; there we were told off into diligences, and we travelled for ten or twelve hours across the Alps. At St. Michel I renewed my acquaintance with Monsignor Mermillod, coadjutor of Geneva, the eminent preacher, who recollected seeing me in Rome in 1854. He introduced me to an old gentleman in a white blouse, with a *wide-awake*, the Archbishop of Baltimore. The latter was disinclined to recognise me, as he had settled that his correspondent at Southwark was *six feet two and very thin*! I was delighted to find his Grace was not dead, as the newspapers had stated. Monsignor Mermillod said that though steps had been taken to allow him to take the title of Geneva, he was

afraid to take it, as his republican subjects would fancy he was about to claim the temporal principality of the bishops of old times. He said that the general council was likely to be held in a year's time.

'We travelled from St. Michel through clouds of dust, and found workmen employed the whole way in making preparations for a railway *over* the Alps, running on the very verge of the precipices. We had in our compartment four priests from the diocese of Beauvais, who were very agreeable. Their delight was to get some snow at the top of Mount Cenis, and mix it with water and *Chartreuse*. They had bought the Chartreuse at the famous monastery of that name, whence bottles of this liqueur (of which there are three colours) are sold to the value of five million francs yearly, the profit being all spent in building churches and presbyteries. *We* must not complain, as the abbot gave an offering towards Melior Street Church when Mr. MacDaniel called on him some years since. Yesterday (Friday) on our way from Turin, we passed through a wonderful series of tunnels and viaducts running through the Apennines; it must have been as costly as it was picturesque.

'We had a good many stoppages, and at one of them the Bishop of Newfoundland asked me *who I was?* I shook hands and left him, saying, "I am not the Bishop of Newfoundland." Later I saw the Bishop of Arichat in Nova Scotia, and some French bishops.

'At last we got to Florence, and, amidst the screaming of porters and drivers, some one carried off my carpet bag, containing all my papers and letters; but it seemed to be customary here, and I was told it would soon be found. As Dr. Doyle had the lock, the contents were at the mercy of the captor, but after a



short time it came to the hotel quite safe. . . . After losing and finding my bag, it was right that I should honour St. Anthony, and I found myself to-day saying Mass at his altar, and invited to keep his feast at the church of the Franciscans near the hotel. The community is dispersed, and the custode obliged to wear a secular priest's dress in the streets ; we were glad to help them towards their dinner on the saint's day, which they keep on Sunday. We hope to start on Sunday night, and to reach Rome early on Monday. . . .

‘ Yours very affectionately, blessing all,

‘ × THOMAS GRANT.’

He writes to a friend, from Rome, on the 27th :—

‘ I hope this letter will arrive before your birthday, and will tell you how sincerely and how affectionately I pray that it may bring many joys to you, and, for the sake of your children and of your friends, the promise of many years of life ; although I fear that July 4th will be the day of your fortieth year, after which it is always more likely that we are passing down the hill than likely to remain on its crest.

‘ I suppose the papers have told you the most of our movements here, and more, perhaps, than I have been able to see. When the bishops were signing the address to His Holiness to-day, Bishop Strain, of Edinburgh, named in 1864, was the 417th on the list, and you may imagine the number since consecrated, and how likely it is that 500 will be in the procession on the 29th. His Holiness announced, on the 26th, his wish to call a general council at a future time, and the address of the bishops is in reply to this announcement.

‘ On the night of my arrival in Rome I took *your* address, with an Italian explanation of your generous

gift and of the concurrence of your family, to Cardinal Barnabo for His Holiness. And when I saw His Holiness on the 23rd I got his blessing for you.

‘I was in hopes that I could finish this letter without any law business, but I find . . .’ and here follow two closely written pages on various important questions then pending. ‘I am trying,’ continues the Bishop, ‘to start, *viâ* Milan and St. Gothard, on the 3rd, and if I succeed, I hope to be at home during the following week.

‘It is perfectly wonderful to see how much has been done to improve every part of the city. Fancy a suspension bridge erected over the Tiber specially for the Canonization! and a new road winding up a steep hill, made below St. Pietro in Montorio on occasion of the mass of His Holiness, on the spot where St. Peter was crucified, being likely to draw crowds to that spot on the day. I wish you and Mrs. — and the children could see this grand scene, as it would be what the old writer calls an *equipage etern*, resting ever after in your mind. . . . Will you write a line to the Superior of St. Joseph’s Convent, Kennington, telling her, with my blessing, that I said the mass desired by one of her friends, this day, June 28, the day fixed by her? I hope they are all well. I have had so much writing that I scarcely hope to write more than a letter or two before I leave.

‘I hope to pray for you, my dear friend, and for all the friends of the diocese, amidst the joys of the Church to-morrow.

‘Yours very affectionately,

‘x T. GRANT.’

On July 2 he writes:—‘. . . Four extra trains started yesterday, and I hear that it is difficult to get

away. We hope, however, to reach Florence on the morning of July 4, and Milan next morning. If all goes well we hope to be at the northern end of the Lago Maggiore on Saturday. After that we are in a mist, as I cannot find how long it may require to get us home. . . .

Few things delighted Dr. Grant more during his visit to Rome than the enthusiasm of the French clergy for the Holy Father, and the spirit of piety and charity which he witnessed amongst them all. He was deeply moved when assisting one morning at the first mass of a young abbé whose two brothers had been martyred in the Corea. From him he learned that the Dominican missionaries had baptised forty thousand children in China. The Bishop's own children were not left without news from him, needless to say. On his way home he writes :—

‘ Basle : July 7, 1867.

‘ My dear Children in Christ,—I began a letter to you in Rome, but I could not finish it, and it is a duty to write to you before my return, as I owe so much to your prayers and constant recollection of me, and to the prayers of your good mothers and your pious priests. There is another reason for writing to you to-day; it is the anniversary of my consecration, although the consecration took place on the sixth, yet as it was on the first Sunday of July, and the Feast of the Most Precious Blood, we must reckon this day as the anniversary.

‘ I prayed for you all in Rome, and for the Sisters who watch over you, and I hope that we may all love, honour, and adore the dear Saviour, who shed His Precious Blood for our salvation, and who deserves all our gratitude and affection.

‘ To-day His Vicar has beatified twenty-five martyrs ; they owe their victory to the efficacy of the Most Precious Blood, and through Its power you will gain many triumphs and will earn your crown at His hands.

‘ I dare not attempt to describe to you the preparations made for the festival. I was delighted to find myself in the midst of the orphan boys of the College in Rome, who, in their white cassocks, had come to see the arrangements made in St. Peter’s. The pillars of the church were covered with red silk, and along the silk were lines of gold lace, which, if measured in a straight line, would be forty-four miles in length. Between the pillars were hung very large pictures representing the miracles wrought by the twenty-five saints who were to be canonized ; and before or near these pictures, and before the picture of the most Blessed Trinity, thirty thousand lights were burning.

‘ Nearly five hundred bishops walked in the procession, and some of these had come from Australia, and others from every part of the Church. Some of them had travelled over the mountains of the East forty days on camels and mules before they reached the seaside. One bishop had walked nearly a thousand miles, most of the distance over snow and ice, until he reached the port in America, whence he was to sail for Europe.

‘ More than seven thousand priests had arrived at the time when I reached Rome, and the number of persons who came with passports reached ninety-seven thousand.

‘ His Holiness was delighted, and blessed Our Lord for having sent him so many consolations. The Bishop of Philadelphia had brought a little artificial fish, and told the Pope to open its mouth and he would



find the tribute, as St. Peter had found the money in the fish Our Lord told him to catch for the tribute ; the fish had caught fifty thousand dollars.

‘ You know that the saints are reigning as kings and queens with Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother in Heaven ; nineteen were martyred by the Calvinists in Holland near Gorcum, and are called the Blessed Martyrs of Gorcum ; St. Joseph was martyred by the Russians ; St. Peter Astres by the Jews ; St. Paul of the Cross prayed for the conversion of England fifty-nine years, and will pray more than ever now ; St. Leonard of Port Maurice was a missionary ; St. Mary Francis of the Five Wounds was alive at the beginning of this century ; St. Germaine Cousin was a shepherdess, and from the throne on which she now wears her crown she has often heard prayers for Norwood and its children. Your lot may be like hers : a life of hard work, of constant unkindness on the part of her employers or relatives, and through those trials, and honesty and patience, she has gained Heaven. I hope you will ask her and St. Innocentia to help you all.

‘ One day when all the bishops were with the Pope the clock struck twelve, and he rose up at once and said the Angelus with them and the three *Glorias*, which, in Catholic countries, are added in thanksgiving for the graces bestowed on Our Blessed Lady. St. Germaine knelt down, wherever she was, to say the Angelus, and sometimes it rang whilst she was in the midst of the stream with her sheep.

‘ I hope to leave to-morrow, Monday, for Paris, and to get to London on Tuesday, but I am not quite sure of this.

‘ You must ask your good mother to tell the Superiorress of Livry that I carried the letter of the Livry

pupils to the Church of St. Aloysius, where it was placed under his altar.

'I hope the young ladies also are quite well, and are desirous to gain Heaven.

'I did not see the Bishop of Bayeux, and I did not find his name in the list of bishops, but I was told after I left Rome, that he was there.

'Wishing you all many blessings,

'Yours very sincerely in Christ,

'X THOMAS GRANT.'

The 'hard mental work' alluded to by the Bishop in February grew and increased on his return from Rome, and accumulated anxieties pressed heavily on his sorely tried system. He could no longer conceal the inward strife as formerly; its traces were now visible on his drawn and pallid countenance.

'I am sorry you have noticed my sadness,' he writes, 'but the truth is, that the withdrawal or death of friends, and various involuntary losses, have so severely injured all our resources that it is a constant anxiety how to make the current payments, and to provide capital for future years; *e.g.* the Propagation of the Faith, quite justly and reasonably, withdrew 600*l.* a year from 1867, and just after I heard of this (in December 1866), a larger annual sum was withdrawn from 1867 (January). After these two blows came my dangerous illness, and I longed to live in order that my successor may not suffer.

'You will now understand why I was passive and unable to offer to share your expenditure at Stokes, and why I did not offer to pay more for the houses at G——. . . . But our Immaculate and Dear Mother will not allow me to be dispirited, and your

goodness often keeps me up.' His grateful sense of sympathy was manifested at this period with a warmth and an *abandon* hitherto unusual with him. 'How your sympathy sustains me! May God reward and bless you for it!' he exclaims. And again, 'Your sympathy would almost make me long for troubles if I did not know how much they added to your own labour and anxiety.' 'How kind you were to-night, and how I needed it after some hard letters of the morning!' In the midst of these absorbing cares Dr. Grant is alive to every trifle of a cheerful or amusing kind. The Bishop of Newport issued about this time circulars to his clergy announcing a retreat at St. Beuno's College, North Wales, and informing them that 'Tourist tickets to Rhyl, available for a month, were to be had at all the railway stations.' This amused Dr. Grant immensely; he at once sent off one of the circulars to a friend, with the exclamation, 'See how Holy Church uses all modern inventions, even tourist tickets, for good!'

At the close of the year 1867, Captain Bowden, his own and his orphans' friend, lay dangerously ill, and the Bishop, though suffering much, volunteered to go down to Chiselhurst and eat his Christmas dinner with the family, thinking rightly that his presence and sympathy would cheer the invalid, and alleviate in some slight degree the sorrowful anxiety of his children.

The old year closed, and the new year (1868) opened without bringing any change in the Bishop's health. It continued to be a downward progress, alternating between violent attacks that threatened each time to end in death, and short returns to his normal state of intense but mitigated pain. One of his greatest sufferings was his craving for food and his inability to

eat. When he was driven by the pangs of hunger to take some little nourishment, the indulgence was quickly expiated by excruciating tortures, almost immediately followed by vomiting, the effect of which he described as like 'hot claws tearing out his vitals.'

As soon as the fine weather set in, he was ordered to go for a drive every day, which he did in the little Norwood carriage. He used to arrive at the Convent between twelve and one generally, and after he had rested, and ventured or not on some refreshment, as the case might be, he set to work at his letters. When the weather was warm, he would sit and write out on the lawn, under his favourite oak-tree, with the statue of our Lady looking down on him from her niche in the stem. On one of these afternoons, from about 2 P.M. to 4, he despatched forty letters. For, an invalid as he was, labouring under acute pains, the mere folding and addressing forty sheets of paper and as many envelopes, would have been in itself no shabby achievement; but though many of the letters were brief notes of a few lines, there were some very long ones amongst the number. One contained six closely written pages of his small, neat handwriting. It was to a Belgian manufacturer of church ornaments. The subject of this letter, and the marrow of his own reply, appear in his correspondence with a friend a few days later. 'Here is a refreshing scene for you.' M. Grossé, of Bruges, wrote to say he was supplying vestments to the Ritualists at the rate of 800*l.* to 1,000*l.* a year, and asked me if he could conscientiously continue to do so.

'I told him the state of the case, and then said: "If it is right, I have no power to enforce my opinion on you. But, right or wrong, I cannot give you advice,



as I shall seem to encourage the Puseyites in their belief that their doctrines are right, if their Liturgy is thus sanctioned." He replied last night thanking me for my explanation, and saying that with a full and cheerful heart he would decline all their offers, which he had accepted till then in good faith.' The Bishop concludes his letter with a remark that will go to every Catholic heart : ' It is sad to think that these Ritualists, having no orders and no consecration, are keeping up the material idolatry of exposing to adoration bread and wine.' When at four o'clock, the post hour, he gathered up his budget for the Superior to carry off, she laughingly complimented him on his rapid power of writing. ' It is no doing of mine,' he said, gravely, and then added in a confidential tone : ' I will tell you a secret ; it is our Lord who does it for me.' ' An avowal implying as much as this was very rare with him,' remarks the Superior.

His sufferings continuing to grow worse, several novenas were commenced for him in July. On the 22nd he writes to Norwood : ' I wish I could assure those who are so kindly praying for me that I am better. I am still suffering. But do not let the children pray extra hours for me in this hot weather.'

In September the Sovereign Pontiff issued his solemn command to all the ' Venerable Brethren, the Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops, and Abbots, and all others to whom by right or privilege power has been given of sitting in General Councils and declaring their opinions therein,' to make ready to attend the Œcumenical Council which was to be opened at the Vatican Basilica on December the 8th of the coming year, 1869. It was premature at this distance to discuss the possibility of Dr. Grant's obeying the summons, but

there seemed at present little likelihood of his being able to do so. He wrote a Pastoral desiring that prayers should be offered up daily by the clergy and the people for blessings on the coming Council, and before it was issued, he was struck down by a new attack, more severe than any he had yet known. His first act again was to send to the orphans for prayers. A novena to our Blessed Lady was commenced at Norwood, and, as before, the youngest were told off to watch before the Blessed Sacrament all day, relieving each other every quarter of an hour. At the end of the week the Bishop was well enough to be taken to Arundel. He benefited a good deal by the change and complete rest. But it was only a transient amelioration. Soon after his return to St. George's he grew so much worse as to be confined entirely to the house, and almost exclusively to his room. The crisis passed, and left him once more on the old level of chronic suffering and exhaustion. These periods of reaction found him as busy, and, comparatively speaking, as active as in the days of his health. He was no sooner able to stand than he resumed his habitual course of life, receiving everyone who wanted comfort or advice, confessing, and working late and early with his indefatigable pen. He even contrived to go long distances to those who were in need of him and unable to come to him. 'In the latter part of the year 1868,' writes a religious, who was then Dr. Grant's penitent, 'we were in great trouble, and he bade us send for him at any time; he came to us as often as twice in one week. I remember once he spent an evening with us, and he appeared to be suffering agonies of pain, yet all the while he kept up a cheerful conversation, and tried to guess some riddles that were propounded to

him.' When he was able to bear moving about, his greatest refreshment was to spend the day in the midst of his children at Norwood. He would sit out under the oak-tree, or when the weather did not allow this, he would go about from one class to another, sitting a while in each, and showing the liveliest interest in the lessons, or whatever was going on. When a sudden crisis of pain overtook him he would keep out of sight, and wander about the passages of the house, saying his beads, and moaning gently to himself. Sometimes one of the children would come upon him unawares and see him bent down, quivering all over, while half-uttered cries of 'Oh, my Jesus! Oh, my God!' involuntarily escaped him. If he caught sight of the intruder, he would recover himself quickly, and look up with a smile and a kindly word of recognition; if the child looked frightened or distressed, he would turn away her attention by some funny remark, or by asking her to guess a riddle; and when she failed, he would lift his stick and playfully pretend to use it on her back, and send her running away laughing.

In the first week of November he went to Norwood and gave confirmation to twenty-eight orphans. His altered appearance moved many to tears. He saw the painful effect he produced, and told them playfully that he must be very much changed indeed, for some one had mistaken him for the Archbishop. He sat a long time in the midst of the children, amusing them and telling them stories, just in the old way; but he was the only one present whose cheerfulness was not forced. In the evening he said he meant to give an instruction to the congregation; the Superior fearing that this would be too much for him, after the previous fatigue of the day, tried to dissuade him from it, but he replied



quickly : 'I must, indeed, I must!' and though he could hardly stand from pain and exhaustion, he pronounced an earnest discourse, which lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. When it was over, a person followed him into the sacristy, and going up to him in an excited manner, said : 'Do you really believe all that you have been saying ?' 'Yes,' replied the Bishop, emphatically. 'Then I thank God that I have heard you!' said the other ; 'I was on the point of abandoning the faith, but the explanation you have just given of Catholic doctrine has entirely cleared away my doubts.' Dr. Grant, relating the incident to the Superior, said : 'It was certainly God's work, for I had no intention of speaking on that subject at all ; I changed my mind at the last moment, and I could not tell why.'

The Bishop had long desired to build a new church at Norwood, but the difficulty of raising the funds had prevented his taking any steps in the matter up to this time. Two years previously he had come to visit a sister who was dying, and his last injunction to her was that as soon as she got to heaven she was to make three petitions for him ; one of these was for a church at Norwood. On the occasion of this, his last confirmation, he was very strongly impressed with the absolute need of a large building to replace the small temporary chapel, which was crowded to suffocation, while great numbers were obliged to remain outside altogether. On coming out from the ceremony he said to the Superior, 'I see it is impossible for you to go on longer in this way, you must have a church.' This church, which was to be raised as a memorial to himself, was his chief pre-occupation during the short time he had to remain amongst us. As soon as he made up his mind that it must be built, the usual engines



were set in motion to obtain the funds, namely, the prayers of the children and the intercession of the Holy Souls. The Superior having consulted him as to whether the new building was to be on a sufficiently large scale to accommodate all the Catholic congregation of Norwood, as the chapel had done up to a recent date, he replied, 'Yes, certainly; if you do not take them in, it will be many years before they can have a separate church for themselves.' He acted on the same principle always in legislating for convents. Dr. Grant had far too exalted an idea of the religious life to limit its action within 'narrowing nunnery walls.' He looked upon nuns, whether cloistered or not, as missionaries whose sphere embraced a wider scope than mere personal sanctification, and the accomplishment of the special duties set down in their Rule. They had, he considered, an apostolate in a lower degree like priests, a mission to help their fellow-creatures outside the convent gates to fight the good fight, and save their souls. That nuns should not do this in the full measure of their means and circumstances, was in his eyes an anomaly. This broad and high ideal sometimes drew upon the Bishop the censure of certain narrow-minded devotees, who would fain rob the monastic life of its noblest prerogative, by restricting it to a struggle for individual perfection. Such persons accused him of being over-exacting to nuns, because they did not understand the spirit of generous solidarity that he looked for as a matter of course in those who have given up all things for the love of God, and whose hearts, under the divine influence of sacrifice, should expand towards their fellow-creatures in proportion as they contract toward self.

It has been sometimes urged that the Bishop of

Southwark was unnecessarily strict in some cases, and too forbearing in others. It is true that, taking his clue from the highest authority, he had different measures for different men, and that he dealt out, according to their need, honied food to babes and strong meat to the strong. He had indeed small mercy on the generous and valiant labourers who, like himself, made their zeal and courage the measure of their powers; and he was exacting enough both as to the amount of work they did, and the way in which the work was done. His letters are full of grateful recognition of their services, and such deprecating expressions as 'There is no need to spur the willing horse, so I won't ask you to take this extra duty, &c.,' 'No, I won't allow — to do so and so, we must spare the willing horse,' &c. Yet, when we come to see it, he spared him pretty much as he spared himself. If his quick spiritual eye detected in the work of these zealous souls the least flaw of worldliness or self-seeking, or any other imperfect motive, he was frank in rebuking it, whereas to a limp or refractory subject he would be sometimes tolerant and long-suffering to the verge of weakness.

He had a horror of his clergy meddling in politics, and any indication of a tendency in this direction, or any mistaken action in public matters, was sure to elicit his disapproval, expressed more or less vigorously, according to circumstances. Hearing that one of his priests, whom he held in loving esteem, was being influenced to vote on the wrong side during the Irish Church Bill excitement, he wrote to him in alarm:—

'August 29, 1868.

'I fear — is trying to persuade you to vote for him at the election, and I write in haste to beg you to

consider the serious evil of supporting the Conservatives at this time.

‘On Maundy Thursday, whilst His Holiness was vesting, he heard the result of the first vote against the Establishment. He was overjoyed, and spread his delight to the Cardinals around him. He saw in the vote the overthrow of heresy, and hailed the dawning of freedom for the Church in Ireland. Will it please him to hear that one of his court has supported that heresy by his vote at the election? . . . .’

The report was utterly unfounded, and the person in question was naturally wounded to think that the Bishop, who was his friend of long years, should for a moment have doubted his loyalty to the Church; he offered to bring witnesses to refute the charge, which he indignantly denied, but Dr. Grant did not wait for further evidence to make his *amende honorable*. ‘I prefer to believe your denial,’ he says, ‘and even if you had not sent any denial I would prefer to suffer and forget what has happened rather than to cause sorrow to you. . . . I am unwell, and cannot write much, but I hope this letter will stand as an assurance of the regard of your grateful friend.’ The painful little episode had no other effect than to draw the old bonds closer. ‘I have had the gout and the doctor for more than a week,’ writes the Bishop soon after, ‘and can only write a very brief line of sincere thanks for your goodness in saying so many Masses for me.’ And when, in less than a year hence, the priest, on hearing of Dr. Grant’s dangerous illness, wrote from a heart overflowing with sorrow and filial tenderness, to ask if the sad news were true, that if so he might come at once to see the friend who had been a father to him, and whom he ‘never could replace on earth,’ the Bishop,



in whose memory the foregoing incident still dwelt with a pang of affectionate self-reproach, replies, 'It is very kind of you to have forgiven and forgotten the many times I have given you pain. Thanks for your Masses and prayers. . . .'

After the memorable day of his last ceremony at Norwood, the Bishop grew so weak that his daily drive out there had to be given up. On his birthday, the 25th November, the children of the schools sent him their customary congratulations. In reply, he says to the elder orphans, 'Your beautiful letter brought many bright hopes to me, and will continue to make my birthday happy—each year more and more happy, if you keep your resolution of being always loyal children of the Faithful Virgin. When I saw you last many of you were confirmed as soldiers of the Divine Son; perhaps when I see you next you will be spending your Christmas festival near Him, and asking favours for your good Mother's feast-day. Meanwhile I wish you all many, many blessings, and the joy of being always friends of our Lord.' The youngest are, as of old, favoured with a letter to themselves:—

'November 25, 1868.

*'To my Dear Little Ones of the Third Class.*

'My dear little Children,—Your letter is very nice and very welcome, and the prayers which you promise, and still more your promise to love the little Jesus and be always faithful to Him, claim my sincere thanks.

'I hope He will bless your little sister Lucy, and fill her heart with all the graces which will make her for ever His favourite child.

'How glad she will be to watch over you from her throne in heaven, and to ask the Immaculate Mother of



God to guard you and keep your souls as fair as the soul of your friend St. Innocentia.

‘ Blessing you each and all,

‘ × THOMAS GRANT.’

The little sufferer was taken home a few days later, and the Bishop writes, ‘ May little Lucy pray for us, and help us all in her beautiful happy home ! ’

## CHAPTER XVI.

1869.

THE year 1868 closed without bringing any sensible alteration in the Bishop's health. His sufferings continued the same, and his strength went on slowly but steadily diminishing. He contrived always to say his daily Mass, sometimes only leaving his bed for the purpose, and returning to it as soon as this supreme effort was accomplished. He was with difficulty persuaded to accept an invitation to Lady Scarisbrick's, in the north, at the new year ; and as the change, as usual, afforded him some relief, his clergy had recourse to many subterfuges in order to keep him there as long as possible. This was no easy matter, for as soon as he felt in the slightest degree better, he was in a hurry to be at work again, and back at St. George's. The improvement, however, was not much to build on. 'I am better in some respects,' he writes from Scarisbrick after his first week, 'but still a long way off from the bright turn in my journey towards health.' His visit was prolonged to three weeks, and soon after his return to St. George's he startled everybody by announcing his intention of going to give Confirmation at Ryde. There was no use arguing with him. He had a very strong will of his own, and when he set his mind on doing a thing, nothing but obedience to authority could turn him from it. He set out by an early train to

Portsmouth, on the 31st of January, confirmed about eighty persons at Portsea Chapel, and between sixty and seventy at the Portsmouth Convict Prison. The weather was intensely cold, and the sea rough and stormy. At two o'clock he went on board, with the waves washing over the deck. The boisterous crossing made him, as usual, very ill. At three o'clock he assisted at Vespers at Ryde, confirmed fifty-three persons, and gave Benediction. He was so exhausted that he could not stand, and was obliged to go through the confirmation seated, the children coming up to the altar rails one by one. The next day (February 1st) he remained at Ryde, and received most of the members of the congregation. When General Slade was presented to him, the Bishop put out his hand, and exclaimed with friendly warmth, 'I want no introduction to General Slade, we are old friends; I can never forget his kindness to my soldiers at Colchester, and how often he used his influence to get them fair play, and to back me with the military authorities in their behalf.' The gallant and fair-play loving soldier had himself almost quite forgotten the circumstances alluded to, but the Bishop had forgotten nothing. He had for many years included the General in his prayers. On the following day, the Purification, he performed, after Mass, the ceremony of blessing the candles, and then went out to confirm a poor woman who was dying. In the afternoon he drove to Newport, and confirmed about twenty children and adults. On the 3rd he consecrated the altar at Newport, a most fatiguing ceremony lasting four hours, and performed fasting, as he had to say Mass at the end. After this he went to Carisbrooke to visit the nuns, a community of the Second Order of St. Dominic. It is not surprising

that he should write to Canon Danell next day — ‘Last night was one of the worst I ever had.’ On the 4th he went to the Female Convict Prison, at Parkhurst, and gave confirmation to fifty women. From this to Cowes, where, in the evening, he confirmed twenty. He stayed the night at Cowes, and returned next morning to Ryde, where he rested the day. On the 7th he said eight o’clock Mass, and gave forty Communions. In the afternoon he gave Benediction. The next day the sea was so stormy that it was doubtful for a time whether the boats might with safety cross; but there was a slight abatement in the winds after awhile, and the Bishop left for London. This was his last visitation to any part of the diocese. He had been the guest of the priest at Ryde, Rev. Mr. Cahill, who recalls with pain the impression produced upon him by the sight of Dr. Grant’s terrible sufferings during this active week. When the fits of agony came on, which was invariably the case when he was compelled to eat anything solid, even of the most delicate kind, he shook so violently that the whole room shook, causing even the windows to vibrate. Mr. Cahill did not at first know what it was, and looking round in surprise, exclaimed, ‘How odd! what can make the room shake so?’ To which Dr. Grant meekly replied, ‘Oh, I am so sorry; it’s I who am doing it.’

During his absence, which, with the exception of the Ryde Confirmation, was supposed to be a period of rest, several novenas were commenced for him. ‘I am deeply grateful,’ he wrote from the Isle of Wight, ‘and I feel persuaded I shall get better, although appearances are still so bad.’ They continued to grow worse on his return, and on the 10th of February Canon Danell writes to Norwood: ‘. . . he now needs all our care



and anxiety. He is very ill. We are to have Dr. Gull's advice to-morrow. I do not believe even now that there is any *real cause* for alarm, but there is quite sufficient to make us all anxious. I should let you know if the doctor's report were unfavourable. But I *do not*, and *cannot*, and *will not* fear that it will be so. As yet I believe in the efficacy of prayer (mind, I don't say that I shall ever disbelieve it), but so many prayers are said for him that I cannot doubt the result. . . .'

Up to this time we have continued to speak of Dr. Grant's sufferings without designating their cause. The fact is, that so far, the actual nature of the malady remained doubtful. His brother Bernard, who attended him jointly with another medical man, clung to the belief, perhaps rather to the hope, that it was an internal ulcer of a dangerous, but not fatally malignant, character; his colleague wavered between this and a more terrible certainty; but as yet the word cancer had not been spoken above a whisper. The Bishop had long been averse to calling in other advice, observing to every suggestion of the kind from his friends, that he was quite satisfied with what he had. When, however, Bernard mentioned Doctor, now Sir William Gull, he at once gave a willing assent. The new physician was no stranger to his patient. He who was now summoned to make a last fight for life for him, had first known the Bishop of Southwark when the latter entered upon his episcopal career at St. George's, sixteen years before, Dr. Gull being then, as a young man, physician to Guy's Hospital. Here, and in the slums of the neighbourhood, they had met by many a bed-side, each intent on his errand of mercy, the one healing the bodies, the other the souls of their suffering brethren.

Dr. Gull, from the moment he took the case in hand,

feared the worst; he was not, however, quite without hope, and brought to bear upon the treatment and alleviation of the disease that concentrated energy which a master mind has aptly enough termed 'his enthusiasm for saving life.' His first step was to forbid all solid food. He prescribed a diet of new-laid eggs and milk, which, with some light oaten cakes made by the orphans, were brought every day to St. George's by a Sister from Norwood. The fact of the simple fare being provided and prepared for him by his children, made it more palatable to the invalid, and he would exclaim frequently when partaking of it: 'How kind they are! Just see all the trouble they take for me!' He was continually sending the Superior little pencil notes full of affectionate thanks for her charity. 'Since I have become a baby again,' he says, 'I feel much better; all that you send me answers perfectly; but I am not yet strong enough for the cream; the milk is quite sufficient, and three tumblers a day are as much as I can possibly take, so please restrict your bounty to this quantity, and only send *once* a day.' 'I am getting on nicely,' he announces a few days later; 'the doctor says that the Norwood milk is better than ass's milk, so you need not trouble about getting me the latter.' He tells them how good he finds his daily fresh egg, but entreats them not to send more than one, as that is the most he can accomplish. He experienced so much relief under the new treatment that Dr. Gull, in spite of his worst forebodings, grew sanguine, while the Bishop's friends saw him already on the high road to recovery. He himself remained passive, 'placidly passive,' to borrow his physician's expression, in the midst of this exultation. At the end of the month Canon Danell writes jubilantly: 'The

Bishop is better this morning ; he is to go out for a short drive, the second he has been able to take since his return from the Isle of Wight. Dr. Gull is to see him again to-morrow. I hope he will confirm our hopes. . . . ' They were so far confirmed, that a few days later the patient says : ' Dr. Gull came on Sunday, and was satisfied that I have made progress ; but he said the repose must last two or three months.' And to another friend : ' Dr. Gull, who has taken the kindest interest in my recovery, seems very hopeful, but he is inexorable about two or three months' repose.' His own thoughts, meanwhile, were intent on other things than repose. The time was drawing nigh for the gathering of the Bishops of Christendom round their Chief High Pontiff in Rome. The hour appointed by God from all eternity was at hand, when the Divine Infallibility of His Church, so firmly rooted in the hearts of her children, should be dogmatically defined, and no longer remain as hitherto, the object of our spontaneous and voluntary belief. Dr. Grant had all along intimated his intention of attending the Council, and was making the remote preparations for the journey in his usual quiet way, just as naturally as if his health offered no impediment. Those around him looked upon the project as chimerical, and did not hesitate to tell him so ; while his brother gave it as his opinion that if he undertook the journey, he would in all human probability not live to the end of it. But when obedience to the Vicar of Christ was at stake, Dr. Grant made small account of suffering, or even of death. He who had all his life been the slave of duty, who answered its lightest call as promptly as the needle turns to the electric magnet, and whose allegiance to the Church had, from his earliest childhood, been an integral part



of his religion, was not likely, now that his race was nearly run, to balance the risks to himself when the voice of Peter called him to his side. 'When the Sovereign Pontiff calls a Bishop to Rome,' he said, 'Rome is the place where he should be.' And when it was objected, that he would most likely die before he got there, he answered calmly : 'Perhaps so ; but it is better to die obeying the command of the Holy Father than to live disregarding it.' Yet, firm in his principle of obedience all through, he was ready, in spite of his own strong desire, to yield to the orders of his medical advisers, provided their prohibition was sanctioned by the Pope. His brother had strenuously opposed the journey from the very first. Dr. Gull hesitated. He knew the Bishop's heart was set upon going, and he feared the moral effect of the privation almost as much as the risks of the voyage. This reticence was enough for Dr. Grant. He took it as a tacit permission, and spoke confidently of the matter as a thing settled, and only a question of date. The vital affair of the funds for his travelling expenses and sojourn in Rome engaged the attention of his clergy much, but he himself evinced even less than his customary slight anxiety about it. 'It will all come in good time,' he would remark ; 'let us put it under the protection of the Souls in Purgatory, and they will manage it all right.'

Speaking of the gentleness and courage of his patient through a course of fierce and prolonged suffering, Sir William Gull says : 'He bore it as only a really good man could—patiently, submissively, uncomplainingly. He was always genial and kind ; his manly, simple placidity of temper never deserted him ; he was most docile as a patient ; gave no trouble at all ; he was



most easily advised, and always did to the letter as he was told.' Dr. Grant had, as we know, very strict ideas of the submission a patient owes to his doctor, and he put these theories rigidly in practice during his last long illness.

In the month of April, one of the orphans who was going to a situation in France, came to St. George's in order to assist at the Bishop's Mass for the last time, and, if possible, get his blessing. She had joined with her companions very fervently in praying that his life might be prolonged ; but when she beheld the wasted form come from the sacristy, leaning on two priests, who assisted him to celebrate, one of them holding the chalice for him, she burst into tears, and felt it would be cruel to ask God to prolong such a life. 'It was like seeing a phantom from the other world,' she said ; 'his face was so drawn and white, and he looked so feeble and broken ; oh, I could not ask for him to be left any longer on earth ; I could not utter a prayer for it ; I felt it would be cruel to him.' After Mass, she asked one of the priests if she could see the Bishop for a moment to get his blessing, as she was going abroad ; but he smiled at the simplicity of the request, and told her the Bishop was far too ill to see anybody ; it was as much as he could do to get through his Mass without fainting ; yesterday he had refused to see even the Duchess of Norfolk. But the poor penniless orphan knew that she had a claim which the great lady, whose rank was further ennobled by every Christian virtue, could not urge ; she entreated the priest at least to tell his Lordship that she was there. He consented to do this, and bring her back a blessing, but Dr. Grant at once desired that she should be let come to him ; he stood up, and walked to the door of the sacristy to

meet her ; there he laid his hand upon her head with a long blessing, and said a few words of parting advice, 'though he seemed as if he could hardly speak.' A few days later, on the 26th of April, the Mother Superior, yielding to the supplications of the children, consented to allow twenty of the most deserving to go in to St. George's, and receive from their dear Father a last blessing on themselves and their companions. When Dr. Grant heard of the promised visit, his first thought was of the expense it would be to the community ; he had not the courage to forbid it, so he resolved to prevent both the expense and the disappointment by going to Norwood. Accordingly, to their great surprise, he presented himself at the convent gate, leaning on one of his priests, about one o'clock, an hour before the little caravan was to have started. His first words were to ask for the children. 'They will come in a moment, my Lord,' replied the portress ; and she begged him to go and rest a little while on the sofa. Just as he was seated, he heard a clamour of voices and laughter outside. 'Are those the children ?' he enquired. 'Yes, my Lord, the nuns, and teachers, and children, all together.' 'Let them come in ; let them come in !' cried the Bishop, with fond impatience. There was a moment's delay, however, so he got up, and tottered to the door-steps, in front of which they were all assembled, not daring to go in on him in a body, lest in his weak state the excitement should be too much for him. The moment he appeared, a low murmur, like a suppressed sob, ran through the group. 'Since you will not come to me, I must come to you,' he said, in the old playful way ; and, assisted by the priest who accompanied him, he began to walk towards his arm-chair that had been quickly placed in its

accustomed spot under the oak-tree ; but before he reached it, the sobs had broken loose, and resounded loud and passionate on every side. The sun was strong, and two of the children ran for an umbrella to hold over his head, an act which immediately suggested to the Bishop some comical story, in which a green umbrella played a prominent part ; but the attempt to make them laugh, or even smile, was a failure ; he saw this, and went on to speak to them in a familiar strain of tender piety and kindness. Fearing that they would be tired standing so long, he desired them to run away and play, and raised his hand to bless them, but they cried out that they were not tired, and that they liked best to stay. One little child, who was standing close up to him, said : ‘ You want us to be Marthas, but we won’t ; we will be all Maries to-day, and sit at your feet.’ He smiled, and let them have their way. While he was with them the portress came to say that Lord Howard of Glossop had come to consult with him about the Langdale Memorial, so the Bishop rose and blessed them, and said good-bye.

This was his last visit to the orphans whom he had loved and served so faithfully. ‘ He is going to heaven, he is too holy to be left to us any longer,’ was their sorrowful remark as they watched the retreating form of their beloved father disappear into the convent.

The deceitful rally had passed away, and his physician reluctantly returned to his first sinister anticipations, frankly telling Dr. Grant that recovery was impossible. He dragged on in about the same way until the 30th of May, when he was visited by another fierce attack, which laid him quite prostrate. A novena was commenced for him at the Sanctuary of

Lourdes, in which many hundreds of his friends and children joined. But the effect of these multiplied petitions was visible rather in his sustained patience and resignation than in any alleviation of his tortures. He often repeated that it was the prayers of good people and children that kept him alive, and got him grace to endure his sufferings.

In June he held the Diocesan Synod. Many of his clergy, who had not seen him for some time past, were inexpressibly shocked by his appearance. 'He looks like one risen from the grave,' they said to one another. The Bishop himself said that same day to his Vicar-General, 'You will not let me die without Extreme Unction?' But the end was not so near as either he or they thought.

He went out for a drive several times in July, but only to short distances. On one of these occasions he writes to tell the Sisters of Mercy the hour that he will be passing the convent, and says, 'I will bless the children and the bright new school through the window as I pass.'

In spite of increasing weakness, and sufferings which were now unbroken, even by short reprieves, he persevered in his resolve of going to the Council. On the 14th of September, the anniversary of his arrival in England, he writes: 'Every blessing and joy to my children, Sisters, and orphans at Norwood and away from Norwood, in Europe and in the West Indies; and light, and peace, and joy to those who are gone to the reward, clergy and flock. I want prayers, as in 1867, that the orphans may get me money for my journey to Rome.' On the same day he writes to a friend who had forestalled this petition, and sent him the assurance of fervent prayers on his behalf: ' . . .



Always like yourself. You are too kind to me ; I am alive only through the prayers of my friends, and I look to their efficacy and the continuance of your charity to enable me to be strong enough to go to Rome, although I must still keep indoors.'

His condition remained about stationary all through September, and early in October he says to one of his clergy, 'The masses and prayers of my friends have kept me alive, and tempt me to think I shall see the Council.' Things looked gloomier for many days after this, and the Bishop writes to the same friend : 'It is settled I do not travel with the Archbishop, and Dr. Gull seems to doubt whether I am to go at all. My prayer is not to go unless I can help Holy Church and the Apostolic See.' He proceeded diligently, nevertheless, with the preparations for the journey. Nothing was forgotten, either in the affairs for the diocese or of the great number of private individuals who were in the habit of consulting him in all their concerns, and who would be likely to need guidance during his absence. He had long been in the habit of going in person to draw dividends at the Bank of England for one of his communities, sometimes waiting there two hours for his turn to be attended to. Government had recently introduced a measure enabling shareholders to receive their dividends by means of warrants through the Post Office, and the Bishop took the precaution of getting the necessary documents for the nuns before he left, lest they should have any trouble about it. His love for Religious Orders, and the strong sense of responsibility he felt towards those in his own diocese, brought on him an immense amount of personal trouble, which the communities themselves were the first to

deplore, while rejoicing in it as an evidence of his paternal affection. 'Are you like the Clapham nuns,' he writes at this period, 'who told me they were praying for me lest the diocese should say that nuns had killed me?'

His various communities were, needless to say, only too thankful to be allowed to do anything for him, but he took their services as so much gratuitous and unmerited charity. He would ask in the humblest way to have a little sewing or writing done for him at Norwood, or Bermondsey, or St. George's, as the case might be. 'If I were not unequal to writing it would be very wrong to ask you to make me a rough copy of these papers, . . . ' he writes; and when it was done, he says playfully, "'One good turn deserves another" means that I am coming again to trouble you. Please send some stamped envelopes for the priests only, and I will give the money to the messenger. . . .' Another day he begs for '*three or four stout needles, and some strong thread, black and white, as we shall want to sew thick sheets of paper together, and delicate needles and thread would do little good. I will send my little silk bag for you to put them into.*' He is full of thankfulness to one Sister who mends his scapular, and to another who 'had the great kindness' to mend his pockets. To another he says, 'I thank you for your thought in lining the mitres, though I scarcely hope to use them before the Council is over.' But while he was thus busily engaged getting things in order for his departure, a message came from the Vatican absolving him completely from the obligation of attending the Council. As soon as the Holy Father heard what Dr. Gull's opinion was, he exclaimed affectionately, 'Then

*mio piccolo santo*<sup>1</sup> must not come! He must not undertake the journey if the doctors say it would be too much for him.' To which Cardinal Barnabo replied, 'Holy Father, there is no making rules for these saints.' But he sent the dispensation. Dr. Grant, who had not applied for it, and knew nothing of the medical report having been forwarded to Rome, accepted it as an intimation of the will of God that he was not to go, and at once unhesitatingly laid aside all thought of the journey. Dr. Gull had never forbidden him to go, but he gave him plainly enough to understand that he dreaded the fatigue, and that the risk grew greater as the season advanced and the cold weather began to set in. As soon as the dispensation arrived, Dr. Grant gave way to this opinion as to a positive command. This took place in the early part of October. The Bishop's sufferings rather increased than diminished, and the total loss of sleep that he now endured grew almost intolerable. 'Sleep and I quarelled long ago,' he says playfully, 'but I would give a great deal to make it up, for even a few days.' The 'sweet restorer' had indeed cruelly, almost entirely, deserted him for many years. It seemed as if the more he needed it, the farther it fled from him, and now that the intensity of his agonies had drained away his last remaining strength, this supreme solace of nature was absolutely denied him. An hour's consecutive natural sleep had been for at least two years a luxury almost unknown to him. When his sufferings were what he called 'mild,' that is to say when he could sit still, and was not compelled by their violence to clench his hands and rock to and fro, and utter involuntary moans, he employed these long

<sup>1</sup> 'My little saint' was the Holy Father's familiar way of naming Dr. Grant.

watches in writing. His immense correspondence never flagged while he had strength to hold a pen, and many and many a time the dawn stole in through the shutters of his room and found him still at work, his bed undisturbed since the previous night.

On the 27th of October Mr. Arnold's daughter was married. Dr. Grant had expressed a desire to perform the ceremony, and, dying as he was, he travelled forty miles to give his friend this last proof of gratitude and esteem. 'No one who saw that emaciated frame in our church here,' says Mr. Arnold, 'could under-estimate the tribute of love he thus paid to one so unworthy; you had only to look at his face, almost transparent, so worn it was with the agonies of his disease, to guess what this proof of friendship cost him.' It was the last ceremony at which he ever officiated. After this journey, strange to say, he was considerably better; the pains abated in intensity, and there was a consequent, though very slight, rally in strength. With the faint reprieve came the old longing to go to the Council; but he did not speak of it. One day, however, Dr. Gull came to see him, and on leaving the room observed to the Vicar-General, 'Do you know, I am not sure whether after all it would not be better to let him go to Rome. There is one thing certain, if he does not go he will never leave his arm-chair again.' He went back into the room and said to the Bishop, 'I think you had better go; you will have finer air, and you will be amongst old friends, and the remainder of your life will be altogether easier and happier than if you remain here.' Dr. Grant received this announcement with a tranquil joy, which was not at all damped when the physician added, 'But remember, if you go you will never come back alive.'



This interview took place on the 10th of November, and it was at once decided that the Bishop should start on the 14th. The weather was now severely cold, and Dr. Gull had made it a *sine qua non* that he should travel in a coat lined all through with fur. This seemed almost a preposterous prescription for so poor a pilgrim, and his clergy were in great anxiety as to how the luxury could be provided for him; but Dr. Grant took it very quietly. 'If God wills me to go, and that I must go in a fur coat,' he said, 'be sure it will make its appearance, as the money does, all in good time.' He offered his Mass the next morning for the Souls in Purgatory, and recommended the matter to their kindness. In the course of the afternoon a messenger arrived from the Duchess of Norfolk with a present of a complete travelling suit of mufti. The Bishop was nearly overcome by the sight. 'Only see how kind the Holy Souls are to me,' he exclaimed; 'just see how they provide everything for me, even such luxuries as this!' And repeatedly when in Rome he related the incident as a proof of their kindness to him, and their gratitude for the Mass he had said for them.

The remaining days before his departure were spent in writing, and receiving visits. He had been forbidden to see anyone but his immediate clergy for months past, and now everyone was begging to be let in for a last blessing or a last word; for it was felt that in all human probability this journey to Rome was the prelude to the last great journey, and that the Pastor was passing out from amidst his flock, never to return to them. He was himself desirous to see everyone, to write a word to all who needed it or longed for it. 'I wished to write three letters to the children,' he writes to Nor-

wood, 'in reply to their kind and welcome ones, but I find everyone wants a letter or a word before I go away, and therefore I must bless each and all, and accept the promise that their Guardian Angels will meet me at the station in Rome.' The orphans had entreated to be allowed to go, some few of them, to get this blessing in person, the morning he left St. George's. But against this the Bishop protested, with the touching avowal, 'the sight of my children *then* would be too much for me.' He consented, however, that their little vehicle should take him from St. George's to the station, no one being in it but the Sister who had for the last eleven months brought him his 'baby food' every day. In the afternoon of the thirteenth, the day before he left, he saw this Sister passing by his door, and calling her in, he thanked her, with an emotion that he could hardly master, for all her kindness and charity to him, and that of her Sisters and the children, during his long and weary illness. He told her that he had spent the last two days saying *Te Deums* in thanksgiving for the money and other necessities that had poured in on him for his journey to the Council. He was much moved by the Superior's asking permission to have the Blessed Sacrament exposed for three days from the moment of his departure, in order to obtain a blessing on his journey. The Superior of another community came to ask his blessing for herself and her Sisters. On rising from her knees, she said : 'My Lord, have you no special parting advice for us ?' The Bishop was silent for a moment, and then replied with great solemnity : 'Keep the Rule.'

He did not neglect, amongst other precautions, to give final instructions concerning his burial, and expressed very strongly his desire that, in the event of

his dying in Rome, his body should be brought home, and laid in the grave prepared for it at Norwood, beside Monseigneur Vesque.

He spent the night before his departure writing letters. The next morning at six o'clock the Cathedral was lighted up as for a festival. All the clergy, and the Sisters of Notre Dame, went to Holy Communion. It was solemn as a last parting, but without its sadness. The Bishop himself was in radiant spirits; and his cheerfulness was irresistible. He said Mass unassisted, and was perfectly free from pain throughout. He had not been out of the house twenty times in the previous year, and to-day he was as bright and springy as if a new life had been infused into him. The joy that beamed from his countenance almost dispelled the cruel ravages that suffering had left there. After breakfast he went into his room; Canon Danell followed him in a few minutes, and found him pulling on his boots without assistance, and smiling to himself with indescribable satisfaction. 'Do you know,' he cried out, looking up, and suspending the operation, 'do you know, I really think our Blessed Lady is going to do something wonderful for me! I have lost all pain, and do not feel the least ill.'

A last surprise of friendship awaited him before he left. Just as he was about to start, Lord Howard of Glossop's valet presented himself at the door, with orders to accompany the Bishop, and provide everything for his comfort from St. George's to the English College. Every want had been thoughtfully foreseen. A state cabin was engaged for him on board the steamer, and the Rev. Mr. Butt was accompanying him as travelling companion. Thus did the friend of the destitute,

the father of the fatherless, himself as poor as one of his orphans, sally forth on his last pilgrimage, equipped like a prince, waited on with the tenderest care and forethought, and followed at every step by the most delicate and generous friendship.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE RETROSPECT.

As the Bishop of Southwark steps from under the shadow of the church where he has ministered so fervently, and from the midst of the clergy and the people whom he has loved so faithfully, let us pause a moment on the threshold of St. George's, and cast our eyes back over the work achieved during the seventeen years of his episcopacy. We may safely affirm that the Bishop himself ventured on no such retrospect. If his humility could have been forced to do it, he would have quickly turned away his glance, with a poignant sense of disappointment and personal failure, and with the sorrowful conviction that he had proved but an unprofitable steward. He could not have been blind to the fact that a great work had grown up during those seventeen years ; but this would have been attributed sincerely and unreservedly to the providence of God ; while the flaws in the monument—its gaps, and crevices, and shortcomings—would have been laid unsparingly at his own door. Panegyric forms no part of our permitted task. We have striven to give a simple and unbiassed narrative of a life that was singularly common-place from first to last, devoid altogether of the dramatic element, and the gray monotony of whose horizon is relieved only here and

there by a stray touch of the picturesque; it was, in fact, no more than the life of a good and humble priest, labouring amongst his people; a description that may be summed up in Dr. Newman's words portraying another such career: 'A life barren of great events, and rich in small ones, a life of routine duties, of happy obscurity and inward peace, of an orderly dispensing of good to others who came within their influence morning and evening, of a growth and blossoming and bearing fruit in the house of God, and of a blessed death in the presence of their brethren. Such has been the round of days of many a pastor up and down Christendom.'<sup>1</sup>

Thomas Grant's life, as it stands before us, most imperfectly revealed, presents, nevertheless, the picture of just such a perfect unity. It is a harmonious whole from the beginning to the end; no dark recesses, no voids, no over-growths are anywhere to be seen. The child foreshadows the youth, and the youth the man, and the ripe manhood abundantly fulfils the pledges of both. The dawn, the noon, and the sunset follow in gradual and beautiful procession. No time was lost, no strength was wasted in unprofitable warfare at any part of the road; there were no desperate escapes from ignoble bondage, no bursting of chains that gall and sear; he had never bent to any yoke but the ennobling one of obedience and of duty. We have seen the little child opening his wondering eyes upon the load-star of Bethlehem, and when youth came, with its flickering lights and false, beguiling fires, it had no power to charm away his fixed and ardent gaze one moment from his guide; the young heart that had vowed the first blush of its morning's dawn to God

<sup>1</sup> *The Tree beside the Waters*, p. 246.

never faltered in its allegiance, but followed on with steady step, and eyes uplifted, holding fast by the golden thread of the star.

His vocation came to him like his faith, as intuitively, and almost as early. God called to him, and, like Samuel, he rose up and said : ' I come ! ' With this pure heart, to which the great Vision is promised, Thomas Grant entered the priesthood, and henceforth, with no other weapons than prayer and an all-embracing charity, he strove to accomplish a great work for his Lord. The magnitude and variety of that work it would require a far abler and more informed biographer to deal with. Perhaps the history of it will one day be written for us. Meantime facts are stubborn witnesses, and the logic of figures is unanswerable. When the first Bishop of Southwark took possession of his see in 1851, the diocese was furnished as follows :—

Priests . . . . .	67
Churches and Chapels . . . . .	57
Stations . . . . .	4
Religious Houses of Men . . . . .	2
(One in course of erection in Jersey)	
Religious Houses of Women . . . . .	10

When he left, in 1869, it stood thus :—

Priests . . . . .	183
Churches, Chapels, and Stations . . . . .	159
Religious Houses of Men . . . . .	13
Religious Houses of Women . . . . .	25

It had been a silent growth, like all growths in the divine pastures ; but who can measure what a harvest to God's glory and the good of souls the disparity between these figures represents ? It is like a rent in the curtain of God's providence, and lights up the beautiful region of His hidden gold mines to us with a sudden flood of sunshine. Seldom is the consoling theory of the simul-

taneous growth of good and evil so palpably brought before us, and so triumphantly vindicated. We hear so much about the downward march of humanity through sin and misery, that when now and then we catch a glimpse of the inverse march of souls to heaven, our hearts cry out in thankfulness as for the momentary respite from an unbearable burthen. But this last is a noiseless procession. If we would catch its upward tread through the din of the torrent rushing down, we must make a great silence in our lives. Just as we must hush our hearts to hear 'the roar that lies upon the other side of silence.' We must go away from the multitudinous clamour of the busy, wicked world, out of ear-shot of the clang of its brazen joy-bells, and its money-clinking thoroughfares, its police-courts and jails, and the rumble and roar of its huge machinery, and seek the quiet spots where the other current of the life-stream is flowing in an opposite direction. Here we shall find drunkards reclaimed, and working honestly for their pauper children, and making no noise; and Magdalens meekly breaking their alabaster vases on the feet of Jesus, and weeping silent tears, with no Pharisees by to mock; and soldiers assisting at their weekly Mass, and living in the grace of the Sacraments; and little children crowding round a teacher's knee, learning the catechism, and lisping canticles, with voices trained to curse and lie; a week ago they were vagrants in the street, perishing in moral and material dirt. We don't miss the—

Little feet that never danced,  
Little hands ne'er raised in prayer,  
Little hearts o'er-full of care.

Nobody does but the policeman; and the sound of



their laughter and songs does not travel beyond the convent walls.

So the rain-drops fall into the fountain, and 'the fountains mingle with the river, and the rivers with the ocean,' and its waves break noiselessly round the throne of God. Thomas Grant made a fountain of his heart, and as the rain-drops overflowed, he poured them into the great River. His work was, to use a familiar expression, of a very humdrum sort, offering apparently little scope for grand achievements, such, for instance, as fall to the lot of the missionary or the great preacher. It was a life of poverty, and we all know how fatal that word is to the best and holiest of human enterprises, and it was curtained away behind obscurity and self-abasement. He was entirely devoid of worldly advantages, and had thus, from a human point of view, very small chances of doing anything remarkable for his people and his times. What he did achieve was therefore clearly due to no human agencies. It was a work of faith from first to last. His means, like his motives, were eminently and practically supernatural: boundless trust in God, child-like devotion to His Immaculate Mother and the loving Souls in Purgatory, constant and persevering prayer—these were his agents in all undertakings. For the rest, we have seen that it was outwardly a most ordinary looking life; it was made up of quiet and minute discharge of duties, great and small; patient, watchful, unobtrusive zeal; a cheerful spirit, and an unflagging energy of purpose—all fed from a heart filled to overflowing with the love of God and the love of souls, and lit up with the inward glow of a divine enthusiasm that worked itself out in serene, untiring self-sacrifice. Prayer was the talisman that he worked his wonders with. Love was the secret of his

power with souls, and the key to the whole scheme of his philosophy. It was a very simple one. Any child could understand it. Love made all things beautiful to him. Squalid poverty, and the noxious things that grow in its unwholesome shade, poison-weeds of ignorance and vice, all that our fastidious nostrils close up against in disgust, were to this loving soul so many claims on his pity, that eldest born of love. He carried his magic lantern with him into dark places, and its rays lit up the gloom with a sweet, pathetic light that beautified all ugliness. Do we want an image of this? Come and let us watch the sunset crimsoning the dusty hedges, changing the ragged hut that stands like a blot upon the hill-side into shining gold and topaz, clothing the little brown birds with feathers of rainbow splendour, and transfiguring the russet-coated cattle into the likeness of the mystic Beasts that worship before the Throne. A moment ago and it was a vulgar wayside scene; and lo! it is suddenly glorified, and we gaze in awe as at some majestic fragment of the Apocalypse. Another moment and the crimson disc has burst, and broken into a long wave that washes the horizon, and slowly ebbs away behind the west. The vision is gone, the dream is over, and birds and beasts are common things once more. *'Let there be light!'* spoke omnipotent creative Love, and the darkness fled, and the sun rose up on the receding mists, and the world was good for its Lord to look upon. *'Let there be love!'* cries the Christian Soul, and once again, as at the bidding of Omnipotence, the darkness vanishes, the mists dissolve, and light shines upon the sinful and the sorrowful. 'If you would save your brother, love him.' There is no other help for it. There is no other road to Calvary or to Thabor.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. GRANT left London by the 7.40 A.M. train for Paris, and on reaching Calais telegraphed to St. George's : 'Quite well at Calais, blessing friends, and starting for Paris.' This message was immediately printed, and sent round to various parts of the diocese by the Vicar-General. Further details of the crossing announced that he had borne it without the slightest fatigue, and without being the least molested by his inveterate enemy, sea-sickness. 'He ran up the steep cabin stairs before any of us, and as briskly as a schoolboy,' wrote one of his travelling companions. His first act on arriving at Paris was to write, to St. George's and to Norwood. 'I hope the telegram reached you, as I sent it off as soon as we reached Calais. Through the kindness of Lord Howard a separate cabin had been provided on deck, and although the sea was rough, I knew the prayers of so many good people would save me; and I had not even a trace of illness. We reached Paris at 6 P.M., and found M. Dorange with a little carriage waiting, and he took me to the hotel, whilst they were looking for the luggage. I found a fire lighted, and everything ready. When I came to unpack my box, I found the thoughtfulness of Norwood in every package, so that I do not expect to measure it all until I reach Rome. M. Dorange is trying hard to keep us beyond to-morrow, but I do not like to be *en*

*route* on Sunday, and am tempted to hasten onward if possible. Every blessing to all your houses. I hope to say Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires.'

He accomplished this desire, as will be seen by the following letter of Canon Danell's :—

‘November 16, 1869.

‘I have received *four* letters this morning from the Bishop, all confirming the good report sent from Calais. He was able to say Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires, and wrote in the book there a dedication of the whole diocese to the Immaculate Mother of God, in thanksgiving for all her care, and protection, and love. He has had one sorrow, his brother has not been able to continue his journey further than Paris, having been taken seriously ill there. He returned this morning with the account that the Bishop was *wonderfully well*. . . . How grateful we ought to be to God! . . . ’

‘JAMES DANELL.’

His brother's illness was a great shock, as well as a sorrow, to the Bishop. He thus describes it in a letter written on the evening of the occurrence, November 18 : ‘. . . . When Bernard had begun his dinner, he fell down in a fit. It was so violent that one of my friends fainted, and the Rev. Mr. Butt sent for a doctor and for a priest. . . . In the course of the evening he continued to suffer, till 2 A.M., Mr. Butt watching him. This morning he felt that it was his duty to ask me if he could continue the journey, but he had not the courage to leave me. But my friends here who had seen him in the fit, urged that it would be quite impossible for him to continue without the risk of keeping me anxious all the way, and perhaps of compelling me to stop, with danger to myself, at some point of the



journey. After praying much, I ventured to communicate their advice to him, and he accepted it with many tears, but with the feeling that, as I had crossed the sea successfully, the worst and most anxious part of the journey was over, and Mr. Butt would, with the servant, carry out his instructions for the rest of the way.'

The Bishop reached Macon at 4 A.M. on the 17th, and from here he again reports himself to Norwood. 'I must not leave France this morning without offering my sincere thanks for the three days' exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at Norwood, and for all the good and effectual prayers offered up for me by the clergy, and Sisters, and children. The journey has been prosperous all the way, and we trust to the divine mercy to carry us safe over the Alps to Turin. At St. Sulpice, I told M. De Cambis how much good had been done by the priest of Norwood, his former disciple. At every step I find all the provisions made for me at Norwood most useful. I cannot be sufficiently grateful. . . .'

He reached Turin the following night, and Florence the next evening at eight. They were to have halted the night here, and gone on to Rome by an early train, but while they were still in the waiting-room, the Rev. Mr. Butt came up to Dr. Grant, and said: 'It seems there is a train that leaves here at 10.30 to-night; if we were to start by it, we should get to Rome before eleven to-morrow morning.' The suggestion held out the hope of his being able to say Mass next day; so Dr. Grant answered quickly: 'Then let us start!' And so, after travelling from six in the morning to eight in the evening, they were off again, with only a couple of hours' rest, and reached Rome a little after ten the next morning. The Bishop said Mass at the English College at eleven o'clock. In

the afternoon he reports himself to Mr. Cahill at Ryde : 'As the earliest gift for my journey came from Ste. Marie's, it is right that I should at once tell yourself and flock that I arrived here to-day so well that, after travelling twenty-eight hours, I was able to say Mass.' He was in high spirits, perfectly free from pain, and scarcely conscious of any fatigue after his long and almost unbroken ride of twenty-eight hours. He wrote the same day a glowing account of the journey to Canon Danell, assuring him that he felt quite renovated, had not suffered in any way, not even from the cold, to which in ordinary times he was so keenly sensitive, for hot water was everywhere supplied, and that, in fact, he was '*wonderfully well*.' The Vicar-General, on receipt of these good tidings, proceeded prudently to take time by the forelock. 'Now,' he writes, 'we have got to work to get him back ; but our dear Blessed Mother has been so good that we may well hope for further kindness. Let us go on praying.'

Dr. Grant's appearance amongst his old friends was a painful shock to many. At dinner, on the day of his arrival, he was observed looking round the room as if in search of something. At last his eyes rested on his own portrait, that was hanging in a row amongst the pictures of former Rectors of the College. He gazed long at it, with a sort of surprised, half-wistful look, and several times during dinner he turned, as if drawn in spite of himself, to gaze at it. All noticed the act, and the effect of the contrast was so painful that many could not restrain their tears. 'What the corpse is to the living man the Bishop was to his portrait,' said one who was present. But he kept up a constant flow of pleasant talk, and was the only person who seemed to be cheerful without an effort.

The improvement in his health sustained itself after the excitement of the journey had subsided, and he had settled down to his share in the work of the Council. He writes on the 22nd : 'Everyone is in wonder at the improvement that so many good prayers have wrought in me; we must hope now that the progress of the Council will set all right.' The Sisters of the Vierge Fidèle, in Rome, wanted to provide a carriage for his use, but he refused the generous offer. 'I could not accept it,' he writes to Norwood, 'because your good Mother's expenses are so heavy, and I am already troubling them to do some work for me, lest they should grow idle!'

Very soon after his arrival, the Bishop had his private audience of the Holy Father, who received him with the most touching marks of affection, and was full of concern about his health. He at once, unsolicited, exempted him from attending the solemn procession which was to open the Council on the 8th, and desired that a commodious place should be assigned to him in the Vatican Hall. On the second sitting of the Assembly, a foreign Bishop kindly insisted on changing places with him, because his own seat was more comfortable and secure from draughts than Dr. Grant's. All vied with each other in showing kindness and sympathy for the suffering prelate, whose very presence amongst them was an heroic act of obedience to the Church. Dr. Grant regulated his life as nearly as possible on its routine at St. George's. He rose at five, and said his Mass at half-past five. A young student from his own diocese had the privilege of serving it every day. 'On entering the chapel,' says the latter, 'I generally found the Bishop there before me, waiting with my surplice in his hand; he would

throw it over my head, and go behind me to arrange it. He was very particular about the smallest rubrics, the slightest mistake caught his attention, and made you careful it should not occur again.'

A number of new altars had been erected for the bishops and secretaries who had to say Mass at the English College, and Dr. Grant finding that there were not black vestments enough for all of them, went out immediately and bought a set for the altar allotted to him, in order to be able to say a Black Mass for his friends, the Holy Souls, whenever the rubrics permitted it.

One morning, as he was making his thanksgiving in a corner of the chapel, a young priest, who had just arrived, and did not know him, went up to the Bishop, and asked if there was anybody about who would serve his Mass. 'I will serve it,' said Dr. Grant; and he did so, to the no small confusion of the stranger when he discovered the name and rank of his acolyte.

The Bishop's delight at finding himself once more in the home of his boyhood was quite child-like. He would rub his hands, and exclaim merrily: 'How nice it is to be a youngster again!' And frequently in his letters home he expresses his happiness in being again an inmate of 'the dear old Venerabile.'

He had been appointed Latinist to the Council, and Member of the Congregation for the Oriental Rite and the Apostolic Missions. He carried his indefatigable activity with him into his new sphere, and despatched an amount of work that was astounding to those who witnessed it. At an early stage of the proceedings the Vatican newspaper said that 'the Bishop of Southwark got through as much work as the most robust member of the Council,' and added, that great hopes were entertained of his



complete recovery. The opinion, indeed, was well warranted by those who beheld Dr. Grant, late and early, at his arduous councillary labours, and still equal to them, and entirely free from pain. Nor is it to be wondered at that these hopes that left Rome in the bud, should have blossomed out into full confidence by the time they reached England. When the news of the cure, as it was called, came to Sir William Gull's ears, he shook his head incredulously. 'It is only a respite,' he said; 'the Bishop will never be cured; he knew perfectly when he went to Rome that he was going to die.' Undoubtedly he did, but he knew, too, that God can work miracles when it so pleases His Divine Power; and as he attributed his partial recovery entirely to the effect of prayer, it is not surprising that he should have looked for still greater results from the same cause, and shared the bright hopes of those around him. For a moment he speaks almost confidently of his recovery. On the 15th of December he tells his Vicar-General that he means to get Canon Butt to write and certify that he is not exaggerating his improvement; and all through the month he reports himself as 'mercifully freed from all pain, and fully equal to the work.' The Holy Father was among the foremost to rejoice at the restoration of his '*piccolo santo*,' as he fondly called him, and to hope for an ultimate and radical cure. But when some one adduced as an argument in support of this hope the pertinacity with which the invalid adhered to his work, the Pope said, laughingly: 'O! as to that, he will work while he has life in him; he is one of the headstrong saints.'

At the December ordinations Dr. Grant spoke to the newly ordained priests and deacons on that favourite theme of his heart, his dear Immaculate Mother.

‘I shall never forget how he spoke of our Lady,’ says one of them, ‘he called her “the desire of those everlasting hills, the Prophets;” they saw her first, and then they descried the Light, with whose borrowed rays she shone.’

On Christmas-eve he said Midnight Mass, and was in no way fatigued by the late vigil and the long fast. He was vested some minutes before the hour, and with characteristic precision stood waiting at the foot of the altar until the clock sounded the first stroke of midnight. His state remained the same through January. On the 30th of the month he tells Canon Danell that he is ‘able to work, and to walk three or four miles a day when it is fine.’ He is, nevertheless, still restricted to his baby diet, and affectionately bewails to Norwood the loss of ‘the nice fresh eggs and pure milk’ he had been nourished with at home.

The Bishop was to speak in Council on the 14th of February, but long before this date he began to prepare his discourse, accompanying the preparation, as usual, with fervent prayer and entreaties for the prayers of others, especially for those of his own flock. ‘Above all things,’ he writes to them from Rome, ‘let us remember that when the Council has spoken, and when its decrees have been confirmed by the Vicar of Christ, the hour will have come in which entreaties, prayers, and petitions will be blessed in one united act of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Author and Finisher of our faith. When His voice is heard, the winds of uncertainty will be silent, and the waves of doubt will be stilled. The definitions of the Council will unfold to us the doctrines always preserved in the Scriptures, and in the Tradition of the Church. There will be a great calm, in which He may reproach us, because in

the littleness of our hearts we had feared that the storm would prevail, and the Rock on which He built His Church would be shaken.'

But this supreme preoccupation left still ample space in his mind for other claims. He thought a great deal of the proposed new church at Norwood, and wrote numerous letters to friends in every direction, begging their co-operation in the work, while he was ceaseless in his exhortations to the community and the orphans to forward the undertaking by persevering prayer. He recurred frequently to the subject in his business letters, and spoke of it to those about him as a thing in which his thoughts were deeply engaged. When he heard that the Superior had courageously decided to commence the building at a given date, he wrote at once, joyfully congratulating her on the resolution: 'I humbly pray that it may please our dear and Immaculate Mother, the ever Faithful Virgin, to bless the efforts made to extend the buildings at Norwood, which are necessary to provide for the children sent or offered by the work-houses, and to shelter the very large congregation gathered near the orphanage. May all the benefactors of our poor children be rewarded in this life and the next.' This was written on the 6th of February. On the 14th, the day appointed for his own discourse, while the Bishop was listening with rapt attention to that of one of his brother prelates in the Vatican Hall, he was suddenly seized with such uncontrollable pains that he fell forward, and had to be taken at once to the English College. The doctor was sent for, and pronounced it to be a violent attack of ague, brought on solely, as far as he could see, by over-work and the strain of his mind on the business of the Council. He had a great deal of fever, and the pain continued un-

abated all through the night ; but the next morning he was better, and, although much shaken and exhausted, he rose and said Mass. He wrote at once to Canon Danell. The news of the relapse was all the more terrible from the previous long spell of confidence. ‘Oh, that we could suffer for him, and let him be spared to rule his flock, as he has done, with so much prudence and zeal and holiness ! Pray for him ! get the children to pray !’ Such was the cry that went forth from St. George’s to Norwood, an hour after the receipt of the Bishop’s letter. Prayers and novenas were commenced in every direction, with increased fervour, if possible. It seemed harder than ever to give him up now, after his having been, as it were, restored to them from the jaws of death. The doctor hesitated for some days to say whether any immediate danger was to be apprehended. Dr. Grant gave no opinion one way or the other, but resigned himself, with the old passive gentleness, into the hands of God and those about him. He saw vague hopes and terrors clashing on anxious faces, and said nothing. But when the Bishop of Beverley gently hinted at administering Extreme Unction, he said quickly, as if the suggestion were an answer to what was uppermost in his thoughts : ‘Thank God ! I have prayed that I might not miss receiving the Holy Sacraments.’ And then, seeming quite to forget that anyone was present, he broke out into a most beautiful prayer, full of sorrow, love, resignation, and every virtue befitting his state. ‘This lasted for a while,’ wrote the Bishop of Beverley, ‘and then he turned suddenly to me, and said : ‘There, when I can speak no longer, I mean that !’ After receiving Extreme Unction he rallied, and remained very calm. Presently he remarked : ‘I don’t think I shall die just yet. I



think God wishes me to work a little longer for the Council. But, if I die, I must be taken to Norwood.' Not long before this unforeseen attack, he had alluded, with the old quaint sort of satisfaction, to the comfort it was to feel that his grave was ready for him at Norwood, and that he had 'only to die and go there;' and now that the journey seemed so imminent, he referred to it with a serene cheerfulness that had a pathos in it, not untouched with humour. Concern about their last resting-place is one of the weaknesses that clings longest to many holy persons; complete indifference to it is, perhaps, the last flower that blossoms in the soul on this side of the grave. We read in the life of St. Monica how, up to a year within her death, she attached much importance to the place and manner of her burial, and before leaving Africa to track her truant Augustin over the seas, she gave many minute injunctions concerning her body, in the event of her parting company with it at a distance from the tomb where Patricius, her husband, lay waiting for her. But when the summons really came, all care and thought of the poor clay tabernacle fell from her like a garment, and she even smiled at the recollection of her recent anxiety. In Italy or in Africa, what did it matter where the dust was laid? We see something of this same feeling stealing over the Bishop of Southwark as the end approaches. Not long after this sudden seizure, when he repeated his desire, so often expressed, of being taken to Norwood, he writes to Canon Danell: 'If God calls me, I must leave definite instructions beforehand. The shortest course would be to be buried here. On the other hand, the tomb has been ready for many years at Norwood, and you have always expressed unwillingness to let me be buried

anywhere else. I have not been able to ascertain the fee and expense. Now say, shall I remain here or not?' Well, indeed, might his Vicar-General exclaim on reading these lines: 'Just listen to the coolness of this!'

The rally sustained itself, and two days after he had received the last rites of the Church, that is on the 26th of February, the Mother-General of the Society of the Vierge Fidèle says, 'Thanks be to God! To-day's news is more consoling. Our dear Bishop was better last night . . . and this morning the doctor finds him better than he has been for the last ten days. I think he is now out of immediate danger.' The Superior spoke that same day to the Rector of the English College, about a gentleman who was said to perform wonderful cures by homœopathy, especially in cases of cancer. The Rector knew Count Mattei by name, and said he was quite willing to propose his being allowed to try his system on the invalid, as the experiment could do no harm if it did no good, all the other doctors being agreed that the case was quite hopeless. He promised, as soon as the present crisis was past, to consult Dr. Grant himself. 'I cannot, of course, answer for the result,' added the Rector, who was aware of the Bishop's aversion to changing his medical attendants; 'he is a saint, but, as the Holy Father says, "one of the obstinate saints."' The Holy Father, on hearing from Monsignor Stonor that the Bishop was so ill as to be administered, at once sent a special benediction to him. 'God's will be done,' said His Holiness, 'but if he is taken from us it will be a great loss for England and for the Church.' Many said: 'What a friend the Souls in Purgatory will lose!' Others bewailed the irreparable loss which his death

would be to the poor and to orphans. 'It is some consolation,' writes one of his friends, 'to see how universally our dear Bishop is revered and loved here. There is a procession of people all day long, calling at the English College to inquire for him.' In the Council-hall the English Bishops were beset with inquiries by their foreign brethren. 'Perhaps there were few Bishops there,' says Dr. Ullathorne, 'who were so generally known by the Bishops of many nations ; of whom as to sanctity, learning and ecclesiastical sense there was a higher opinion. Inquiries were so constant for him at the English College, and his door was so liable to be besieged by visitors longing once more to see him, that regulations had to be made to keep even the Bishops away from his room.' No regulations, however, could compel him to be idle when the power to resume his work returned, even for an hour. He was confined to bed for the greater part of the day, but he managed, nevertheless, to keep up his correspondence and his councilary labours without much intermission. He used a pencil, being too weak for the exertion of lifting his pen in and out of the ink-stand. One day, after he had written three long letters to St. George's and two communities, the Rev. Mr. Goldie, who was watching beside him, seeing that the effort was causing him great pain, entreated him to give it up, or at least to allow some one to act as secretary for him ; but the Bishop said, 'Oh, no ! they would be frightened if they did not see my own writing ; they would think I was much worse.' He had yielded to the wishes of his friends concerning the homœopathic doctor, and was now being treated according to the new system. Owing to the change of remedies, or, as he opined himself, thanks to the un-

ceasing prayers that were offered up for him, he experienced considerable relief; and on the 8th of March he writes to St. George's: 'To-day I enjoyed my first drive since my attack on the 14th of February. See how kind St. Joseph has been!' On the previous day he had the joy of a visit from the Holy Father. 'His Holiness visited my sick-room,' writes the Bishop, 'and sat, making me sit near him, for a quarter of an hour, and conversed with paternal kindness about my illness. As he left he said, "All is in the will of God, but I trust you are going to get better."' Most of the students were absent, but several Bishops who happened to be on the spot accompanied the Pope in his visit to the new church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Dr. Grant, assisted by two friendly arms, swelled the little cortége. The presence of the Holy Father seemed to have infused new life into him. He was quite elated for the remainder of the day, and as buoyantly happy as a child. Speaking to the Southwark student in the evening, he said, 'Oh, how good the Holy Father is! Won't you love him, John? I shall never be able to repay all his goodness. I shall soon be gone; but when I am you will love him, and be loyal to him for it, won't you?' He was seldom demonstrative, 'but this evening,' says the above-named witness, 'he seemed overflowing with enthusiasm, and could not find words to express himself.' His young friend came in one evening, and told him he and some of the other students had met the Pope on their way home. 'And did you give him a good cheer?' cried the Bishop eagerly; and on being assured that they had, he said, with great satisfaction, 'That's right!'

We may mention here as a touching, and, to say the least, a striking coincidence, that, in the first days



of March, a little orphan, named Ida Monaghan, died at Norwood, after spontaneously and of her own accord offering up her young life to God, in exchange for that of the Bishop of Southwark. She told the Superior what she had done, and said, 'My death will be no loss to anyone ; I am good for nothing ; but his Lordship is of great use to the Church and to a great many people.' She was ill at the time, and her death took place a few days after this heroic act of filial gratitude and love.

In the more serious passages of his illness Dr. Grant was induced to place himself under obedience to the Bishop of Beverley, who, considering his extreme weakness, and the effort it cost him to say Mass, forbade him to do so without permission. For some days Dr. Grant did not, therefore, make his appearance as usual at half-past five in the chapel, and his acolyte, who knew nothing of the prohibition, waited regularly for him, morning after morning, wondering why he never came. But one morning that he was feeling better, and was on his way to hear Dr. Northcote's Mass, Dr. Grant saw the young student busy at his own altar, where everything was prepared for the Holy Sacrifice. The temptation was too strong for him. He looked stealthily all round, and seeing there was nobody present, hurriedly vested, so as to begin Mass before the disobedience could be detected. It was, indeed, very seldom that the great sacrifice was imposed upon him of foregoing the joy of celebrating. Even when he was virtually confined to his bed, and only able to leave it for the sake of changing the air of the room, he gathered strength enough to stand for one short hour out of the twenty-four, and to say his Mass. He was like a shadow moving on the altar steps, bending his tottering knees in adoration, and lifting up his feeble

hands, that seemed hardly able to hold up the light burthen of their God in His Eucharistic Presence. It was a sight not easily to be forgotten. To many it was a living image of that faithful haunter of the Temple, the aged Simeon, clasping his Redeemer before he lay down to die, singing his *Nunc Dimittis*.

One morning, while he was celebrating, a student came into the chapel to fetch something ; it was just at the moment of the Elevation, but the bell was silent, and as the intruder was short-sighted he did not see this, so simply making his genuflection, he got what he wanted, and hurried back into the sacristy. As soon as Dr. Grant had finished his Mass he came in, and, with his face glowing, 'as a flame,' says the narrator, exclaimed, 'What sort of faith is this? Why, a child that knew its penny catechism wouldn't behave so!' He was trembling with excitement, and quite carried away by anger. The culprit was unluckily not present to explain the cause of his seeming irreverence, and the other spectators were so startled by the scene that they stood looking at each other without saying a word, until the Bishop had walked to the end of the corridor, and they heard his door close with a bang ; then they said, 'He is in a passion!' And so indeed he was. Nothing was better calculated to provoke that phenomenon in his gentle soul, than a want of reverence towards our Lord and the Blessed Sacrament.

As he wandered about the cloisters and passages of the Venerable, looking more like a ghost than a living man, the students used to watch him with a kind of awe. They said amongst themselves that it frightened them to see him. 'How hard it is to be a saint!' they often exclaimed.

The months dragged slowly by. March and April

came and went, and still the spark held out, like the last flickerings of a dying lamp. The Bishop's sufferings were constant, but less violent on the whole than before he left England. He continued to attend assiduously both to his councillor work and to the affairs of the diocese, which he conducted as fully and efficaciously from his dying-room as from St. George's. His mind was much exercised, amongst other preoccupations, concerning the board of some poor children whom he had taken under the wide wing of his charity; in the first days of May he wrote letters to various quarters in order to secure its payment. He was as vivacious and amusing as in his best days; cheerful and entertaining in his conversation, and always ready to converse with those who showed a wish for it. Every precaution was taken to secure him from being pursued by visitors, but as long as he was able to listen and to answer, if only by a few words, he would deny no one to whom his presence could be of the slightest comfort or benefit. He had long since withdrawn from all concern about external things, such as politics and public events; but in spite of himself he was kept *au courant* of all that occurred. 'Even in his sick-chamber,' says the Bishop of Birmingham, 'the knowledge of all that was passing reached him, because all were inclined to give him their confidence. He heard all, you could not say how; and though he spoke of what he knew but to his intimates and on occasions, one was surprised how much he knew about everything that was passing of any moment, and the more surprised because he showed no curiosity to know.' He continued to come every day to the Bishops' table at dinner hour; although unable to touch anything but an egg himself, he was attentive

to the little wants of everyone around him, and enlivened the common board by his genial talk, pointed with anecdote and recollections from his copious reading. The unconquerable gaiety that had borne him triumphantly through so many battles, and been such a source of delight and courage to his little world, stood by him intrepid to the last, its brightness only subdued to a more tender light as the sunset hour drew near. His memory was acute, his mind vivid, his spirits equable as ever. One day, while they were at dinner, he overheard a brother Bishop express anxiety about a Supplica, that he had to get ready for Propaganda. Dr. Grant asked him to explain the subject of it, which the other did. The conversation passed on to something else, and presently Dr. Grant left the room unobserved, and after a short absence came back with a paper in his hand, which he slipped beside the Bishop's plate, observing, 'See if this will do,' and went back to his egg that he had left unfinished. It was the Supplica in question, clearly and fully written out in Latin. One day some allusion was made during dinner to the dissenting opinions of certain persons with regard to the question of the Papal Infallibility; Dr. Grant flashed out with unwonted vehemence, and denounced the opposition as having its origin in the Prussian Court. 'A woman in the Prussian Court is at the bottom of it,'<sup>1</sup> he said. 'I never saw him so strongly moved as on this occasion,' says one who was present.

He had been so long disciplined to control the outward expression of pain that, up to this time, strangers could only guess whether the agony he suf-

<sup>1</sup> For obvious reasons we suppress the name of this person, but to those of our readers who are acquainted with the springs of certain diplomatic circles it will readily suggest itself.



ferred was devouring his vital strength or not. But, since his recent attack in February, this last remaining barrier of his strength had broken down; he would stop in the midst of a sentence, and his body, as if struck by a blow from some invisible hand, would be doubled down and shaken violently, while cries of ‘ Oh, my God ! . . . Oh, my God ! . . . ’ escaped him ; but as soon as the spasm was past, he would go on with the conversation as if nothing had occurred. The physical power of resistance was conquered, but the adamantine will was strong as ever. The body was but the parchment on which the soul was writing the last strophes of its divine poem. It was wonderful to see how the sufferer held command over the old springs of happiness ; how, while still quivering with pain, he would find *le mot pour rire*, and compel those about him to smile in spite of the pity that was wringing their hearts. This indomitable gaiety was to many a more extraordinary proof of his mental energy than the endurance of pain itself. His thoughts were all for others, and his great anxiety was to hide his sufferings, so as to spare them. When friends inquired about his state he would just say enough to show his sense of their kindness, making light of his infirmities, and dwelling much on the alleviations. His simplicity was as child-like as ever. ‘ He made no scenes,’ says the Bishop of Birmingham, ‘ he took no attitudes, he drew no attention to himself, his conversation went on in the same agreeable flow.’ This perfect simplicity in the act of dying is rarer, it seems, than at first sight we should suppose. Father Faber says something about the difficulty of being quite simple on one’s death-bed. There is a certain tinge of sentimentalism, too unconscious to be called affectation, from which very true and even very holy

persons are not necessarily exempt at this supreme and humbling crisis. Dr. Grant was entirely free from it. He was so simple, so natural, so completely his old self, that persons who were admitted to see him for a moment, sometimes fancied he must be under a delusion about his state, that he did not realize his position of a man waiting for the immediate coming of death. It was they who were under the delusion; he realized most vividly the fact that the shadow of death was upon him. It was because he had realized it so long that it did not take him by surprise, or throw him into any solemn pathetic attitudes. 'He has been *dying* these two years,' said Bishop Ullathorne, 'yet never has languor, pain, or exhaustion, sleeplessness, or incapacity for food, interfered with his spirit of labour, his forgetfulness of self, and his thoughtfulness for others. Death has repeatedly been close to him, and he saw its nearness, yet it neither changed the tone of his mind, nor the unwavering and gentle humour of his character.'

The devotions of the month of Mary were held in the garden, where the students gathered round the illuminated statue of the Madonna, and sung their dear old English hymns to her. In the beginning of the month Dr. Grant used to assist at them from his room, which looked out on the garden; and the students used to remark that on those evenings 'his face wore a beautiful, happy expression.' But one evening they missed him from his accustomed place at the window; he had gone another step downwards; he could not now sit up long enough to join them; but he said he could see the lights from his bed and hear the singing, and this was comfort. He delighted in English hymns, especially in Father Faber's, and

was fond of telling, as of a great privilege, how he had been the first who had ever heard that beautiful one on the Expectation. 'Do you know that one?' he said to the Southwark student, on one of these twilight evenings of Mary's month; 'I was the first who ever heard it. Father Faber read it to me himself one morning that I went to see him. He said: "Oh, how glad I am you have come! I have just this moment finished a hymn, and you must tell me what you think of it." So you see I was the first person he read it to.'

One morning, towards the latter part of the month, his acolyte was waiting for him to come to say Mass, but the hour passed and the Bishop did not appear. Guessing there was something amiss, the latter went off to his room, where he found him in bed, and hardly able to speak. 'I have had a bad night,' he said, 'I am afraid I shan't be able to say Mass to-day; but do you go and make a good communion;' and remembering that the students were going out for the day, he added, smiling, 'and mind you enjoy your expedition.'

It is customary in Rome, when the Blessed Sacrament is carried to the dying, for the people to put lights in their windows as it passes, while many accompany the priest to the sick house carrying lamps in their hands. One evening the Viaticum was being taken to the infirmary. As the little procession had to pass the Bishop's door, and as he was confined to bed and very ill just then, they went as softly as possible, so as not to bring him out. But he had heard the tinkle of the bell from a distance, and as the priest came up, his door opened, and there he was, kneeling on the threshold with his lamp in his hand.

He was mindful of performing little courtesies for

people, and as ready to oblige as ever. The family of his lamented friend Captain Bowden happened to be in Rome at this time, and Dr. Grant busied himself much in procuring admission to privileged places for them, and otherwise showing his sense of former kindnesses to himself and his orphans. This inveterate habit of thinking for others manifested itself in many ways to those about him. There were two students in the infirmary, which was close to the Bishop's room, and both were very far from the kitchen; he begged the Rector to leave them a handbell, so that if they wanted anything they could ring for him. 'I should run in,' he said, 'the moment they ring.' He was at the time far more seriously ill than the inmates of the infirmary.

He continued himself to the end a most easily managed invalid, taking whatever was given to him just like an infant, without a sign either of repugnance or satisfaction. Yet he had very strong dislikes now and then. Some washy Italian *broda* had been prescribed for him; he took it like everything else without comment, but one day he felt a greater disgust than usual, and after tasting the broth put it away with a look of insuperable nausea, then, quickly taking it up again, he said to his companion, 'I ought to be very thankful to our dear Lord, for always making me content with whatever is put before me.' Thus, with true humility, referring back to God both the grace and his own correspondence with it. In answer to an inquiry how far, as a rule, the sick should yield to medical advice in accepting dispensations, &c., he replied, emphatically, 'Obey your superiors; they will always be your best guide.'

Though he had long since reached that stage where



suffering may be said to have been his work, and prayer his recreation, the Bishop contrived, when equal to nothing else, to utilise his power of speech by instructive or edifying conversation. The Southwark student tells us how, when watching alone by his pastor's dying bed, the latter would insist on speaking to him about his spiritual advancement, dwelling with earnestness on the glorious vocation of the priesthood, and explaining, from his own experience, what was likely to be a help and what a hindrance in the ministry of souls. 'What a blessing to have good priests,' he once exclaimed; 'the people, with all their respect and faith in the clergy, distinguish between the character and the person. And how a good priest pleases them! Oh, be painstaking, forget yourself, be kind to the sick, attentive to your schools, and *always* be ready to hear confessions, no matter how busy you may be. Of course there are exceptions to this rule; for instance, if Mass-time is marked down at half-past eight, don't begin confessions at a quarter-past, lest some one should come for a general confession.' He spoke often of the souls in Purgatory, urging his young companion 'to make friends of them, and to be always kind to them.' Their gratitude to the living who helped them with prayers and Masses, was a theme of which he never tired. He spoke very earnestly on the subject of fidelity and fervour in the recital of the breviary. 'It is a special duty,' he observed, 'and to be performed as such. Never recite it with a feeling of hurry; if you hurry over it you will find no pleasure in it. Be sure to say, at least, Matins over night, or you will find a cloud over you next morning, and your duties will seem to interfere with one another. I know many good priests who told me that God always gave them

time for their office, no matter how great the pressure of cares or business was.' The Bishop did not probably include himself amongst these 'good priests,' but he once owned to a friend that in the whole course of his life he had never missed saying his office. Thanks to his extraordinary memory, he was able to recite it by heart; he said it with such rapidity that few priests could keep pace with him; he would ask any one who happened to be in his company at the time to say it with him, but they were generally obliged to give it up after an ineffectual attempt to follow him. Yet this rapid utterance never ran into precipitation; there was no mumbling, every word was distinctly articulated, as clear as the pattering of rain-drops on summer leaves. Some thought this volubility was a precaution against distractions, but most people saw in it a part of the same gift which enabled him to get through work thoroughly and well in half the time that it cost others. During his last illness he was never once hindered by pain or exhaustion from saying his breviary. The rosary he said many times a day; when lying down, and seemingly asleep, his lips might be seen moving, while he slowly fingered his well-worn little beads.

On the 27th of May the Bishop wrote to Mr. Arnold entreating him to assist the nuns to find money for the new church at Norwood. He also wrote a Pastoral for the Feast of the Sacred Heart, which fell this year on the 28th of June. He made it the medium of an earnest appeal on behalf of that cause that lay, in death as in life, so near his heart—the poor children of the workhouse schools. 'Do not forget,' he pleads with his dying voice, 'whenever you say to our Heavenly Father "*Thy kingdom come*," to direct this

petition for those little ones, lest they lose their faith by neglect, and be deprived of their inheritance in that happy kingdom.' These words reached his flock when he who penned them had gone to reap the reward of his labours. The Pastoral was, however, printed and read in the diocese with the usual heading and signature, so that being dead he yet spoke to his people.

On the 28th, one of his old orphans, who was servant in an English family in Rome, wrote to ask if he would see her. He had been forbidden to see any one for several days, owing to his great weakness, that made the effort of speaking almost impossible. But how could he refuse one of his own children? When the girl came to the English College they told her his lordship was not long up, and had just fallen asleep. She waited about an hour, and then a door opened and Dr. Grant came slowly in. She did not recognise him, and as he approached, instead of kneeling down, she drew back with a frightened expression. The Bishop noticed it and smiled. Then she knew him, and burst into tears. 'What's the matter? What's the matter?' he cried gently; and when he had blessed her he made her sit down on the sofa, while he drew his chair close to her, and began to converse in his old paternal way, enquiring all about her situation and her family, concerning some members of which she was much troubled. 'Pray, pray with perseverance,' he said, 'they will be converted'—a prophecy which was realised very unexpectedly not long after. He showed her a photograph of himself<sup>1</sup> which, at the entreaty of some friends, he

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Grant hated sitting for his portrait; he always did it under protest, and simply not to disoblige others. This would, perhaps, account for the sort of pouting expression of the mouth visible in all photographs of him, none of which convey any idea of the habitual sweetness of that feature.

had allowed to be taken four days previously, and, laughing, observed, 'Am I not like a ghost?' On the girl's complaining that they wrote to her so seldom from home, meaning Norwood, the Bishop took the part of the nuns very warmly, reminding her how occupied they were, and how little leisure they had for writing letters. 'You must not be cross with your good mothers,' he said; 'they have a great deal to do, and now they have begun their new church'—adding with a deep-drawn sigh, 'Oh, where are they to get the funds for it!' This visit was the last Dr. Grant ever received. It is significant that it should have been from one of those orphan children who had filled so large a place in his heart and in his labours.

The next three days he continued about the same. On the 30th he wrote a short letter to Dom Gueranger, the learned Abbot of Solesme, to point out to him an error of date in the work of the Père Gratry which he was refuting. He expressed a great longing to give Benediction in the college chapel that afternoon, and to the amazement of everybody he did give it.

The next morning, the last of the sweet month of May, he said Mass as usual at half-past five. The Rector thought he noticed a change in him as he left the chapel, but on following him to his room to say office, Dr. Grant said he only felt exhausted from the effort of saying Mass, being able to take so little nourishment; he assured him, moreover, that he had had a fair enough night, and was not in much pain. He resumed his councillary work, and, by a coincidence which is in beautiful harmony with his whole life, he finished it that hour to the last line; his ink bottle was empty, and the lead pencil of the little pencil-case which had of late replaced its use was cut down to the



very end, so that it would not have borne another paring. After this he joined his brother Bishops at table, and though he touched no food, he seemed, they thought, rather better than for some days previously. It happened that on this 31st of May Dr. Grant's sister, who was in England and without news of him for several days, remarked to a friend, 'If Thomas is not already gone he will die to-day. I have felt from the beginning of the month that the Blessed Virgin would take him away before it was over. You know how he always loved her.'

At a quarter-past three in the afternoon the Rector, passing the Bishop's room, heard him call out. He ran in, and saw that he had just vomited a quantity of blood. The doctor was sent for, and came almost immediately, accompanied by Count Mattei. They said the crisis was most serious, but that no imminent catastrophe was to be feared. The Bishop evidently did not think so, for on hearing this opinion of the medical men he turned to the Bishop of Beverley and said, 'What about Extreme Unction?'—a question he had not asked in February, although the case was then supposed to be more dangerous. 'I believe,' says Dr. Cornthwaite, narrating the circumstances in a letter at the time, 'I believe that his humility and love of obedience made him so act, and await another's will; and if, on this occasion, he in a sense took the initiative, it was probably that he had a clearer knowledge of his danger than he perceived we possessed. Yet when I told him that we would look to it, he acquiesced without a word, and left us to act as we thought best.' He rallied after a while, and the first violence of the attack subsided; this gave a faint sanction to the hopes held out by the doctor that the end might even yet be post-

poned a little. For the rest of the day he remained wonderfully calm, and even cheerful; his whole soul seemed absorbed and concentrated in the thought of God. He spoke little, but he was often heard breathing forth prayers, in which the names of Jesus and Mary came like whispers from him as in a sweet dream. At eight o'clock the bell rang for Benediction, which was to close the devotions of the month of May. He felt so much easier that he begged the Rector to go and assist at it, instead of watching by him, urging that he wanted nothing, and did not the least mind being left alone for a little. The Rector consented, but returning before long he found the Bishop lying at full length on the ground, his eye severely cut by the fall, and his mouth full of blood. There was no disguising the reality now. The cancer had burst the veins and intestines of the stomach. The end was come. The Bishop of Beverley heard the dying man's confession, and the Rector anointed him. He then asked for the blessing *in articulo mortis*, saying, 'Now the hand of death is upon me.' It was not possible to give him the Viaticum, owing to the vomiting of blood, which threatened to return at any moment. From the time he received the last rites of the Church, he was rapt in God, praying constantly for his beloved diocese, for the Holy Father, the Council, and the welfare of the Church. He gathered up his remaining strength for a last solemn profession of faith, and after praying aloud to God to forgive him all his failings towards the diocese, he blessed his flock again and again. After this he lapsed into a peaceful, slumbrous state, broken at short intervals by his old familiar aspirations: '*Credo, amo, spero!*' 'Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my soul!' What struck every one around him

was the serenity that breathed in his voice and countenance, and every word he uttered. The Bishop of Beverley had scarcely left him since the first moment of the attack in the afternoon, and now he knelt beside his bed watching for the end. At ten that night Dr. Grant asked to see the young student who had been so devoted to him for the past six months. Let him relate the interview himself. 'As I came near the room I heard him saying the rosary with the Rector, like a little child faithful to his Blessed Mother to the last. I crept on tiptoe to the door, and remained outside, following with my beads till they had finished. Then the Rector called me in, and told the Bishop I had come for his blessing. I seized his hand; it was icy cold. "God bless you," he said; "thank you for serving my Mass. Be a good student, obedient to superiors. Remember me to your father." He then raised his hand, and made a large cross over me, and said, "God bless you." I left the room with a heavy heart.'

After this the Rector and the Bishop of Beverley continued alone with the dying servant of God. The night wore on, and the silent watch was broken only by the words '*Credo, amo, spero,*' or similar aspirations that came faintly from the stiffening lips. His consciousness was still clear, and his articulation distinct even when scarcely audible above a sigh. At half-past one A.M. the two assistants began the recommendation for the dying. When they came to that glorious mandate of the Church, *Proficiscere, anima Christiana*—go forth, Christian soul—the head drooped a little; there was a long sigh, and all was over. So sweetly and softly had it come, that it was only when the crucifix was held to his lips and they did not move to kiss it that the watchers knew for certain the spirit had fled. The

long strife was ended. The poor worn-out body was at rest now ; the soul whose every pulse quickened at the mention of God, or of work to be done for His glory, was at rest in its Centre. The Bishop of Beverley closed the eyes of his friend—those eyes that had been so faithfully guarded in life, and on which the brightness of the Vision of God was now shining—and then he went straight to the altar, and commenced the Holy Sacrifice, the Southwark student serving it. ‘Two Masses followed mine,’ says Dr. Cornthwaite, ‘a visible mercy arranged for him by our Divine Lord, and a reward, doubtless, for his love of the Holy Mass, and his devotion and charity for the Holy Souls. I have taken steps to have two hundred Masses said by the Jesuits, Capuchins, and Irish and Italian Franciscans.’ Numberless Masses were likewise said for him by the assembled bishops and priests in Rome, while friends secured others being offered in the churches to which the holy Bishop had had special devotion. Early in the morning the students recited the office for the dead, which was interrupted by sobs that broke out unchecked on every side. Many were loud in proclaiming him a saint, now that his humility was no longer there to restrain such language. An old Cistercian brother, formerly a servant of Dr. Briggs, and who had known his adopted son as a child, wept bitterly, and declared that the Bishop of Southwark was as innocent when he left the world as when he entered it. On hearing of his death, the Holy Father exclaimed with, emotion, ‘*Un altro santo in paradiso !*’ (another saint in heaven). The news was received in the Council Chamber with a universal lament.

Early on Friday the Rector performed the last office of charity for the deceased by vesting him with



his own hands in full pontificals and laying him in his coffin. As the English bishops stood round it, gazing upon the face that wore the innocent smile of a sleeping child, one of them remarked, 'His place is now vacant amongst us, and there is no man in England who can fill it.' 'A great example and a great light have gone from us when we most needed them,' wrote the Bishop of Birmingham from under the roof where the light lay quenched; and then adds submissively, 'But God knows best.'

The coffin was carried to the chapel in procession by the students, the Sovereign Pontiff paying his '*piccolo santo*,' the tribute of having it escorted by his own guard, an honour usually reserved for cardinals alone. When the coffin was placed upon the bier, the divine office was again recited. The Requiem was conducted with touching solemnity, and at eight o'clock the Archbishop of Westminster sang the Mass for the dead. The church was crowded to overflowing; fifty archbishops and bishops of every country were present, as well as rectors of colleges, superiors of religious communities, and a great concourse of the secular clergy. Scarcely an English family of any distinction in Rome was unrepresented at the ceremony.

It was pre-arranged from the first that the body should be taken to Norwood without regard to any of those considerations of expense or trouble which had raised the delicate scruples of the Bishop himself. The intelligence of their loss reached St. George's by telegram early on the morning of the 1st of June, which happened to be the second day of the usual monthly chapter, so that the canons had the sorrowful consolation of being the first to sing the solemn Requiem for their beloved Bishop.

The body left Civita Vecchia on the 16th of June, and arrived at St. George's on the 23rd.

The desire of his bereaved flock would have been to carry their pastor to his grave with all the pomp befitting his episcopal rank, and, however inadequately, expressing their reverence for his memory. But these wishes gave way before Dr. Grant's own emphatic prohibition. Foreseeing what would most likely be their design, he left definite instructions on the subject with his executors, to be made known to the clergy in the event of his death. They ran as follows :—

‘ In England I wish to be buried, at Norwood, with no discourse either there or at St. George's, not later than the third morning after my death, with a guild coffin, plain hearse, without feathers, &c., and two mourning coaches for the clergy of St. George's, my executors, and my brother and Mr. Arnold.

‘ I expressly limit the number attending the funeral to the above and the resident clergy of St. George's and community of Norwood.

‘ Our diocese is so scattered, that priests living far away would have a heavy expense in coming to a dirge or other solemnity, and in their charity they will help me by their Masses, and advice to their people, without coming to London. I wish the Mass to be the ordinary Mass, such as is sung every month, and with the same attendants, and by the clergy of St. George's, without inviting any of the bishops, as they will have the expense later of a journey to London to recommend a successor.

‘ I affectionately thank my brother, the Vicar-General, and the Chapter, Provost, and Clergy of St. George's and of the diocese, Dr. Gull, Mr. Arnold, and all other friends, and our religious communities, for their charity

to me at all times, and for their suffrages when I need them most.'

All felt it a sacred duty to renounce personal feelings in the matter, and yield obedience to a command dictated no less by humility than by a tender thoughtfulness for others. Everything was consequently carried out with the utmost simplicity. The grand Requiem, '*Præsente Corpore*,' was sung, as the deceased had directed, at St. George's Cathedral. The one display of funereal honour which could not be forbidden was the unrestrained grief of the vast crowd who were present, and whose sorrow was mingled with the joyous triumph of faith and the well-founded hope of the eternal happiness of him whom they mourned. The same submission to his wishes presided over the progress to Norwood. An immense multitude, composed of all classes, had assembled to meet the precious garment that had come back untenanted to the scene of its labours; all were pressing forward to touch the coffin, and imprint their kisses and tears on it. It was feared that such an outburst of Catholic feeling and devotion might provoke some hostile expressions from the Protestant population of the place; but this was far from being the case. No difference of creed or sentiment was visible anywhere; all joined in respect to the memory of the humble priest who had spent his life amongst his people, doing good to all indiscriminately. The porters, instead of hindering the crowd, assisted them, keeping order kindly, so that all might come near in turns. Many of them were moved to tears, and were heard saying out loud, without any attempt at concealing their emotion: 'Come on—come and touch it; he was a saint; it is a real relic!'

With what feelings the coffin was received at the

gates of Norwood it would be vain to attempt to describe. They laid him to rest by the side of his friend, and in the midst of the little ones whom he had resembled so truly and loved so well. Close by his grave the children are at play, their canticles and the sound of their happy laughter blending with the prayers of those generous souls who for Jesus' sake have left all things to teach them how lovely is His love, how saving His cross, how beautiful the lives of His servants, how precious in His sight their death. The snow falls in soft white kisses on the slab whereon it is written that—

THOMAS GRANT, First Bishop of Southwark,  
in the fifty-fourth year of his age,  
died in Rome, June 1, 1870.

The cold pall melts away, and the snow-drops, peeping up through the grimy tangle of the grass, stand like a band of little white-clad choristers beneath the hedges, and sing their glad good-bye to the winter. Spring comes with its message of joy and resurrection; the shy birds sing in the green trees, making a voice for the unsung alleluias of the sunshine; the earth puts forth her splendour, and sends up the incense of her praise to God; and he who planted the wilderness with many flowers, and built up around them a hedge of faith and charity, sleeps on, awaiting the eternal summer, when the seeds planted in time shall blossom in eternity with flowers of imperishable beauty, and when the little ones will be gathered with him round the Father's throne, singing His praises for evermore.









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O'Meara, Kathleen,  
1839-1888.

Thomas Grant : first  
bishop of Southwark /  
AKH-1963 (awsk)



